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MISS MILLY'S CRÈCHE

BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

THE idea of having a crèche came to Miss Milly like a flash.

"Like a flash!" she explained to Mrs. Dunne; "just like a flash! I never had anything come to me so sudden in my life before! I was reading an article in the paper about a cree-shay in New York, and like a flash it all come to me. 'Why not have a cree-shay yourself?' I says, and in the same breath it was all settled — the spare bedroom — Mother Goose paper on the wall and everything! My! I must have thought more in that single flash than I generally think in a week. My head ached for two hours steady after it."

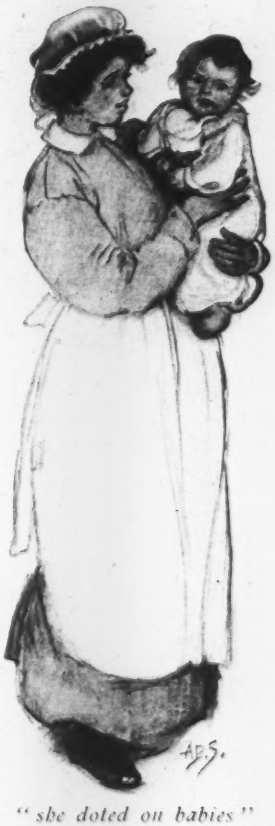
Mrs. Dunne, who was taking a course in the "Shorter French Method" by phonograph, raised her eyebrows.

"Isn't the word pronounced craitch, Miss Milly?" she inquired.

"Maybe it is," said Miss Milly. "I always say that the safest way with queer words is to speak them right out bold, and give them the stylishest sound you can. But, anyway, I've got eighteen babies promised already. Now, you will send the twins, won't you?" Miss Milly paused and crossed her hands in her lap.

"Twins are such a care!" sighed Mrs. Dunne, with the air of one saying, "My vast wealth is so troublesome."

"That's just it!" exclaimed Miss Milly. "That is what a cree-shay is for. It's to take care of your cares. My!" she



"she doted on babies"

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ejaculated; "that's almost a joke! But, oh! Mrs. Dunne, you must let me have the twins!"

"Well, Miss Milly," said Mrs. Dunne generously, "I am willing to try the crèche, but I don't know how you will ever manage twenty babies. I think two are twice as many as are comfortable."

Vineton was an aristocratic village, but it had a factory, and help of all kinds was at a frightful premium; nurse-maids were an unattainable luxury. Consequently, social gaieties among the happy possessors

"studied the baby subject carefully — in books"

of babies were handicapped. An afternoon reception, assisted by eighteen babies, is apt to be too boisterous for comfort. As Mrs. Dunne said, "You can depend on some of them crying all of the time, and all of them crying some of the time, and it's a blessing if you don't have all of them crying all of the time." Naturally, the crèche was hailed as a great boon in Vineton, and Miss Milly was looked upon as a public benefactor.

The preparations were equal to the great work in hand. The spare bedroom of the great Chesmore mansion, where Miss Milly lived, was cleaned and garnished. Rows of cribs were set along the wall, dozens of rattles were laid in, and an arsenal of nursing bottles was purchased and sterilized. Individual preferences as to cow's milk, prepared foods of many kinds, modified and condensed milk, were consulted and observed. And Susan was hired.

Susan was the village nurse-maid. She was passed along from week to week, and from one home to another. As soon as she was discharged as incompetent by one mother, she was taken up by another, because she was the only available girl. She was a pulpy girl of sixteen, with an ever-present smile and an absent-minded manner of wearing one thumb in her mouth. When she started to walk, the toe of one foot had a habit of catching on the heel of the other, probably because she stood, when quiescent, with the heel of her right resting on the instep of her left foot. But out of her eyes looked benevolence, good-nature, and unfailing kindness. And she doted on babies.

Susan, in a crisp blue gingham dress and white cap and apron, was quite ornamental; Miss Milly decided that she would really do very well.

The opening of the crèche was set for the day of Mrs. Miller's reception. All the mothers would want to attend the reception, and the value of the crèche would be doubly apparent.

Miss Milly had had very little experience with babies. In fact, she herself had been the last baby with whom she was closely associated, but since the idea of a crèche had flashed upon her, she had studied the baby subject carefully — in books — and she felt that she knew at least twice as much about babies as the average mother could know. She had learned that the baby was a Delicate Machine, and that System and certain immutable Rules were the Key to the Situation. As she hurried about, putting the last touches of preparation on her coöperative nursery, she carried "Hints to Young Mothers" in one hand.

"Now, all we are waiting for is the babies," she said to Susan, "and I do hope they come early. I'm just wild to get to work with them." She cast a glance around the room and was satisfied with her preparations. "And now, Susan, are you sure you remember all the rules?"

Susan removed her thumb from her mouth and grinned.

"'It don't work, mam . . . shall I peppermint it?'"

"Oh yes mam," she replied; "least ways, maybe I do."

"If a child cries, what do you do?" asked Miss Milly.

"Bounce 'em?" asked Susan doubtfully.

Miss Milly shook her head sadly.

"I'm afraid you haven't a very good memory, Susan," she said, opening the "Hints to Young Mothers." "This says: 'First ascertain——'"

"Oh yes mam," interrupted Susan eagerly. "'First ascertain the cause of the trouble.'"

"And how can you know what ails the child?" continued Miss Milly.

"By the way it hollers," answered Susan positively.

"Yes; and if it is a colicky cry?" asked Miss Milly.

"Well," said Susan, "that there book of yourn says, put 'em across your knee and pat 'em, but I most generally gives 'em peppermint."

"We will follow the rules, please," said Miss Milly gently but firmly. "And what if it is a hungry cry?"

"Feed 'em," said Susan emphatically.

"No, Susan," Miss Milly interposed; "not unless it is time to feed them. Feed once every two hours. That is the rule. And if the child emits a hungry cry and it is not feeding time, Susan?"

Susan shuffled her feet uneasily, then she looked up hopefully.

"Bounce 'em?" she asked.

"No!" said Miss Milly. "There is not a word about bouncing them in the whole book, except where it says they

"all were good-natured, for all had been recently fed"

should never be bounced under any circumstances. It does something to their brains or something. Now, what would you do if the child cried a hungry cry and it wasn't meal time?"

Susan thought. She stood on one foot and thought, and then stood on both feet and thought. She avoided Miss Milly's eye.

"Well, Miss Milly," she said doggedly, "I'm sure I can't remember what that book would do to 'em, but, if I had my way, I'd bounce 'em."

"Susan!" exclaimed Miss Milly in horror. "And after all the times I have read you the rules!"

"Well, mam," said Susan humbly, "I've clean forgot. What does the book say?"

Miss Milly opened her mouth to speak words of wisdom on the subject of hungry cries between feeding times, but she herself had forgotten the rule. She opened the "Hints to Young Mothers," and hastily ran her eye down the index. "Cry, Cry, Cry," she read; "Colic Cry, Temper Cry, Hungry Cry. Page 78." She rapidly turned over the pages.

"'In a case of this kind,'" she read, "'take the child firmly by the legs and invert it. Holding it thus, pat it sharply on the back, and the cause of the trouble will usually be dislodged. In case it is not, try forcing it down the child's throat with your finger. Should this not avail, send for the doctor.' Now you see, Susan," said Miss Milly, smiling through her glasses, "that is quite different."

Susan stood with open mouth and awe-struck eyes.

"Mebbe it would work, Miss Milly," she said doubtfully. "I ain't ever heard of doing that to a hungry baby before, but then I ain't ever had no rules to go by. I always did just one way — when they're hungry, feed 'em, an' when they ain't hungry, bounce 'em right side up, but I'll try it if you say so. Grab 'em by the legs and bounce 'em upside down."

Miss Milly let her eyes run over the page before her. She colored.

"Oh," she said, in an embarrassed tone, "you needn't do that either, Susan. I see that is the rule we use when something gets lodged in the child's throat. Don't you remember?"

"Yes mam," said Susan obediently.

The door-bell rang and Miss Milly hastily concealed the "Hints to Young Mothers" in the voluminous pocket of her skirt.

It was the Loring baby, the first arrival, and Miss Milly received it joyfully. She had Susan take it into the office. Here a great number of cardboard tags were suspended from tacks driven into the wall. One of these tags, bearing a large figure one, Miss Milly gave to Mrs. Loring, and she hung a duplicate about the Loring baby's neck.

"You must keep your tag," Miss Milly explained. "It is a duplicate of the one on the baby. That's for identification. Tag number one, gets baby number one. If it wasn't for that everybody might get anybody's baby, and get all mixed up."

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Loring, "I should hope I'd know my own child! Can't I get my baby out unless I have the tag?"

"Well," said Miss Milly generously, "I guess it would be all right. If you lose the tag, you can have the baby anyway, but please don't lose the tag. It's part of my system, and a system oughtn't to be broken."

Mrs. Loring was satisfied, and the other babies came in rapid succession. As they arrived, they were carried to the nursery by the happy Susan.

Mrs. Dunne's twins came last. They were vociferous boys, of the toddling age, and were dressed alike. Miss Milly was in doubt whether to deal out two tags for the twins or one tag for the pair. It depended on how you looked at it. As a deposit at the crèche the twins were one; as individuals, they were two. She finally decided on a tag for each, because one tag could only be attached to two boys by tying the boys together — which had its objections. Any one who knows the innate spirit of repulsion that causes twin boys to run in opposite directions can understand one of the objections.

When Miss Milly retired to the nursery, she found Susan in the midst of twenty babies. Some of the babies were very young, and lay docilely on their backs in the cribs. Some were older and sat in high chairs. Some crept about the spotless floor. Some toddled around on unsteady legs. Some "hunched" along in a seated position. A few were asleep; all were good-natured, for all had been recently fed.

Miss Milly beamed upon them delightedly.

"I can't see," she said, "what people find in babies that makes them say they are such cares. Just look at the little dears! Why, cats and canary birds are more trouble."

Susan put down a pink and white baby she had been holding and went over to Number Sixteen. The pink and white baby began to cry, thinking itself abused.

"Well, mam," said Susan, putting her head on one side and listening judicially to the wail of Number Sixteen; "it ain't a

"Miss Milly bore the twins to their waiting parents"

Miss Milly paused abruptly. A baby in a white dress with blue ribbons on its shoulders began to wail in a corner crib. It was baby Number Sixteen.

"Susan," said Miss Milly, hastily digging into her pocket for the "Hints"; "what sort of a cry has that blue and white baby?"

colicky cry, and it ain't a hungry cry, and it ain't a pin-sticking cry, and it ain't a temper cry. I forget what other cries the book says, but I should say it just needs a little bouncing."

Miss Milly consulted her book hastily.

"No! No! Don't bounce it!" she cried breathlessly. "I'll see what other

cries there are, and you just look at this pink and white one on the floor, and see if you can make out its cry."

Susan picked up the pink and white baby. She picked it up quickly and raised it high in the air, all in one sweep of her strong arms. The baby ceased crying and gurgled with joy.

"Susan!" exclaimed the shocked Miss Milly, "you bounced that baby!"

"Oh no mam," said Susan; "I wouldn't do no sich thing. I just picked it up. That ain't how you bounce 'em. You bounce 'em this way."

She showed Miss Milly how "you bounce 'em." The baby was delighted. Miss Milly was genuinely distressed.

"You must not do that again, Susan," she said severely. "I will not have babies that are left in my care bounced under any circumstances. It would be taking a mean advantage of the mothers." She turned once more to her book.

"'Sometimes,'" read Miss Milly, "'the child cries for water. Often a small baby cries to be turned over in its crib.' Susan, turn Number Sixteen over."

Susan turned Number Sixteen over upon its stomach. Number Sixteen raised its head and cried louder than before.

Miss Milly turned the pages of "Hints to Young Mothers" rapidly to and fro. There were rules for everything except baby Number Sixteen. Miss Milly decided that Number Sixteen was having one of those necessary cries that are so beneficial for little lungs. When Miss Milly came to this conclusion, Number Sixteen became quiet with startling suddenness. At that moment Number Seven, who had been kicking up his blue-stockinged legs in cherubic innocence, rolled from his crib to the floor and screamed lustily. Miss Milly made a dash for him, upsetting, in her rush, a pretty but unsteady pink girl who had been sitting on the floor. The pink girl also wept.

"Thank goodness," said Miss Milly, with a nervousness that belied her words, "I know what ails these two anyway."

"Yes mam," said Susan cheerfully.

"Well," snapped Miss Milly, her temper breaking with the noise, "why don't you take your thumb out of your mouth and do something for that girl? We can't let her yell that way. She's red in the face."

"Yes mam," Susan admitted; "they do get that way." She put down the white baby and gathered up the pink girl. The pink girl ceased her wails and the white baby screamed. Miss Milly clasped the weeping Number Seven to her breast, and, raising her voice, shouted to Susan.

"Susan! can't you take up that white baby too?" she called. Susan did so and there was quiet. Then in a far corner the youngest baby of all began screaming "Lah! lah! lah!"

Susan cast but one glance in that direction.

"That's colic," she said decisively.

"How do you know?" asked Miss Milly eagerly.

"Why, you know it by the holler; just like the book says. When they pulls up their knees that way and hollers like that, it's colic."

Susan dumped her two charges on an empty crib and ambled up to the youngest baby.

"First you put 'em across your knee," she repeated, quoting the "Hints to Young Mothers," "then you pat 'em." She followed the directions, but the youngest baby yelled louder than before. "It don't work, mam," said Susan; "shall I peppermint it?"

"Yes," Miss Milly called; "the book says, if patting don't cure, use peppermint. Two drops in a half cupful of hot water."

Then the peppermint took effect; the youngest baby suddenly and miraculously fell asleep, but other babies had taken up the cry.

"I hope there won't often be so many crying at once," Miss Milly exclaimed. "It sort of gets me all confused, Susan. I don't know what to do first."

"Oh my!" Susan said, grinning with amusement at the thought. "This ain't many. You wait till they begin to get hungry!"

Miss Milly cast her eyes over her twenty charges with a look of dismay. As her glance fell on the Dunne twins, she sprang forward. One of the dear little fellows was watching the other dear little fellow, who, flat on his back, was red in the face, with his knees rapidly approaching his chest.

"Colic!" exclaimed Miss Milly.

The second twin, having held his breath to the limit of bursting, uttered a long,

heart-rending "Wow!" and kicked vigorously.

Miss Milly raised him from the floor and put him across her knees, face downward. The twin, having a vivid memory of other times when he had been laid in this position across a knee, screamed.

"Susan!" gasped Miss Milly, "get me that peppermint quick. The poor child is suffering — terribly! Oh, be quick!"

Susan brought the peppermint and the twin was given a dose. He liked it and asked for more. As the "Hints to Young Mothers" did not authorize more, the twin became red in the face again.

"I ain't ever heard of such an old baby having colic, mam," ventured Susan. "I don't think that's what ails him. Seems to me he's just mad at something."

The first twin was standing close by Miss Milly's knee, his hands clasped, watching his brother with soberly serious eyes. He seemed a picture of innocence, and he viewed his brother's actions as a new and unfathomable phenomenon. A cry from baby Number Eleven attracted the attention of Miss Milly for a moment and she turned her head. The first twin quickly and quietly put forth a hand and pulled viciously at one of his brother's curls. When Miss Milly looked back, the first twin was standing in innocent amazement, apparently stupefied by the fresh yells of his brother.

But Susan had seen. She swooped down on the first twin, and, lifting him in the air, shook him vigorously.

"So you done it, did you?" she cried. "Well, I might have knowed, being you're a twin. If I catch you doing it again, I'll spank you. I'll spank you good, you bad boy." She gave him another shake, and set him on a chair in a corner.

The first twin looked at Susan with a pained expression, and his breast heaved with emotion. Miss Milly was shocked. The "Hints to Young Mothers" expressly forbade all corporal punishment.

"Susan," she said, "the next time you shake a baby you will be discharged. I shall not have my rules violated. You mark my words!"

Miss Milly laid the screaming second twin on the floor, and put a motherly arm around the outraged first twin.

"Why!" she exclaimed; "why! What did you do with your tag?"

The first twin looked thoughtfully at the blue ribbon that still hung about his neck. Then he smiled sweetly and opened his mouth to its fullest extent, holding it up for inspection. He had eaten the tag.

"Susan!" gasped Miss Milly, her face white with fear, "what *shall I* do?"

Susan considered the matter.

"Well, mam," she said, "if it's on the string yet, maybe you can pull it out of him, but if he's got it off the string, I wouldn't mind much, if I was you. Them tags is cheap, and you've got plenty more."

"Oh, it isn't that," Miss Milly wailed. "It's the danger to his health. I must get that tag. He will strangle or die, or something. Oh! Susan! Susan! Can't you *do* something?"

Susan came to the rescue cheerfully.

"I'll try what the book says," she volunteered, and, grasping the first twin by his unwilling legs, she inverted him and pounded his back. She shook him again and again, and then sat down hot and breathless.

"It ain't any use, Miss Milly," she gasped. "If it was a tin tag maybe I could shake it out, but them paper ones is so light. But I'll try again if you say so."

From all parts of the room cries and wails arose. Numbers Sixteen, Eight, Eleven, and Four led in a series of long heart-rending yells. Numbers Five, Nine, Ten, Seventeen, and One added an accompaniment of short, sharp shrieks. Number Thirteen wept in a low, heart-sick treble. Number Three burst forth in regularly timid, intermittent cries of "Mama! Mama!"

Susan hurried from one to another, scattering rattles, pats, and soft words, but the spirit of discord was loose, and her efforts were fruitless.

Miss Milly stood in bewilderment, nervously turning the pages of "Hints to Young Mothers." Susan paused and shook her head.

"It ain't any use," she shouted. "They're gettin' hungry. Shall I feed 'em?"

Miss Milly glanced at the clock.

"No," she said bravely; "it's twenty minutes before the time to feed the first. Can't you do something? Susan! Can't you do *something?* My head aches so!"

She dropped to the floor and covered her ears with her hands. She rocked violently

to and fro. She sang aloud, but still the noise penetrated her head.

"Oh! Susan," she wailed, "what shall we do? What can we do?"

"Let 'em holler," suggested Susan, stoically. "'Twon't hurt 'em."

"Yes, it will," wailed Miss Milly. "The book says that a child can scream itself into convulsions. Can it, Susan?"

"Yes mam," shouted Susan.

"Oh, dear!" Miss Milly wrung her hands. "We must do something. If they should all have convulsions at once—" She paused. Suddenly Miss Milly sprang for the nearest baby.

"Bounce 'em, Susan!" she cried wildly. "Bounce 'em!"

They darted hither and thither, bouncing 'em. They bounced 'em with feverish haste and stern earnestness. They flew about the room, laying hands on every child in turn. They bounced 'em high at first, and as they wearied they bounced 'em low, but they bounced 'em all around. Three bounces was the average—up, down—up, down—up, down—drop that baby and on to the next! It was no time for "Hints to Young Mothers." It was the time to bounce.

And it succeeded. The cries became fewer, the babies gurgled with pleasure. The first twin even tried to bounce a few babies on his own account. Miss Milly went out to prepare the eight varieties of infants' food, the cow's milk, the modified milk, and the condensed milk.

Twenty nursing bottles are many, but Miss Milly accomplished the task, and the babies, being fed, became quiescent. The younger slept, the elder were content. Susan moved about, happy and smiling, overseeing the nursery, but Miss Milly sat in her chair, and, with her head in her arms, wept softly.

It came to her like a flash that Nature had not intended her to operate a crèche.

It was with gladness she heard the first ringing of the door-bell. It was Mrs. Loring, fresh and smiling. Miss Milly met her at the door, her hair awry, her face flushed, her eyes feverish.

"Well," said Mrs. Loring, "how did you get along? Were the babies good? I'm just dying to see my little darling. And I did not lose my tag!"

She produced the bit of cardboard, and Miss Milly hurried off to the nursery, reappearing with Number One.

"You might just look her over and see if she's damaged," said Miss Milly.

The mothers came thick and fast after that, and Susan brought the babies down by twos, while Miss Milly compared the tags. Every one seemed quite satisfied with the babies they received. Presently all the ladies fluttered away, but Susan, standing in the door of the office, gazed at Miss Milly as if she wished to speak.

"Well, Susan?" she queried.

"There's only one baby left, mam," said Susan, hesitating.

"Thank goodness for that," said Miss Milly sincerely. Susan stood a moment longer and then stumbled away. Suddenly Miss Milly's face fell. She looked at her row of tags. She counted them. There were two tags still uncashed and only one baby on hand!

The bell on the front door rang and Mrs. Dunne entered, smiling and cool.

"Oh, Miss Milly," she gushed, "I can't tell you how grateful I am for the crèche. I had a perfectly lovely afternoon and didn't worry about the twins a bit. Were the boys good?"

Miss Milly fought for time.

"One—one—" she gasped, and then her guilty secret would not out. She temporized. "One had the colic," she said.

Mrs. Dunne laughed skeptically.

"Colic!" she cried. "Nonsense! my boys never had the colic. They are too old for it now." She sobered suddenly. "Did they eat anything they should not have eaten?" she asked.

Miss Milly blushed guiltily.

"One ate his tag, but I don't believe that did it," she said. "It was the other one had the colic."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Dunne, "bring them down. It doesn't matter."

Miss Milly stood irresolute, and Mrs. Dunne, looking up, smiled.

"Oh, yes," she said, "you want the tags." She opened her purse and laid one tag on Miss Milly's desk. Then she searched her purse. She emptied it.

"I'm afraid I've lost the other tag," she said, "but it doesn't matter, does it, Miss Milly? We both know the twins so well. There is no danger of them getting mixed except with each other."

Miss Milly did not dare to meet the eye of her patron. She fingered the tag.

"Of course, you wouldn't ask for the twin twice, Mrs. Dunne," she said, with trembling voice, "but business is business, you know. The rule of my cree-shay is, 'No tag — no baby,' Mrs. Dunne. I dare say you left the tag at Mrs. Miller's. If you just run over there ——"

Mrs. Dunne dropped into a chair and gasped.

"Well, Milly Chesmore!" she exclaimed, "do you mean to have the *nerve* and the *impudence* to tell me that you will keep my baby until —? What if I never find the tag? What if — oh!"

"You can have the one this tag calls for, Mrs. Dunne, right now," said poor Miss Milly.

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Dunne. "I'm sure I ought to thank you! I can have one of them, indeed! You can keep them both until you get ready to send them back, and you'll be glad enough about bedtime."

Mrs. Dunne picked up her solitary tag and haughtily withdrew her presence from the Chesmore mansion. As the door closed upon her, Miss Milly darted up the stairs.

"Hunt, Susan!" she cried. "Find that twin. We *must* find him."

In frantic haste they began a thorough search. They looked under all the cribs, folded them up and set them in one corner. They shook everything that was loose. They ransacked the attic and the cellar and looked in the ice-box and the china closet. Miss Milly even turned her pocket inside out but found nothing there except "Hints to Young Mothers." Finally they searched the grounds and the outbuildings, and looked at the roofs and into the trees.

"Susan," said Miss Milly at last, "we have looked everywhere he could possibly be."

"Yes mam," agreed Susan, with unfailing cheerfulness. "But you won't generally find a twin there. They're most generally where they can't possibly be."

"You don't think he could possibly have fallen in the cistern, Susan?" asked Miss Milly anxiously.

"Oh no mam," said Susan.

"Then," said Miss Milly decidedly, "we must have the cistern dragged."

She hastily placed her bonnet on her head and started for the gate. As she put her hand upon it, Mr. Dunne put his hand upon it from the other side. He was a large, imperturbable man, and he smiled kindly upon the tear-stained face of the nervous little woman.

"What's all this how-de-do about the twins?" he asked. "The madam came home a bit ago as mad as hops, and said you wouldn't give them up without tags or something. Vowed she would have the law on you and put you in the penitentiary for life for abduction. I told her she had better let you keep them until they outgrew some of their tricks, and be glad of the chance, but nothing would do but that I should come over and annihilate you. So here I am."

"Right is right, Mr. Dunne," said Miss Milly, with what severity she could muster. "Let Mrs. Dunne bring back the tags and she can have the twins. I'm sure I don't want them."

"Fol-de-rol," said Mr. Dunne. "I guess it isn't so serious as all that, Miss Milly. I sent the madam over to Mrs. Miller's for the tag, and I dare say she'll be back with it in a minute."

Even as he spoke Mrs. Dunne came flying down the street.

"There!" she cried, as she reached the gate. "There are both your old tags; now bring me my twins."

Miss Milly leaned her head against the gate-post and wept.

"I can't," she sobbed. "I've only got Number Nineteen. Number Twenty is lost and I can't find him. I don't care for the tags, but I can't find the twin."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mr. Dunne. "Why didn't you say it was the twin that was lost, Miss Milly? We are used to that, but losing tags is a new experience and upsets us a little. Now, did you look in the jam closet for the boy?"

"It was locked," sobbed Miss Milly. "He couldn't get in."

"Was there any other food that he could get into?" asked Mr. Dunne.

A blank look passed over Miss Milly's face.

"Why! why!" she exclaimed, "I took him into the butler's pantry when I went to prepare the foods for the babies, and I left him there."

She turned and dashed into the butler's pantry. The missing twin was there and he was not starved. He sat on the floor, and ranged around him were eight empty bottles and tins that had contained eight

varieties of infant food. Much of the mixture was on the floor, much was on his face, and more was on his clothes. As Miss Milly entered, he looked up with an innocent smile.

When Miss Milly bore the twins to their waiting parents, Mrs. Dunne ostentatiously presented the tags.

"Compare them, please," she said coldly. "I want no further mistakes."

Miss Milly meekly bowed her head. Number Nineteen's tag agreed with his redemption ticket, but there was no way of comparing the tags of Number Twenty, for he had eaten the one that should have hung from the blue ribbon about his neck.

"I have a good notion not to take the baby unless you show me the tag," said Mrs. Dunne. "Right is right, Miss Chesmore! How do I know this is my boy?" Her sarcasm became monumental. "No doubt you will sue us for the value of the tag," she said. "I shall expect the sheriff tomorrow. I'm afraid you can't conduct your cree-shay without that tag."

Miss Milly accepted the sarcasm meekly.

"I shall not conduct a cree-shay any more," she said, "and I'm sorry I made you angry;" but the tears were again filling her eyes, and she put her hand in her pocket to find her handkerchief. Her fingers touched something hard and smooth and she withdrew her hand quickly and shuddered. She had touched the "Hints to Young Mothers."

ANDREA DEL SARTO

BY

JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

AUTHOR OF "A CASTLE IN SPAIN"

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK CRAIG

CAMERON pulled the sliding curtains away from the top-light and went back to the easel, but, after a moment, he shook his head.

"The light's paling fast, Betty," he said. "We sha'n't be able to do much more to-day. You might rest a moment."

He stood scowling thoughtfully at the half-finished study and touching it here and there, while the girl stretched her arms over her head and yawned. Then the bell rang and Cameron's wife spoke from the doorway.

"May I come in?"

"Yes, rather!" he cried. "Of course, you may!" And the yellow-haired model, across the room, wondered dully at the sudden change in his face and voice. Few of the painters for whom she posed were wont to use that tone to their wives. Generally, they snapped at them.

Mrs. Cameron came into the studio holding her skirts cautiously about her, and Cameron went to meet her. She was a handsome woman, in a cold, regular fashion — her friends said beautiful, but she looked a bit discontented and ennuyée. The yellow-haired model noticed that when

Cameron bent forward to kiss her she quickly turned her cheek, and the model wondered why, for she fancied that most women would like to be kissed by Cameron.

"Just back, Alice?" he asked.

"An hour ago," said Mrs. Cameron. "I stopped a day longer than I had meant. They wanted me for some theatrical things, last night. I loathe them." She moved over to the easel and stood before it, looking idly at the unfinished sketch. And she glanced from the canvas to the model who sat beyond, with that impersonal and contemptuous scorn common to the domestic woman in the presence of the woman whose beauty earns her bread. A dull flush spread up over the girl's cheeks and she pulled the crimson silk, which was wrapped about her, closer over her shoulders.

"Rather a good sketch, I think?" said Cameron, as one who asks for criticism.

"Yes," said the woman slowly. "Yes, I—I expect it's very fine. It seems very—true to life," she ended lamely.

"Oh, it's not a portrait," said Cameron. "That wasn't what I was after, quite. I wanted to get a certain thing that it would take a long time to explain and that you wouldn't be interested to hear about. I'm trying these new solid colors of Rafaelli. You see, they're just like pastels—only they're oil. I expect to do wonders with them." He laughed and pulled the easel out into the light a bit.

"D'you see how I'm using the things?" he said.

He had covered a coarse canvas with a thin smear of ochre—in liquid, and he had made the drawing of the girl's head and shoulders in rapid, sure brush-strokes of ochre too—very much as Herr Lenbach does. Then, with his sticks of solid paint, he had touched the high lights with color—cheek and nose and brow and shoulder, leaving the shadows and half-tones in the yellowish brown monochrome of the ochre. It was a masterly bit of work.

"Yes," said the woman again, doubtfully; "I expect it is very fine—it's so—brutal, though!" she complained, with a certain irritation. "It's like all the things you do. You had the chance to make it sweet and—beautiful and all that, but you've chosen to make it all in big coarse strokes— Oh, I can't say what I mean, but it's too strong, somehow. It jumps out of the canvas at one." She turned to him half in apology. "Perhaps it isn't finished yet?" she suggested. "Perhaps you meant to—smooth it down?"

Cameron gave a short laugh and pushed the easel back to its place.

"No," said he, shaking his head. "No, I'm afraid not. I'm afraid it will never be smoothed down. I'm not a smooth painter."

"It's like those Sargent things," said the woman, still with a certain note of irritation in her voice. "It's so horribly truthful!"

"Oh, I say!" he cried. "Sargent! Why Sargent's the master of us all! Sargent's the greatest portrait painter living, Alice."

"Well, I don't care," she said. "He's brutal. And people don't want to be painted brutally. What's the good of dragging out all the unpleasant things people have in them and are trying to hide. It's—immoral! You know, poor Mrs. Aberthenay sat to Sargent last summer in London, and she had to put the picture away in a storeroom. She couldn't have it about."

Cameron laughed gently, but his wife swept on.

"And only yesterday, at the Ridgeways', Mrs. Ridgeway was telling about a portrait she thought of having done, and wondering who'd do it best, when that horrid Welles man said: 'Dare you to let Cameron paint it!' And everybody laughed. Mrs. Ridgeway was awfully sweet and kind about it, said that if you were only a bit more charitable she'd love to sit for you, and all that, but it was most trying."

"I'm sorry, dear," said Cameron. "I expect we'll have to struggle on without Mrs. Ridgeway, for I won't be charitable on canvas. I'll draw the things as I see them, for the God of things as they are."

Mrs. Cameron rose, frowning slightly.

"It's a very good thing, isn't it," said she, "that you aren't painting for a living? Ah, well, I must be going on. I dropped into the studio only for a moment. I was on my way to a tea thing at the Hartlakes'. I must be going on." She started to move away, but Cameron rose quickly to check her.

"Don't go!" he said, and the woman's eyes widened a bit at the curious eagerness in his tone. "Don't go, I— Throw the

Hartlakes over, this once. I—want to talk to you. We seem to have so few chances to talk alone, of late!"

He turned about to where the yellow-haired model had been sitting restlessly, across the room.

"I sha'n't do anything more to-day, Betty," he said. "You need not wait." And, when the girl had left the room, he dropped down into the chair beside which his wife was standing, and took one of her hands between his own.

"Stay with me a little while, Alice," he said. "I'm—I need you. I need you more than the Hartlakes do; and, as I said before, we seem to have very few chances to talk alone. You're always busy with your teas and your house-parties and such, and I—I'm at work."

"Yes," said the woman. "Yes!" And Cameron flushed a little at her tone.

"You don't quite understand, dear," he said gently. And then he frowned a bit with tightened lips.

"I've this thing to do," he said. "It appears to be what I was put into the world for, and, so far as I'm able, I shall do it. It's no play; it's no amusement; it's work, hard, unremitting, serious work for a serious end——"

But the woman broke in bitterly.

"What end?—what end? It isn't that you *have* to do it. It isn't that you've a living to make, or even an income to increase. No petty sums that a painting could sell for would mean anything to you. —What end? It isn't to give pleasure to your friends, for you won't do the sort of work that would please them.—Oh, I know!" she cried, as Cameron would have interrupted; "I know what the papers say of you, and the other painters and the critics say. I know that they call you one of the great ones—say you'll be an old master one day, and all that, but what is it worth? Why should you soil your hands with work, bury yourself alive here, when you might take the place among your friends and my friends that is your due?—Of course, I'm proud of your—your talent and all that, but it seems so unnecessary! If you even painted for amusement, now and then!—any one may have fads, I suppose—but to be so serious over it! Do you ever stop to think how it affects *me?* Do you know that people condole with me about it, that they think you're a bit queer, that they are sorry for me?"

Cameron lifted his hands a little way and dropped them helplessly.

"You don't understand, dear," he said again. "There's no use in trying to explain." And he sat drooping a bit in his chair and staring across the room for a long time.

"It's a—passion, sort of," he said at last; "a vice, if you choose. It's like drink. You can't let it alone. I shall go on scrawling things on paper—smearing things on canvas, so long as I live, Alice. Maybe I see the end differently from you. Maybe it seems more worth while to me. The good I do will live after me, girl. It won't be interred with my bones. My scrawls and smears will hang in galleries after I'm back to the earth that made me, and some other chaps'll learn something from them. That's worth while, I think. It seems to me more worth while than going to lap-dog dinners and private vaudeville shows and crowded dances. I may be wrong."

He glanced about the big studio with its priceless furniture and hangings and bric-a-brac, and gave a little whimsical frowning smile.

"It doesn't look as if I'd a living to make, does it?" he said. "Sometimes I wish I had. Poverty's a wholesome thing, Alice. A poor millionaire has so little incentive to work!"

And, as if at some thought the words awakened in him, he sighed and smiled a bit, and, after a moment, rose from his chair and went across to a western window, raising the shade, so that, as he stood looking out over the park, the sun, near its setting, flooded him with red and gold.

"Poverty's a wholesome thing," he said again, half under his breath. "This luxury dulls one. Oh, Alice, do you remember the good old days—before this money came? Do you remember a pair of children who sat about under the trees and talked of the small and exclusive Heaven they were going to make together—the separate star for just the two of them? One was to paint very beautiful pictures, Alice—the most beautiful pictures in the world; and the other was to sit beside him while he did it, for he couldn't paint properly without her. And he was to become phenomenally great and

famous — a sort of modern Raphael, another Velasquez, and people were to cheer him when he went about, and give him decorations, and tell him how much he'd done for the world. But he wasn't to care about that, for a moment. He was just to bring his work and his rewards and lay them at her feet, because they were all done and won for her sake.

"Do you remember, girl? Can you shut your eyes and smell the mignonette in your old garden with the stone wall about it? Can you see the grape arbor, Alice, and the quince tree with the seat up in the branches where we used to have tea-parties? Have you forgotten the river, behind the orchard, where we used to paddle about in an old skiff that leaked so that you had to curl your feet up under you on the thwart?"

He turned about from the window, laughing softly, and the woman was amazed to see how eager and boyish his face had grown, all in a moment. And he dropped down upon a low cushion at her feet.

"See!" he cried, tugging at something in the pocket of his jacket. "See what I found this morning!" And he pulled out a little bow of apple-green ribbon stained with age.

"It was in a box of treasures," he said, "that I've had for a long time. There was a funny little bracelet too, set with turquoises, and a broken side-comb of shell, and a bunch of withered spice pinks, and half of a penny cut in two by hacking at it with a knife. Do you know what this is? It's a hair ribbon. You wore it with a very beautiful gown of white sprigged muslin that didn't come quite to your knees, and stuck out on all sides of you, like the skirts of a ballet dancer. Oh, it was a very beautiful gown! You fell into the river with it, once, and I fished you out."

He caught her hands in his, laughing eagerly up at her, and pressed them against his cheeks.

"Do you remember, Alice?" said he.

"That was twenty years ago," said the woman, turning her face away. "Nearly a quarter of a century. I'd rather forget."

"Twenty years?" cried the man. "Nonsense! It can't be. — But, oh, girl, how about afterward? How about ten years afterward, when we were going to be married? Had we changed? Weren't we still looking forward to our separate star? Wasn't I still to work and you sit by, and I to lay my triumph at your feet?"

But the woman would not meet his eyes.

"We were children even then," said she; "dreaming, pretending children! — What did we know of the world? And besides — the money had not come then."

"No," said he, very low. "The money hadn't come then, thank God! — Oh, Alice, if it hadn't come at all! It has lost us our Paradise."

"We'll never lift again
Our purple-painted headlands
Or the lordly keeps of Spain."

He dropped his face in her lap, and his hands twisted and strained over hers.

"If it hadn't come at all!" he said again. "Why couldn't it let us alone? — I'd have painted such things! Ah, I could have been *great*, then. Yes, I know — with you beside me to cheer me on, your eyes to look into when I was fagged and blue — the sort of love you might have given me; that I saw you growing into. — Ah, well! that's lost. The separate star's beyond our ken now."

"Dickie, Dickie!" said the woman gently, and that brought his head up like a flash.

"Is it?" he whispered, staring into her eyes. "Is it lost altogether? Couldn't we find our star yet, girl?" He crowded closer to her, kneeling at her feet, and a flush grew up over his cheeks.

"Couldn't we find our star yet?" he whispered again. "Oh, Alice, I could — we could do so much, together! I've been starving for you all these years. Listen! Chuck up all this social nonsense of yours. It's dulling the heart and soul of you. You're too good for it. Chuck it all up! We'll close the house here, and go away, far away somewhere, where we can be quite alone — like the old days. And we'll forget everything that has come between the old days and now. We'll do nothing but paint, and paint, and paint; and we'll live for nobody but each other; and we'll have our Heaven after all! Oh, girl, think what we're losing here! Come with me before we forget the way utterly. — What's your little marionette show here, your tangle of nothings, beside what we could do out yonder? Here, I am at the end of my chain. I'm one of a dozen.

"the last rays of the setting sun bathed her in gold"

Never mind what the papers say. I know better. I've gone as far as I can go, for skill of hand can go no further. It needs *soul* to go the last steps, and the soul's dying, in me, day by day. Oh, Alice, girl, out there, with you to love, to work for, to please, I could lead them all. I could be the very greatest! — Won't you come?"

"Dickie, Dickie!" said the woman again, gently. And she freed her hands and put them out till they met behind his head. Her eyes were wide and shadowed, and her face was full of a certain wondering distress. It was as if she were trying to rise to his height, to follow his eager enthusiasm, but lagged hopelessly behind — as it she tried to see what he saw, but could not.

Then, at last, she shook her head with a little sigh.

"I — I can't seem to follow, Dickie," she said. "I'm sorry. I can't seem to think all that so important. We're no longer children. We've grown up now, and we've our responsibilities to — to ourselves and to the people about us. We've a place in the world to fill — important, in its way. You know I'm very very proud of your talent, but, Dickie, you must not let it overshadow everything else. You're no starving art student, with dreams of salons and commissions and all that. You mustn't bury yourself so."

She rose from the chair, pulling out a tiny jeweled watch.

"It's late, Dickie," she said. "I must be going." She stooped over him once more, and kissed him lightly on the brow. "Don't dream too much, dear," she said. "It's bad for one."

Near the door she paused and turned back.

"Ah, I forgot," said she. "The Livingstones want us at Westchester for the week-end. Will you go — as an especial favor to me? Please."

"Yes," said Cameron, looking after her, dull-eyed. "Anything you like. Yes, I'll go." And then, when his wife had left the room, he dropped his face in his arms over the chair where she had been sitting, and crouched there, quite still, for a very long time.

It was the yellow-haired model who roused him at last. She spoke twice before he heard.

"Eh, what?" said he, turning and blinking at her. "Oh, *you*, Betty? Not gone yet?"

"I forgot to ask if you'd want me tomorrow," she said, and, after a moment, repeated it, for she thought he did not hear. But Cameron was staring at her with brightening eyes.

"A little bit to the left!" said he. "So! Chin up. By Jove!"

The girl had halted in the light from the western window, and the last rays of the setting sun bathed her in gold, set a halo about her hair and face against the background of deep crimson.

"Hold that!" said the man, and sprang to his feet, dragging the easel with its half-finished sketch out into the light.

"If I can get that!" he whispered, working swiftly with the sticks of solid color.

"If only I can get that! — Keep still, Betty! — Lord, but it's beautiful! If only a man could get it!"

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING

BY

JOHN LA FARGE

AUTHOR OF "GREAT MASTERS"

THIRD PAPER

DREAMS OF HAPPINESS

THE more man has become engaged in the conflicts of civilization, in intellectual disappointment, the more he has felt the uselessness of knowledge, the more he has turned to certain expressions of art as an escape. He has addressed poems to Nature, has painted landscape more and more, has shown in every way that such an escape was a dream. I do not mean that such records of art have begun late, only that the more complex forms, especially such as those that paintings give, are more evident to us. Art has existed from the very beginning, even before the first man stuttered out his naming of the animals and expressed their character by the sound of their name. The dances of savages, as we call them, that is to say, of people of earlier forms of civilization, invented before the arts of design, record in a poetic way what they do, and the seasons of such doing, and even the appearance of Nature: —the storm, the rain, the clouds blowing across the sky, the lashing of the sea against the shore. In Fiji they have a dance where the women spread out their arms like the wave lines of the surf, and the children, springing up behind them, represent the foam of the wave crests. From these beginnings, we know that tragedy and comedy, as we call them, have grown. Then, as all these disappear in fact, they are recorded in the art of painting. And as man, more and more, leaves behind him a life of out-of-doors, in so much does he desire to admire it.

In very old representations we have nothing but what is really a shorthand statement of the fact that life in a garden is pleasant. Assyrian natives were shown to like the shade under vast umbrellas, and Egyptian ladies, in a mode not so different from hieroglyphics, lift a flower to smell. In the vast record of Greece and Rome, there is almost nothing but a few such pictures of life as have for their real meaning something associated with story or mythology; so that we hesitate even as to the question of some mystic teaching being in reality the theme. Far away in Japan, some blurred fragments tell us that the ladies liked to walk among the blossoming trees, and their descendants still continue the record. However much there may be of romance in the pictures and prints of Japan that we know, they are pictures of real life, made poetic by sobriety of means and skillful arrangement of line and color. Here and there, in mediæval miniatures and tapestries, we see occasionally some scenes of gay life out-of-doors, quite sober and dreary to us, and, indeed, having more often the meaning of allegory than a representation of life away from danger and from work.

The first eclogue in painting, with perhaps one exception, is that given by the wonderful youth who turned the stream of Venetian art into the field of color veiling the form. Giorgione, Big George,

PASTORAL CONCERT

From the painting by Giorgione

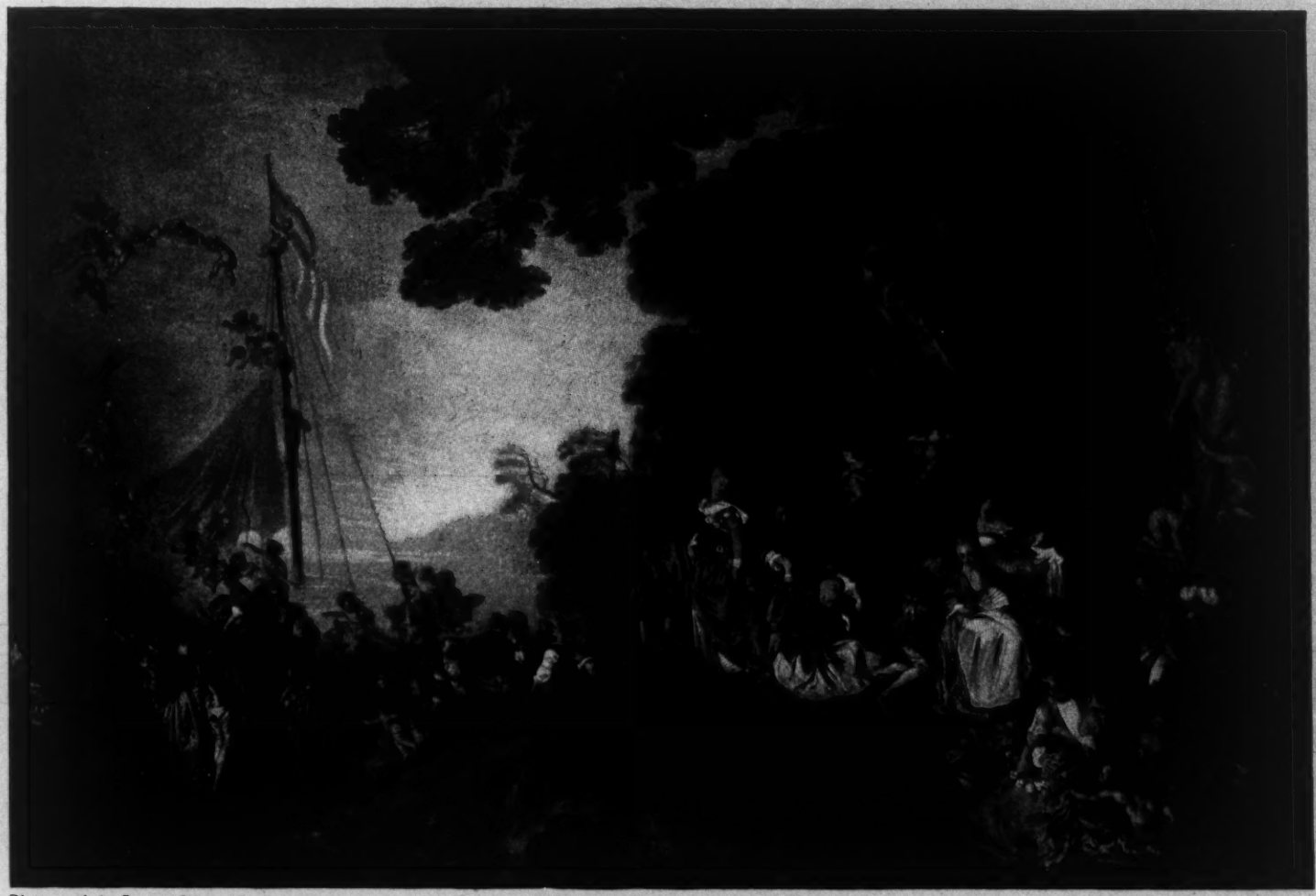
so-called, says Vasari, not only from his physical size, but from the exaltation of his nature, painted once for all an impossible ideal of a pastoral, making no pretense to the life of the fields, nor to a possible chance of being true to what might happen. In one of the beautiful breezy landscapes which he and his friend and rival, Titian of Cadore, drew out of their memories of mountain country, he placed a number of young people, in the make-believe of a musical interlude to some feudal feast in open country; — in a sunshine which is true but does not burn, so that they have no need of shade. Two young men in splendid clothing sit on the grass. One of them tries with one hand a theme of music on the strings of a mandolin. One of their two women companions has stopped a flute for a moment to listen. She turns her back to us; she is almost entirely nude, in contrast to the full-dress of the youths before us, whose silks and satins add to the unreality. The other one has risen languidly, and, dropping her clothing as she has moved, begins to draw water from some antique fountain under the trees. The painter has found in this imaginary choice a theme for his love of the beautiful glow of human flesh, which he first gave in the art of painting. And, also, for the pleasure of spreading out vast spaces ending in blue sea, in an atmosphere now first represented by the recent methods of painting. Not that before, and perhaps always, something of air and light and distance had been given in the many ways of painting, of which those of the Greek have disappeared; but here begins in the art of painting that steeping of the picture in a bath of light and dark, which we call *chiaro-oscuro*, which others had already much developed, but to which he and his Venetian successors gave the special glow of color by which we know them. Partly owing to the solemnity of this color, the glow of human flesh and deep red dresses against the greens and browns and purple-blues of distance, partly from the combinations of the lines, a certain sadness comes to us from the painting. It is so serious that the theme of four young people with music and air and sunshine about them seems but to add a greater solemnity. The story of the painter's early death, the legend of the treason of friends — these memories come up in the presence of the dream of happy and thoughtless life.

A little over a century had passed; society had much changed; there were no more small independent states, proud of their separate lives. The rigid imperialism of Spain had molded the fashionable ideals to more conformity. Even in freer Venice the glorious past was gone — gone the great painters, gone that self-assertion of the individual. A like fashion of dress and habit was beginning to reign as it does with us, though, all the more, small changes were noticeable and the Spaniard, for instance, aimed, by rigid sumptuary laws, to mark some difference in the outward look of classes of worth or power. In 1600 Rubens goes to study in Italy, always the home of the past, and brings back larger manners to graft upon the early Flemish art — perfect of its kind, but far away from the gallant cavalier ways which are to rule in art. For, even in the mythologies, even in the Christian story, even in the allegories of the masters of the time, one feels the grand manner. The ample costume, the great silk doublets, the velvet cloaks, the floating plumes of fashionable life affect, of necessity, the motion and carriage of the models who posed. Even if they are saints and martyrs, or heroes of classical reticence and stoic behavior, even Regulus and Coriolanus, they carry in their ways of moving through pictures something of the swaying of booted, belted, and spurred cavaliers. So in Corneille's tragedies, only a little later, the heroes of Greece and Rome have the voice of Castilian romance — that something which Sancho Panza in vain found fault with in romantic Don Quixote. Between the "Pastoral Concert" of Giorgione of Castel Franco, still redolent of the heather of mountains and of freer air regretted in the town, to Rubens's "Garden of Love," nothing has been painted. There are pictures of amusements of real life, of no importance; there are various subjects of so-called church or pagan story, where, with Giorgione or Veronese, Moses is found by princesses, courtiers and their ladies, in the waters of lake streams that flow through charming parks; or the story of Esther or of Susanna is spread through Italian gardens filled with architectural decoration. Even the most sacred stories of the New Testament have a setting of garden and palace

Photograph by Hanfstaengl

THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

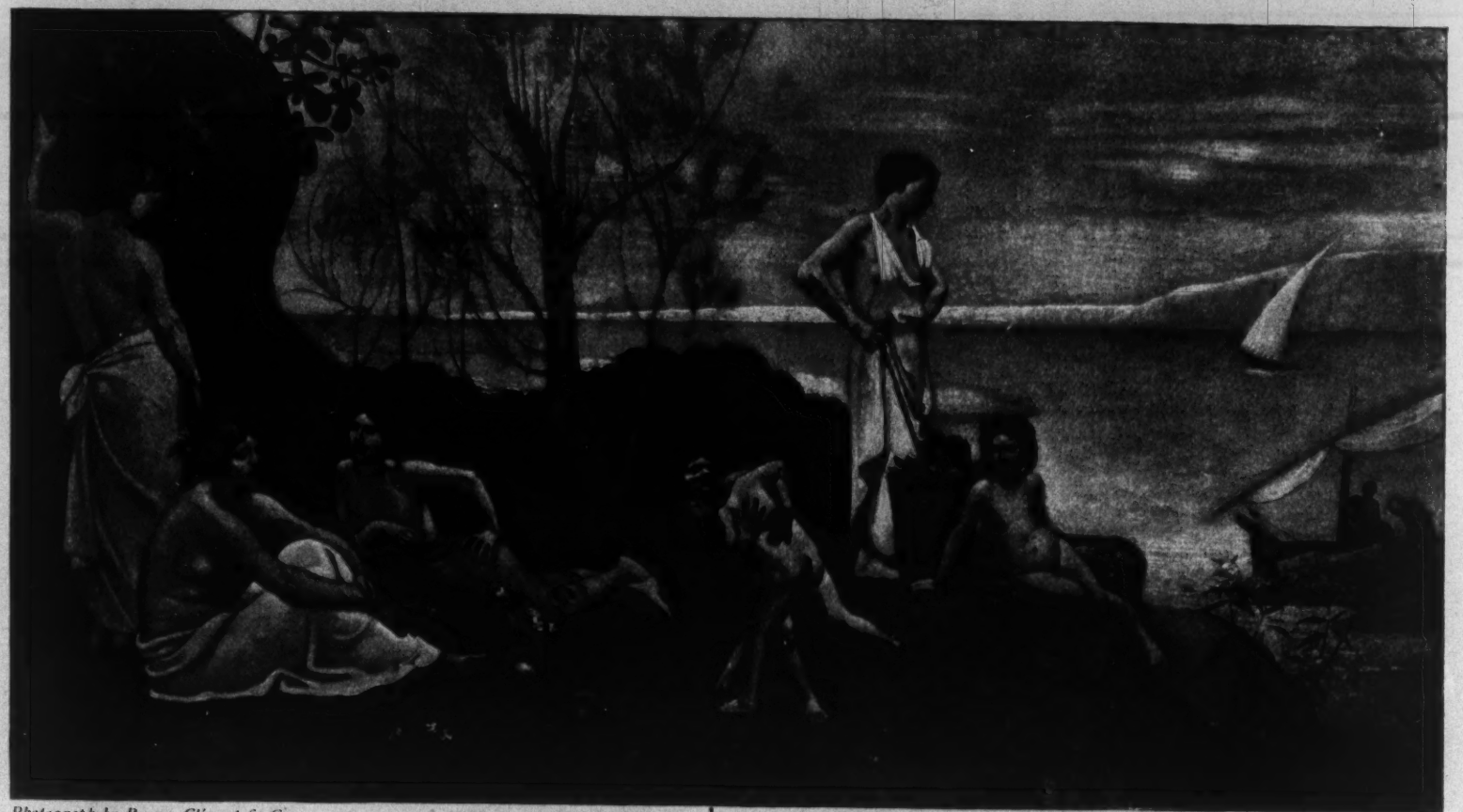
From the painting by Rubens



Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

From the painting by Watteau

TAKING SHIP FOR CYTHERA



Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

THE LOVELY LAND

From the painting by Puvis de Chavannes

art. But, except for a fragment, which may be a story, there is nothing between the "Pastoral Concert" and the other dream-land of Rubens's "Garden." Here the seventeenth century has its fashionable dream. Rubens himself named it, in his businesslike way, "A Fashionable Conversation." The garden has become now mostly building; its architectural adornment fills most of the picture; the newer style of architecture is heavier, and suggests construction more than that of earlier Italian Renaissance. It is an apotheosis of what was called the Grotto — a supposed retreat still more artificial than outside adornments. There, by splashing fountains, on the great steps, sit splendid ladies and gentlemen in the florid and expansive dress of the time. Enough trees, enough landscape, to show that a garden is meant. The ladies welcome each other; one gallant cavalier, with great felt hat and feathers, and cloak uplifted by his long rapier, hands his lady, in the manner of the day, into this noble and gay assemblage. Other noble gentlemen whisper soft nothings to willing ears and smiling faces; their words are echoed by fluttering cupids and loves, whose wings cast shadows here and there. One of the fair ones even looks up at these birds of a love paradise with a smile of delighted amusement. It is an allegory of love nonsense, of fashionable dalliance. Nor has our faithful husband and artist forgotten to place his own beloved, his wife, Helena, in the ring of fine ladies. Indeed, mostly all have some reminder of her, or of a similar type dear to his affection. Even in this dream of fine ladies, the Helena of home life has been indirectly a subject. We have his separate studies from her for this creation of pure fancy. Pure fancy it is true, but the note of modern society has been struck. There is an ocean between the Rubens and the Giorgione. The latter is the murmur of the indefinite past — not expressed before in whatever of the classical world remains to us. Apart from a few folds of silks and velvets, that painting of Giorgione is an idyl of what primitive life, such as is still reflected in savage civilization, might have imagined, however untrue to the prosaic fact of any special moment.

Another century almost exactly has passed and once more, with no record between, we have the theme again. Watteau paints "L'embarquement pour Cythère," "The Taking Ship for Cythera." The large study is in the Louvre, painted for entrance into the French Academy; the deliberate complete work is in Germany, in that curious collection formed by Frederick the Great. The final results of events define our thoughts so much that we hardly realize that the Frederick of European war and aggrandizement, the planner of conquests and the disenchanted cynic, could have chosen out of all European art such a tenderness of expression. But this was begun in the earlier days; though long afterwards Frederick continued to buy, "especially Watteaus," as his instructions read to his purchasing agent. The sad, unlucky painter, meanwhile, had no easy time. Only late, through his greater patrons does he touch that elegant society of which he has made poetry in many paintings. For this one he could not have gone further away from the dryness of the eighteenth century. Already the landscape is a dream. Silks and velvets have never traveled in such garden parks, placed so high in Alpine mountain land, and looking across lakes edged by mountains peaked and engrailed. Only in South Seas, still, at Watteau's date, waiting for discoverers, are such fairy seas and hills and peaks in happy islands. Their first discoverer chose for his first discovered island, lovely Tahiti, the European name of New Cythera. To some other one, some island of the blest, some *new* Cythera, go this stream of pilgrims in their best holiday dresses, half of the very latest fashion of the day, half borrowed from Italian theaters. They dally, they hesitate by the way. They listen to promises, to persuasion, to small talk and chit-chat, as they go; just as at any breakfast, any promenade in the open park. A great gilded barque waits for them in the shade; the mariners are of the past mythology — as are also meant to be the little loves and cupids, floating about, who are so completely of the eighteenth century that they seem to have dropped from the cornices and gilded ceilings of rococo parlors, such as we buy or heavily copy for the New York of to-day. These impossible cherubs are to guide and accompany the pilgrims to that far-away land hinted at by the landscape, where is the Font of Eternal Youth, and from which none have ever returned. Never has this enchantment been again

repeated in the art of painting, scarcely even in any verse. For there is only a slight melancholy in the delicious charm — only that necessary suggestion which accompanies pleasure for the poetic mind. Enchantments there will be in the lines of the poets; conventional imitations of Watteau will fill parlors and come now to us at enormous prices for the fancied pleasure of the very rich, but every such thing will be too silly or too sad. This is the last breath of that moment of society of which Talleyrand said that "who had not known it did not know the sweetness of life." Already, above, roll the darker clouds bringing in the destiny of the modern world.

That storm broke upon the Western world a century and more ago, and the words of the cynical nobleman, bishop, and diplomat, have been justified abundantly. Since the day he spoke of, man has not tried for the sweetness of living — "la douceur de vivre" —; the pursuit of the dream, the dream of peace, has passed for painting into the realm of landscape. Landscape has been the escape from the responsibilities of life. The nature which is not human has offered that solace to the modern man in every way, not only in painting or in verse, but in the actual modern enjoyment of the beauties of landscape.

The modern landscape painter, however, has struggled and fought according to the spirit of his time with the difficulties of adequate representation, with the artistic necessities implied, and, still further, with a scientific manner of rendering light and color, so that one looks back upon the landscape of the past, the Claude Lorrains, and even the Dutch transcripts of nature, as representing a desire of peace and the repose that art can give. Alone, out of an indefinite number, the Frenchman, Corot, has aimed to express the rest that we feel in the look of landscape. His are the only ideals painted since that middle of the eighteenth century, when Watteau ended. Nor have we distinctly felt his aim until his course was completed, because he had to invent a manner of his own which seemed to partake of the universal struggle, not in itself, but because of the agitation about him.

With the end of the last century, a decorator of wall spaces, a maker of decorative figures, Puvis de Chavannes, has alone taken up the idea of representing rest and peace. This is done through the means of many figures, assembled in harmonious composition, where the line of landscape connected with them is an integral part of the story. A certain French logical coldness separates them from the warmer and less reticent works of the past. It is difficult to connect them at first with such a dream as that of the Giorgione at which we first looked. But apart from that more sensuous abandonment to the joy of life, Puvis's work is in the line of inheritance of the early dreamers, and though it may be the landscape of dreamland, his landscape is perhaps the most essential part of his painting, which, to the usual looker-on, is an assemblage of figures. It is decidedly the landscape of that particular dream, and its line, its disposition, its color, are woven into the story so as to be inseparable from the action of the people who live within it. I have written somewhere else that this necessity for a true bond between the figure and the landscape has always been felt, I think, by the greater figure painters. It may even have led some of them to a suppression of landscape, because of sensitiveness to the inappropriate introduction of accidental form of lines. François Millet, the son of the great painter, once told me of his father's saying, on his death-bed, that he had not been enough of a landscape painter. In his own words, he had "not completed his harvest"; and the dying painter described scenes of peace and rest which he had desired to express.

Compare the dreary homely background of Puvis's "St. Genevieve," an idealization of the tame environs of Paris, with his "Doux Pays." The landscape of the "Lovely Land" ("Doux Pays") spreads a fairy sea and dreamy mountains and thin graceful foliage, against which are placed figures in lazy attitudes, that watch from their height of cliff, the arrival of the boats of their friends or of far-away traders, coming from a great sea where the struggles of others, in the words of Lucretius, are a pleasant picture to the watcher from the land. The absence of all meaning, as we usually define the word — the mere accidental postures of the figures in the scene, give just the intention of the artist — the look of momentary rest in an imaginary land where life must be easy because of its simplicity.

ENEMIES OF THE REPUBLIC

THE POLITICAL LEADERS WHO ARE SELLING OUT THE STATE OF MISSOURI, AND THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN WHO ARE BUYING IT — BUSINESS AS TREASON — CORRUPTION AS REVOLUTION

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES"

EVERY time I attempted to trace to its sources the political corruption of a city ring, the stream of pollution branched off in the most unexpected directions and spread out in a network of veins and arteries so complex that hardly any part of the body politic seemed clear of it. It flowed out of the majority party into the minority; out of politics into vice and crime; out of business into politics, and back into business; from the boss, down through the police to the prostitute, and up through the practice of law, into the courts; and big throbbing arteries ran out through the country over the State to the Nation — and back. No wonder cities can't get municipal reform! No wonder Minneapolis, having cleaned out its police ring of vice grafters, now discovers boodle in the council! No wonder Chicago, with council-reform and boodle beaten, finds itself a Minneapolis of police and administrative graft! No wonder Pittsburg, when it broke out of its local ring, fell, amazed, into a State ring! No wonder New York, with good government, votes itself back into Tammany Hall!

They are on the wrong track; we are, all of us, on the wrong track. You can't reform a city by reforming part of it. You can't reform a city alone. You can't reform politics alone. And as for corruption and the understanding thereof, we cannot run 'round and 'round in municipal rings and understand ring corruption; it isn't a ring thing. We cannot remain in one city, or ten, and comprehend municipal corruption; it isn't a local thing. We cannot "stick to a party," and follow party corruption; it isn't a partizan thing. And I have found that I cannot confine myself to politics and grasp all the ramifications of political corruption; it isn't political corruption. It's corruption. The corruption of our American politics is our American corruption, political, but financial and industrial too. Miss Tarbell is showing it in the trust, Mr. Baker in the labor union, and my gropings into the misgovernment of cities have drawn me everywhere, but, always, always out of politics into business, and out of the cities into the state. Business started the corruption of politics in Pittsburg; upholds it in Philadelphia; boomed with it in Chicago and withered with its reform; and in New York, business financed the return of Tammany Hall. Here, then, is our guide out of the labyrinth. Not the political ring, but big business,—that is the crux of the situation. Our political corruption is a system, a regularly established custom of the country, by which our political leaders are hired, by bribery, by the license to loot, and by quiet moral support, to conduct the government of city, state, and nation, not for the common good, but for the special interests of private business. Not the politician, then, not the bribe-taker, but the bribe-giver, the man we are so proud of, our successful business man — he is the source and the sustenance of our bad government. The captain of

industry is the man to catch. His is the trail to follow.

We have struck that trail before. Whenever we followed the successful politician, his tracks led us into it, but also they led us out of the cities — from Pittsburg to the State Legislature at Harrisburg; from Philadelphia, through Pennsylvania, to the National Legislature at Washington. To go on was to go into state and national politics, and I was after the political corruption of the city ring then. Now I know that these are all one. The trail of the political leader and the trail of the commercial leader are parallels which mark the plain, main road that leads off the dead level of the cities, up through the States into the United States, out of the political ring into the System, the living System of our actual government. The highway of corruption is the "road to success."

Almost any State would start us right, but Missouri is the most promising. Joseph W. Folk, the Circuit Attorney of St. Louis, has not only laid wide open the road out there; he knows it is the way of a system. He didn't at first. He, too, thought he was fighting political corruption, and that the whole of it was the St. Louis ring. But he got the ring. Mr. Folk has convicted the boss and members of the "boodle combine" that was selling out his city; yet the ring does not break. Why? Because back of the boodlers stand the big business men who are buying the city up. But Folk got the business men too: Charles H. Turner, president of the Suburban Railway Company, president of the Commonwealth Trust Company; Philip Stock, secretary of the St. Louis Brewery Association; Ellis Wainwright, the millionaire brewer; George J. Kobusch, president of the St. Louis Car Company; Robert N. Snyder, banker and promoter, of Kansas City and New York; John Scullen, ex-president of street railways, a director then and now of steam railways, a director then and now of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. These are not "low-down politicians"; they are "respectable business men." Having discovered early that boodlers flew in pairs; that wherever there was a bribe-taker, there also was a bribe-giver, Folk hunted them in pairs. And in pairs he brought them down. And still the ring does not break. What is the matter?

That's what's the matter. "That man Folk" is attacking the System. If he had confined his chase to that unprotected bird, the petty boodler, all might have been well. Indeed, there was a time, just before the first trial of the boss, Col. Ed. Butler, when the ring was in a panic and everybody ran. If he had stayed his hand then, Folk could have been Governor of Missouri, the leader of his party, and a very rich man. But he would not stop. These were not the things he was after. At that moment he was after Boss Butler; and he got him.

"And the conviction of Butler," he said recently, "is the point where we passed out of the ring into the System."

Butler was not only the boss of the ring; he was the tool of the System. He was the man through whom the St. Louis business man did business with the combine, and Folk hadn't caught all the business men involved. The first time I met him, early in his work, he was puzzled by the opposition or silence of officials and citizens, who, he thought, should have been on his side. The next time I saw him this mystery was clearing. One by one those people were turning up in this deal or 'way back of that one. He could not reach them; he can never reach them all; but there they were, and they, their relatives, their friends, their lawyers, their business and social associates — "nobody can realize," says Mr. Folk, "the infinite ramifications of this thing" — they, and "this thing," the "vested interest" of St. Louis, are the St. Louis System.

Corruption was saved, not ended, by the very thoroughness of Mr. Folk. The ring was rallied, not smashed, by his conviction of its boss. The boodlers who had wanted to turn state's evidence "stood pat." Why? They had an assurance, they said, that "not one of them would go to the pen." Who made this promise? Butler. Ed. Butler, himself sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, gave this explicit assurance, and he added (this was last summer) that "the courts will reverse all Folk's cases, and, when Folk's term expires, we will all get off, and the fellows that have peached will go to jail." Maybe Butler lied; some of the politicians said that it would be "bad politics" to reverse "all Folk's cases," and that some, possibly Butler's own, would

have to be affirmed. Butler, however, was not afraid, and, sure enough, in December his case was reversed. All the boodle cases so far have been reversed. Not a boodler is in jail to-day (January 22d), and the same court gave a ruling which made it necessary for Folk to reindict and retry half a dozen of his cases. The boodlers are a power in politics. Butler sits in the councils of the Democratic party. He sat there with the business men and new, young leaders who drew up the last platform, which made no mention of boodle, and he assisted in the naming of the tickets. After the last election, Butler was able to reorganize the new House of Delegates, with his man for Speaker, and the superintendent of his garbage plant (in the interest of which he offered the bribe for which he was convicted) for chairman of the Sanitary Committee. But the nominations he had helped to make were not only those of aldermen, but of the candidates for the vacancies on the bench which was to try boodle cases, and also for that court which was to hear these cases, and his own, on appeal! And the presiding justice of this, the criminal branch of the Supreme Court of Missouri, went upon the stump last fall and declared that a man who thought as Mr. Folk thought, and did as Mr. Folk did, had better leave the State!

Appalling? It did not appall Mr. Folk. He realized then that it was a System, not the ring, that he was fighting, and he went after that. There was another way into it. One Charles Kratz, the head of the council combine, did business, like Butler, with and for business men. Kratz fled to Mexico, with means supplied by his business backers, but Mr. Folk used the good offices of the President and the Secretary of State to get the man back. And he succeeded; he had Kratz brought back. The hope was that Kratz would confess and deliver up his principals. The other boodlers, however, received Kratz with a champagne dinner and he also stood pat. But even if Kratz should surrender, and even if Folk thus were to smash the Butler ring and catch not five or six, but fifty, of the captains of industry behind it—still, I believe, the System would stand. Why? Because "this thing" is more than men, and bigger than St. Louis.

All the while Mr. Folk was probing the city he kept an eye on the state. That was out of his jurisdiction, but it affected his work. Some of the silent opposition he encountered came from state officials, and the court which was inspiring so much faith in boodlers was a state court. These officials were not implicated in his exposures, and these judges were honest men, but the State Legislature, at Jefferson City, sent forth significant rumors, and about these Folk gossiped with the St. Louis boodlers, who explained that corruption was an ancient custom of the state. Helpless, but informed, Folk watched and waited, till at last his chance came.

One day in February, 1903, when a bill in which the Speaker of the House was interested failed of passage, that officer left his chair in anger saying, "There is boodle in this." The House was disturbed. Folk's work had opened the public mind to suspicion, and the newspapers were alert. Investigations were ordered, one by the House Committee, which found nothing; another by a Jefferson City Grand Jury, which resulted in a statement by Circuit Attorney R. P. Stone that it was all "hot air" and that, anyhow, he had no ambition "to become a second Folk." (Stone was indicted himself afterward.) Then the Governor directed Attorney-General E. C. Crow to take charge, and Crow took charge. Picking Lieutenant-Governor Lee for a weakling, he concentrated on him. Lee was telling things, bit by bit, but he kept denying them, and the jury was uneasy and reluctant. The outcome of the inquiry was in doubt in Jefferson City, when Mr. Folk heard that "floating all around town" was a lot of thousand-dollar bribe bills which were distributed at the Laclede Hotel. The Laclede Hotel is in St. Louis, and St. Louis is Folk's bailiwick. Folk jumped in. He traced the bills, and, in a jiffy, he had the whole inside story. He gave out an interview directed at Lieutenant-Governor Lee, who saw it; saw, he said, "that Folk had him," and ran to Attorney-General Crow to confess. Changing his mind, he fled the State, but Folk gave out another interview that brought him back. Meeting and agreeing on a course, Folk and Crow worked together. They got Lee's confession in full, and his resignation of the Lieutenant-Governorship; and with all this for a lever, they opened the mouths of other legislators. Indictments followed, and trials; Crow took all the evidence and

carried on with ability the dull slow trials which we need not follow.

The lid was off Missouri. The stone Mr. Folk had had so long to leave unturned, was lifted. What was under it? Squirming in the light and writhing off into their dark holes, were state senators and state officers, state committee-men, and party leaders, but also there were the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Missouri Pacific Railroad, the St. Louis and San Francisco, the Iron Mountain and Southern, the Wabash; Mr. Folk's old friend, the St. Louis Transit Company; the breweries, the stock yards, the telephone companies; business men of St. Louis, St. Joseph, and Kansas City — the big business of the whole State. There they were, the "contemptible bribe-taker" and the very "respectable" bribe-giver, all doing business together. So they still traveled in pairs; and the highway still lay between the deadly parallels — business and politics. The System was indeed bigger than St. Louis; it was the System of Missouri.

What, then, is the system of Missouri? The outlines of it can be traced through the "confessions of state senators which," Folk's grand jury said, "appall and astound us as citizens of this state. Our investigations," they added, "have gone back twelve years and during that time the evidence shows that corruption has been the usual and accepted thing in state legislation, and that, too, without interference or hindrance. . . . We have beheld with shame and humiliation the violation of the sacred trust reposed by the people in their public servants."

Just as in the city, the System in the state is corruption settled into a "custom of the country"; betrayal of trust established as the form of government. The people elect, to govern for them, representatives who are to care for the common interest of all. But the confessing Senators confessed that they were paid by a lobby to serve special interests. Naturally enough, the jurors, good citizens, were incensed especially at the public servants "who sold them out." But who did the buying? Who are the lobby? The confessions name Col. William H. Phelps, John J. Carroll, and others, lawyers and citizens of standing at the bar and in the state, and they were the agents of the commanding business enterprises of the state. Moreover, they were aggressive corruptionists. You hear business men say that they are blackmailed, that the politicians are corrupt, and that the "better people" *have* to pay.

Colonel Phelps, an officer of the Missouri Pacific, and the lobbyist of the Gould interests, has said that he had to exercise great cunning to keep the Legislature corrupt. New legislators often bothered him, especially "honest men," Senators who would not take money. Sometimes he "got" them with passes, which was cheap, but not sure, so he had been compelled sometimes actually to "rape" some men, as he did Senator Fred Busche, of St. Louis.

Busche is himself a business man, a well-to-do pie-baker, and he went to Jefferson City full of high purpose and patriotic sentiment, he said. Among the measures up for passage was a bill to require all railways to keep a flagman at all crossings. It was a "strike" bill. Phelps himself had had it introduced, to prove his usefulness in killing it, perhaps, or to raise money for himself and his pals. (The corrupt corporations are often cheated by their corrupt agents.) At any rate, Phelps asked Busche to vote against the bill, and Busche did so. A day or two later Phelps came up to Busche, thrust a hundred dollar bill into his pocket, then hurried away and remained out of sight till Busche had become reconciled to the money. "After that," Busche added, "Phelps had me." Busche accepted a regular salary of $500 a session from the railroad lobbyist, and other bribes: $500 on the St. Louis transit bill, $500 on an excise bill, etc. He estimated that he had made corruptly some $15,000 during his twelve years.

Phelps put Busche into the "Senate Combine," which is just such a non-partizan group of a controlling majority as that which Colonel Butler wielded in the municipal legislature councils of St. Louis. Butler, however, was a boss; Phelps is not. There is no boss of Missouri as there is of New York, Pennsylvania, and other more advanced states. Phelps is the king of the lobby, and the lobby rules by force of corruption. The lobbyists, representing different special business interests, bought among them a majority of the legislators, organized the Senate, ran dominant committees, and thus controlled legislation. You could do business with any lobbyist.

and have the service, usually, of all, or you could deal with a member of the combine. Indeed, the "combine" was free to drum up trade when times were dull, and Mr. Folk quotes a telegram from a member sent on such a mission to St. Louis: "River rising fast," it said. "Driftwood coming down. Be there to-morrow."

"Driftwood" was boodle bills for business men, and some of it was blackmail, but it was all irregular. The regular business was more businesslike. The "combine" was only the chief instrument of the lobby and was made up of dishonest legislators. The lobby controlled also the honest men. For these belonged to their party. The corporations and big businesses contribute to all campaign funds, and this is the first step toward corruption everywhere. It is wholesale bribery, and it buys the honest legislator. He may want to vote against the "combine," but the lobby serves the party as well as business, and the "State Committee" has to "stand in." That is the way the Democratic party got control of the police and election machinery of the cities and forced those normally Republican communities into the Democratic line. The lobby delivered the dishonest votes, and, in return for such services and for the campaign contributions, the State Committee of the dominant Democratic party has to deliver the honest votes, and often, too, the Governor of the State. And as for the minority party, the Republicans in Missouri are like the minority everywhere: just as corrupt and more hungry than the majority. Disrupted by quarrels over the Federal patronage, the Republican legislators follow the Democrats for more, for dribblets of graft, and the first Senator convicted by Crow was a Republican.

There is nothing partizan about graft. Only the people are loyal to party. The "hated" trusts, all big grafters, go with the majority. In Democratic Missouri, the Democracy is the party of "capital." The Democratic political leaders, crying down the trusts, corner the voters like wheat, form a political trust, and sell out the sovereignty of the people to the corporation lobby. And the lobby runs the State, not only in the interest of its principals, but against the interest of the people. Once, when an election bill was up—the bill to turn over the cities to the Democrats—citizens of Kansas City, Democrats among them, had to hire a lobbyist to fight it, and when this lobbyist found that the interest of his corporations required the passage of the bill, he sent back his fee with an explanation. And this story was told me as an example of the honesty of that lobbyist! Lieutenant-Governor Lee in his confession gave another such example. Public opinion forced out of committee, and was driving through the Senate, a bill to put a just tax on the franchises of public service corporations. The lobby dared not stop it. But Colonel Phelps took one day "his accustomed place" behind a curtain back of the Lieutenant-Governor's chair, and he wrote out amendment after amendment, passed them to Senator Frank Farris, who introduced them, and the lobby put them through, so that the bill passed, "smothered to death."

When Lieutenant-Governor Lee drew aside that curtain he revealed the real head of the government of Missouri. I mean this literally. I mean that this System I have been describing is a form of government; it *is* the government. We must not be confused by constitutions and charters. The constitution of Missouri describes a Governor and his duties, a legislature and the powers lodged in a Senate and a House of Representatives, etc., etc. This is the paper government. In Missouri this paper government has been superseded by an actual government, and this government is:—a lobby, with a combine of legislators, the Democratic State Committee, and state leaders and city bosses for agents. One bribe, two bribes, a hundred bribes might not be so bad, but what we have seen here is a System of bribery, corruption installed as the motive, the purpose, the spirit of a state government. A revolution has happened. Bribes, not bullets, were spent in it, and the fighting was slow and quiet, but victory seemed sure; the bribe-takers were betraying the government of the people to an oligarchy of bribe-givers, when Joseph Folk realized the truth.

"Bribery," he declared, "is treason, and a boodler is a traitor."

"Bosh!" cried the lawyers. "Poppycock," the cynics sneered, and the courts rule out the cases. "Bribery," said Judge Priest, at the trial of the banker, Snyder, "is, at the most, a conventional crime."

"Corruption is an occasional offense," the ring orators proclaim, but they answer themselves, for they say also, "corruption is not a vice only of Missouri, it is everywhere."

"It is everywhere," Folk answers, and because he has realized that, because he realized that boodling is the custom and that the "occasional" boodler who sells his vote, is selling the state and altering the very form of our government, he has declared boodle to be a political issue. And because the people do not see it so, and because he saw that no matter how many individual boodlers he might catch, he, the Circuit Attorney of St. Louis, could not stop boodling even in St. Louis, Mr. Folk announced himself a candidate for Governor and is now appealing his case to the people, who alone can stop it. His party shrieked and raged, but because it is his party, because he thinks his party is the party of the people, and because his party is the responsible, the boodle, party in his state, he made the issue first in his own party. He has asked his people to take back the control of it and clean it up.

Thus, at last, is raised in St. Louis and Missouri the plain, great question: Do the people rule? Will they, can they rule? And the answer of Missouri will be national, almost racial in importance. Both the Democracy and the democracy are being put to the test out there.

But Missouri cannot decide alone. "Corruption is everywhere." The highway of corruption which Folk has taken as the road to political reform, goes far beyond Missouri. When he and Attorney-General Crow lifted the lid off Missouri, they disturbed the lid over the United States, and they saw wiggling among their domestic industries and state officials, three "foreign trusts"—the American Sugar Refining Company, the American Book Company, and the Royal Baking Powder Company. These are national concerns; they operate all over the United States; and they are purely commercial enterprises with probably purely commercial methods. What they do, therefore, is business pure and simple; their way will be the way of business. But off behind them slunk a United States Senator, the Honorable William J. Stone. He was on the same road. So they still run in pairs, and the road to success still lies between the two parallels, and it leads straight to Washington, where, in political infinity, as it were, in that chamber of the bosses, the United States Senate, the parallels seem to meet. Are the corrupt customs of Missouri the custom of the country? Are the methods of its business the method of Business? Isn't the System of that State the System of the United States? Let us see.

Among the letters of the confessed boodler, Lieutenant-Governor Lee, to his friend Daniel J. Kelly, are many references to his ambition to be Governor of the State. When Folk decided to run for that office, the politicians were shocked at his "ambition"; he had not served the party, only the people. But Lee, whom they knew to be a boodler, was not regarded as presumptuous. He was a "possibility." And, in his first letter on the subject to Kelly, he asks how he can sell himself out in advance to two trusts. "Of course you can help me get a campaign fund together," he says, "and I will be grateful to you. . . . How would you tackle Sugar-Tobacco if you were me in the campaign-fund matter?" Kelly must have advised Lee to write direct, for the next letter is from H. O. Havemeyer, expressing "my hopes that your political aspirations will be realized," and adding suggestively, "If I can be of any service I presume your representative will appear. (Signed) H. O. Havemeyer." Lee wanted Kelly to "appear," and there was some correspondence over a proposition to have the contribution made in the form of advertisements in Lee's two trade journals. But Lee "needed help badly, as the country papers must be taken care of," so he asks Kelly "to so present the case to Mr. H. that he will do some business with the papers and help me out personally besides. Do your best, old man," he pleads, "and ask Mr. H. to do his best. A lift in time is always the best." And Mr. H. did his best. Lee had arranged that Kelly was to see Havemeyer on both personal and business accounts, but the "personal" came by mail, and Lee wires Kelly to "drop personal matter and confine to advertising. Personal arranged by mail." And then we have this note of explanation to "Friend Kelly":

"The party sent me $1,000 personally by mail. If you do anything now it will be on the advertising basis. Truly and heartily, Lee."

Here we have a captain of industry taking a "little flyer" in a prospective governor of a state. Mr. Havemeyer probably despises Lee, but Mr. Havemeyer himself is not ashamed. Business men will understand that this is business. It may be bad in politics, but such an investment is "good business." And there is my point ready made: This "bad" politics of ours is "good" business.

A longer trail is that of William Ziegler; his business, the Royal Baking Powder Company; and the company's agent, Daniel J. Kelly. In Missouri they said Crow was "after" United States Senator Stone, but "they travel in pairs," so he had to begin with the business men, as Folk did. He indicted first Kelly, then Ziegler, for bribery. Lee, whose confession caused the indictment of Kelly, wired this warning: "D. J. Kelly: Your health being poor brief recreation trip if taken would be greatly beneficial. James Sargent." Kelly took the recreation trip to Canada, and Ziegler, in New York, resisted extradition to Missouri for trial. The prospect was of a long lawyers' fight, the result of which need not be anticipated here. Our interest is in the business methods of this great commercial concern, the Royal Baking Powder "trust," and the secrets of the success of this captain of the baking-powder industry. And this, mind you, as a key to the understanding of "politics."

We have been getting into business by following politics. Now, for a change, we will follow a strictly business career and see that the accepted methods of business are the despised methods of politics, and that just as the trail of the successful politician leads us into business, so the trail of the successful business man leads us into politics.

Ziegler's "success story" is that of the typical poor boy who began with nothing, and carved out a fortune of many, many millions. He was not handicapped with a college education and ethical theories. He went straight into business, as a drug-clerk, and he learned his morals from business. And he is a "good business man." This is no sneer. He told me the story of his life one night, not all, of course, for he knew what the purpose of my article was to be; but he told me enough so that I could see that if the story were set down — the daring enterprise, the patient study of details, and the work, the work, the terrible, killing work — if this all were related, as well as "the things a business man has to do," then, I say, the story of William Ziegler, might do him, on the whole, honor as well as dishonor. But this, the inspiring side, of such stories, has been told again and again, and it does not give "our boys" all the secrets of success, and it does not explain the state either of our business or of our politics. I have no malice against Mr. Ziegler; I have a kind of liking for him, but so have I a liking for a lot of those kind, good fellows, the low-down politicians who sell us out to the Zieglers. They, too, are human, so much more human than many a "better man." How often they have helped me to get the truth! But they do sell us out, and the "good business men" do buy us out. So William Ziegler, who also helped me, he, to me here, is only a type.

Ziegler went into the baking-powder business way back in 1868 with the Hoaglands, a firm of druggists at Fort Wayne, Indiana. The young man mastered the business, technically as a pharmacist, commercially as a salesman. He fought for his share in the profit; he left them and established a competitive business to force his point, and in 1873 they let him in. So you see, Young Man, it isn't alone sobriety, industry, and honesty that make success, but battle, too. Ziegler organized the Royal Baking Powder Company in 1873, with himself as treasurer.

The business grew for three or four years, when it was discovered that alum and soda made a stronger leaven, and cheaper. Worse still, alum was plentiful. Anybody could go into its manufacture, and many did. The Royal, to control the cream of tartar industry, had contracted to take from European countries immense quantities of argol, the wine-lees from which cream of tartar is made. They had to go on making the more expensive baking-powder or break a contract. That would be "bad business."

So Ziegler was for war. His plan was to "fight alum." His associates, less daring than he, objected, but Ziegler won them over, and thus was begun the "Alum War," famous in chemistry, journalism, and legislation. Outsiders knew little about it, but they can find the spoils of

Ziegler's battle in the bosom of their own family. Let any man in the North, East, and West, ask himself if he does not think "alum in food is bad"; if he can't answer, let him ask his wife. She will not know exactly why, but she is pretty sure to have a "general impression" that it is injurious in some way and that "the Royal is pure," "the best." This general impression was capitalized by Ziegler in 1898, at a valuation of many millions of dollars. He combined, in a trust, the Cleveland, Price, and Royal cream of tartar companies; their separate capitalization amounted to something over one million. The trust was capitalized at $20,000,000.

Now, how did Ziegler plant this general impression which was sold as so much preferred and common stock? He began the war by hiring chemists to give "expert opinions" against alum and for cream of tartar. The alum people, in alarm, had to hire chemists to give opposite opinions for alum and against cream of tartar. What the merits of the chemical controversy are, no man can decide now. Hundreds of "eminent scientific men," chemists, physiologists, and doctors of medicine, have taken part in it, and there are respectable authorities on both sides. The Royal's array of experts, who say "alum is bad," is the greater, and they are right as to "alum in food." But that is a trick phrase. The alum people say, and truly, that the alum in baking-powder disappears in the bread, just as cream of tartar does, and that the whole question resolves itself into the effects on the human system of what is left. In the case of the alum, the residuum is hydrate of aluminum, of which Dr. Austin Flint, who experimented with Prof. Peter F. Austin and Dr. E. E. Smith, says that it "is inert; has no effect upon the secretion of gastric juice, nor does it interfere with digestion; and it has no medicinal effects." On the other hand, the alum party say that the residuum of cream of tartar powder is "Rochelle salts, an irritant drug with purgative qualities." This the Royal overwhelmed with testimony, but Ziegler does not believe much in defense. He attacks. His was a war on "impure food," and his slogan was short and sharp: "alum, a poison." That was all.

And that is enough for us. Our war is on "impure business," and, whatever the truth is about alum and cream of tartar, the truth about Ziegler and the Royal Baking Powder is this: *they were making alum baking-powders themselves.* All the while Ziegler was buying those expert testimonials against it, he was manufacturing and selling alum baking-powder.

This, on his own testimony. He brought a suit once against the Hoaglands, his associates, and he wanted to show that he, not they, had made the business what it was; so he went upon the stand and swore that *he* started the alum war; *he* hired Dr. Mott, the first chemist, etc., etc. Listen, then, to this captain of industry confessing himself:

"I have heard the testimony about what is called the 'alum war,'" he says. "I instituted it upon the part of the company. I employed Dr. Mott personally — it is possible that Mr. Hoagland may have made the money arrangement with him; I also visited other chemists and got certificates; I did all that business connected with the chemical part of the investigation, preparing the matter; I originated that matter; Mr. Joseph C. Hoagland bitterly opposed it; he said war on alum would injure the sale of all baking-powders; that it would bring all baking-powders into disrepute, and it was difficult for the public to tell an alum baking-powder from a cream of tartar powder.

"We had also as a company been manufacturing alum baking-powder, which was in the market, not under our brand 'Royal,' but another brand. The theory was that our competitors might get hold of some of that, analyze it, and show that we also manufactured alum baking-powder."

Nor is that all. Ziegler says he "got" the chemists. How he "got" them I don't know, but the company had at one time an ammonia skirmish. They were making ammonia baking-powder, and the alum people "showed them up," so Ziegler had to have ammonia testimonials from leading chemists, and he sent out for them.

"I got some myself," he testifies. "I went over and saw Professor Norton who had given an adverse opinion. I got him to change his mind. He did not deny what he had said before, but he gave us something that answered our purpose."

"Answered our purpose!" There you have the equivalent in business of the political platform. The purpose answered

in the alum war was advertisement. Having "got" the chemists' opinion, he had to turn that into public opinion, so he had to "get" the press. And he got the press, and his method of advertising fixed public opinion. How?

The Chamber of Commerce of Richmond, Va., recently "in seeking the source of a prejudice which once existed in the state (against alum baking-powder, which is a staple in the South) believes," it says, "that it is to be found in a comprehensive system of what may be called 'blind advertising' or 'written notices' inaugurated years ago in the newspapers of the country by the Royal." The Chamber printed a sample contract:

> Please publish articles as below, each one time, in Daily and Weekly, as pure, straight reading, on top half of fifth page, set in the same size and style of type, and with the same style of heading as the pure reading adjoining, leaded or solid to correspond with such pure reading, to be surrounded by pure reading, and without date, mark or anything to designate them as paid matter; and with the express understanding that they are not at date of publication or afterward to be designated or classed by any article or advertisement in your paper as advertisements, or as paid for, or as emanating from us. Start with top one on list and publish, in same order, Daily two days apart and Weekly one week apart.
>
> ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.

This step paved the way to the publication of anything the Royal might want to say as news or as the disinterested opinion of the paper. They would get a case of poisoning, for example, have it investigated and reported in a newspaper, then they would send the clipping for publication to their newspapers. Here is one:

From the Commercial-Appeal, Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 2, 1900.

SAID TO BE ALUM POISONING — SERIOUS CASE OF ILLNESS REPORTED FROM THE USE OF IMPURE BAKING POWDER.

Johnstown (Pa.) Tribune.

The poisoning of the Thomas family, of Thomas Mill, Somerset County, four members of which were reported to have been made dangerously ill by impure baking powder used in making buckwheat cakes, has been further investigated.

The original can, with the remainder of the baking powder left over after mixing the cakes, was secured by Dr. Critchfield. The powder had been bought at a neighboring country store, and was one of the low-priced brands.

Dr. Critchfield said that the patients had the symptoms of alum poisoning. As the same kind of baking powder is sold in many city groceries as well as country stores, Dr. Critchfield thought it important that a chemical examination should be made to determine its ingredients. He therefore transferred the package of powder to Dr. Schill, of this city, for analysis. Dr. Schill's report is as follows:

"I certify that I have examined chemically the sample of . . . baking powder forwarded to me by Dr. Critchfield. The specimen contained alum." DR. FRANCIS SCHILL, JR., Analyst.

Alum is used in the manufacture of the lower-priced baking powders. It is a mineral poison, and for this reason the sale of baking powders containing it is in many cities prohibited.

The Thomas family tried to answer this "news item." Six of them signed a statement that they were sickened not by alum baking-powder, but by arsenical poisoning from a newly-painted sausage machine; that "the doctors did not tell us that the symptoms was alum poisoning, but arsenical poisoning"; that they were "using alum baking-powder then and are yet, as Dr. Schill and Dr. Critchfield said it was all right." And the physicians made affidavits to the same effect, one of which, Dr. Critchfield's, covers both:

> Personally appeared before me J. B. Critchfield, who deposes and says as follows:
>
> That I am the doctor who attended the Thomas family who were poisoned some time ago.
>
> The statements and advertisements of the Royal Baking Powder Company that I stated that they (the Thomas family) were poisoned by alum in baking powder is false. I never made any such statement. Mr. La Fetra, the agent of the Royal Baking Powder Company, called on me and asked me if I would state that the poisoning was alum poisoning, and I told him I would not.
>
> They have in their advertisement misquoted me and have made false statements in regard to the matter, as the symptoms were arsenical poisoning and not alum. J. B. CRITCHFIELD.
>
> April 20, 1900.

Such lying was not so common as a more subtle deception. A typical form of "reading notice" was to speak of alum as a poison, and then add suggestively: "Recently in New York two deaths occurred from poisoning by the use of powders sent to victims in samples." This does not say that the powders were alum, and, so far as I can learn, the only two deaths that occurred in this way at about that time were those of Barnett and Mrs. Adams, for whose murder Molineux was tried and acquitted; and Kutnow and bromo-seltzer were the powders alleged to have been used on them.

Such methods are corruption; not in law, not in business. "Seeing" a chemist and getting him "to change his mind"

and give "something that will answer a purpose," would be "fraud" and "pull" in politics; in business it is only a "trick of the trade." Printing lies is "faking," when the newspaper itself does it; but to do it for a big advertiser is a common practice of every-day business. It pays, and what pays is right. In the years preceding the formation of the trust, the Royal company, capitalized at $160,000, made profits which rose from $17,647, in 1876, to $725,162, in 1887. In other words, the income in 1887 was more than four times the capital, and the largest item of expense was for advertising, which ran up from $17,647, in 1876, to $291,084, in 1887. As the Hoaglands swore: "The great value of the property, estimated at millions of dollars, consists not in goods, nor in factories, nor in substantial assets, but in the good-will and popularity of its name and trade-mark." In short, as I said before, in a capitalization of twenty millions, eighteen represented a "general impression" that "alum was bad" and that cream of tartar was "the best."

But this was not enough. One year's profits of a million and a half were made on only twenty per cent. of the baking-powder business. If they could get the other eighty per cent., they could make six and one-half millions a year. And why not? Alum had not been driven out of the trade; it made gains steadily. The Royal had to keep up its fight. As Mr. Hoagland said: "A subtle tenure hangs upon its continued success (*sic*) which can be maintained only by the most unique and peculiar abilities, by the most cunning tact and long experience." Since, then, they had to fight for life, why not fight for a monopoly? Ziegler was (and he is) for entirely driving alum out of use.

How? By legislation. But success would cost the consumer thirty millions a year. The consumer is the people, and legislators are representatives of the people. No matter. The representatives of the people must use the power of the people to build up a trust by compelling the people to use only trust baking-powder. Impossible? Not at all. Legislation favorable to the Royal has been enacted or offered in twenty-four states of the Union! How the trust worked in all these states I do not know. Ziegler charged the Hoaglands with having "paid money to influence legislators in the Legislature of the State (of New York) and paid the same out of the funds of the company." I don't know about New York. I must go by the experience of Missouri, and, while Attorney-General Crow charges Ziegler with bribery out there, all I can prove is that bribes were paid in the interest of the Royal. Besides, direct bribery by a captain of industry himself is not typical, and it is the typical that we want to understand. This commercial concern went into politics, and it applied to the politics of Missouri those "peculiar abilities" and the "cunning tact" which we know and which we see have met the supreme test of business—success. Now we can see what business methods look like in politics.

Ziegler becomes a mere shadow. Corrupt Royal agents do the work. One of these was Daniel J. Kelly, publisher of the *American Queen*. Kelly organized, in 1890, the National Health Society, a "fake" as to national membership; just like fake political organizations. "Pure food" is the Royal's platform, and Kelly made pure food his hobby. "I have made a study of the subject," he said in an affidavit submitted to the United States Industrial Commission. "Such time as I have had free from the demands of my publishing business I have largely devoted . . . to furthering the passage of pure food bills in the various States. For the past two or three years my attacks . . . have been largely directed against alum baking-powder, and I have been interested in the movement that has spread through nearly all the states of the Union in favor of pure food laws, prohibiting the use of alum baking-powders on the ground that they are poisonous."

To follow Kelly through "nearly all the states of the Union" would be interesting, but Missouri will have to do. In 1899 a bill was introduced into the Legislature of that state, prohibiting the use of poisons in food, "arsenic, calomel, bismuth, ammonia or alum." "Or alum" was the point. Missouri is an alum state; $15,000,000 was invested there in the alum baking-powder industry, which was one of the largest in the state and represented all the capital and all the enterprise of many of its citizens. "Or alum" would drive them out of business and leave a foreign trust a monopoly. But those legislators,

in this Democratic State, advanced that bill out of turn and passed it, without a hearing, without notice, in secret. And the alum men did not learn till August 14th, that after August 17th they could not continue in business, and then they heard of the law by accident.

This outrage aroused public opinion, and the alum men prepared a repeal bill for the next session, two years later. Meanwhile, however, Kelly and the National Health Society extended their organization. The Health Society of Missouri was formed and the founder thereof was that "friend of the people," the Hon. William J. Stone, ex-Governor of Missouri, and then a candidate for United States Senator. Now, Stone is no boodler. He and Colonel Phelps, after a long political friendship, quarreled once, and Stone called Phelps a lobbyist. "Oh," said Phelps, "we both suck eggs, Stone and I, but Stone, he hides the shells." But I do not believe that Stone handles bribes. He is that other type, the orator of the people whose stock in trade is his influence; "an embezzler of power" Folk called him once. This anti-trust orator was hired by the trust to bring action under the trust's "or alum" law against his fellow citizens and thus install the foreign trust in the field of a general local industry. "Ah, but he acted as a lawyer." Do you know who said that? None other than William J. Bryan, arch-Democrat, arch-friend of the people, arch-foe of the trust, and that does excuse this political treason — in law and in business. I asked one of Folk's confessed boodlers, once, whether, if he had it all to do over again, he would boodle again. "Yes," he said thoughtfully, "but I would study law." "Why?" I asked. "So as I could take fees instead of bribes," he said, without humor. In other words, he saw, as Bryan saw, and Stone and the commercial world see, that what is boodling in politics is business in the practice of the law. And the practice of law is business.

When the alum men's repeal bill was introduced in the session of 1901, Kelly's plan to beat it was laid. Lieutenant-Governor Lee, who has told the story, referred the measure to a picked committee which was to have a hearing. The Hon. William J. Stone was to appear on the trust side, but not for the trust. There was no hearing, but Stone's speech, full of the Royal expert's chemical facts, in the Royal's phraseology, was laid on the desks of the members, and this is the way it begins:

"I appear before you on the request of the Health Society of Missouri. This association is composed of a number of people — good people, both men and women — living in different parts of the State, with headquarters in St. Louis." There was no such society. The "number" was three. They were not "good people," not "both men and women"; they were Stone, his son, and one other man. And the headquarters in St. Louis was in the safe of Stone's law office.

And this is a United States Senator! The Democrats of Missouri have sent him to Washington to do battle there for the "good people, both men and women," against the Republican representatives of the Octopus. Well, we also are bound for Washington and we'll be interested chiefly in the Republican Senatorial traitors, but we shall meet Stone there, too, and an introduction to a Democrat or two may help us. Let us turn now to an honest boodler, the Hon. John A. Lee, and hear how the "little alum fellows'" repeal bill was killed in 1901, and how again, in 1903, in the session which elected Stone United States Senator, it was beaten.

"When I was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1900," Lee says, "I was entirely unfamiliar with the ways of legislation. The Royal Baking Powder Company had been doing extensive advertising in the paper with which I was connected. I have known Daniel J. Kelly for some years and he has been ostensibly my friend. In the beginning of the session of 1901, I made no secret of the fact that it was my desire to defeat the repeal of the (anti-) alum law.

"One day Senator Farris came to me and said that it ought to be worth a good deal to the Royal Baking Powder Company to keep the anti-alum law on the statute books; and that the boys on the committee did not think that they ought to prevent its repeal without some compensation. I asked him what the boys wanted. He said they wanted $1,000 apiece for six of the committee, which was all of the committee except Senator Dowdall, and $1,000 for the Senator who introduced the bill. Unfortunately for me, Kelly called me up over the long-distance telephone from New York that

same day, and I communicated to him the proposition made to me by Farris. He said he would see his principal and wire me the next day whether or not the proposition would be accepted. I received a telegram the next day from Kelly stating that the proposition was agreeable. This telegram I gave to Farris in Senator Morton's room, who was ill at the time. The agreement was that the bill, in return for the money to be paid each Senator, would be killed in committee — that is, never reported from the committee. The committee did keep the bill, and though there were various protests all over the State demanding a report from the committee, none was made.

"I have since learned that the chairman of the committee, in order to escape the pressure being brought upon the committee, left Jefferson City with the bill in his pocket, not returning until the closing day of the session, and that the report of the committee on the bill was filed by the chairman after the session adjourned, and the journal falsified, so as to have it appear that the report was made during the session of the Senate on the last day. This report made by the committee on the bill was written in New York and sent to me by Kelly. I turned it over to Farris, and this report was made a report of the committee, I believe, without any change.

"On February 28, 1901, I received a check from Kelly for $8,500, being the $7,000 for the seven Senators mentioned and $1,500 for myself. On March 19, 1901, the day after the adjournment of the Legislature, I met Farris by appointment at the Laclede Hotel and settled with him and his associates in accordance with his proposition. I went to the bank and drew $7,000, leaving $1,500 for my share, went to Farris's room, and there handed the money to Senator Farris. He divided the $7,000 into seven different packages or envelopes. While I was in the room Senator Mathews and Senator Smith came in, and to each of these Senator Farris gave one of the packages. The $1,500 was to go to me, and was used by me in a trade paper.

"Just prior to the last session (1903) Kelly sent for me to come to the Planters' Hotel. I went to his room, found Senator Farris there, and Kelly told me in the presence of Farris that he had $15,000 for the Senators to defeat the repeal of the alum law of this session, and that $1,000 was for me. I told him I could not take it. He communicated with me at various other times, that he had $1,000 for me in return for what I should do for him, etc., but I was determined to take no more money in that way, and refused. Finally, it seems he sent for my brother and gave him a check for $1,000, telling him to give it to me, tendering it as payment to me for my official influence."

Poor Lee! The miserable bribe-taker is disgraced and abandoned. He might have been Governor. The alum people were for him in the last session; he had promised them a fair committee, and he hoped not to have to vote himself. But Senator Farris was against him, and Farris arranged it so that, when the measure came up, there was a tie in the Senate. At the close of the roll, when the clerk turned to the chair for the the deciding vote, Farris rose in his place. The chamber was still; everybody was aware that a weak boodler "wanted to reform," and that the "game was to show him up." Lee hesitated.

"Mr. President," said Farris, pointing his finger at Lee, "we are waiting for you."

"Nay," Lee voted, in a whisper, and the trust was left in control for two years more.

Even then Lee's hopes were not dead, nor his chances. He "peached" and that ended Lee. He is a traitor — to the System.

But what of the captain of industry? What of the Royal Baking Powder Company, what of the Gould railroads, what of the breweries? What of Ellis Wainwright and George J. Kobusch and John Scullen? What of all the rest of the big business men? They are the sources of our political corruption. What of the System back of the corrupt rings? That is the sustenance of our political degradation. Ellis Wainwright, a fugitive from justice, dines in Paris with the American Ambassador, who is negotiating a treaty for the extradition of bribers. A group of the ablest criminal lawyers in New York, at a hearing before Governor Odell at Albany, could not speak of John A. Lee without twisting their faces into ludicrous scorn; but they were defending William Ziegler from extradition to Missouri. And John Scullen! — I cited once, as an example of the shamelessness of St. Louis, the fact

that Turner, the State's witness in the boodle cases, was still president of his trust company. When I returned to the city, some honest business men told me triumphantly that Turner had had to resign.

"Is John Scullen still a director of the World's Fair?" I asked.

He was, they said. "Then why has Turner been punished?" I inquired. "Was it because he boodled, or because he was a traitor to the System and peached?"

"Because he peached, I guess," was the answer, and there lies the bitter truth. There is no public opinion to punish the business boodler, and that is why Joseph W. Folk had to go into politics and run for Governor out in the State with "boodle" for the sole issue. He is laying down as a political platform the doctrine of the new patriotism, that corruption is treason; that the man who, elected to maintain the institutions of a government by the people, sells them out, is a traitor; whether he be a constable, a legislator, a judge, or a boss, his act is not alone bribery, but treason. His appeal is to the politician, the people, and the business man, all three, and there is hope in all three. The politician is not without patriotic sentiment: Ed. Butler does not mean harm to his country; he is only trying to make money at his business. And as for the business man ——

One night, at a banquet of politicians, I was seated beside a man who had grown rich by unswerving loyalty to a corrupt ring — "the party organization," he would have called it — which had done more permanent harm to his country than a European army could do in two wars. He was not a politician, but a business man; not a boodler, but the backer of boodlers, and his conversation was a defense of "poor human nature," till the orchestra struck up a patriotic air. That moved him deeply.

"Isn't it beautiful!" he exclaimed; and when the boodlers joined in the chorus, he murmured, "Beautiful, beautiful," then leaned over and with tears in his eyes he said:

"Ah, but the tune for me, the song I love, is 'My Country 'tis of Thee.'"

I believe this man thinks he is patriotic. I believe H. O. Havemeyer thinks his success is success, not one kind of success, but success, not alone his, but public "prosperity." And William Ziegler, who is spending millions to plant the American flag first at the North Pole, I am sure he regards himself as a peculiarly patriotic American — and he is. They all are, according to their light, honorable men and patriotic citizens. They simply do not know what patriotism is. They know what treason is in war; it is going over to the enemy, like Benedict Arnold, and fighting in the open against your country. In peace and in secret to seize, not forts but cities and states, and destroy, not buildings and men but the fundamental institutions of your country and the saving character of American manhood — that is not treason. That is politics, and politics is business, and business, you know, is business.

"Do you really call it wrong to buy a switch?" asked a St. Louis business man. "Even if it is necessary to your business?"

"Say," said a politician, "if a rich mogul comes along and shakes his swag in your face and asks for a switch that he has a right to get, because he needs it in his business, wouldn't you grab off a piece? On the level, now, wouldn't you?"

They answer each other, these two, and each can judge the other, but neither can see himself as he is or the enormity of his crime. And "that man Folk," rising out of the wrecked machinery of justice in Missouri, may lead his people to see that the corruption of their government is not merely corruption, but a revolutionary process making for a new form of government; and the people of Missouri, rising out of the wrecked machinery of the government of Missouri, may teach their politicians a lesson in liberty and honor. But that is not enough. That will reach neither the source nor the head of the evil. Some power greater than Folk, greater than that of the people of Missouri, must rise to bring home to the captain of industry the truth: That business, important as it is, is not sacred; that not everything that pays is right; that, if bribery is treason, if the corrupt politician is a traitor, then the corrupting business man is an enemy of the republic. No matter how many bonds he may float in war, or how much he may give for charity and education, if he corrupt the sources of law and of justice, his business is not success but — treason and a people's failure.

A MODERN ADAM

BY

F. J. STIMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

A GOOD club is the last freehold of untrammeled man. In the best of them, it is good manners to have no manners; subject only to your neighbor's similar right to rudeness or to privacy. The smiles put on for women, the solemn faces for the world, the mask of purpose, the rouge and powder of joy — all may here, with one's coat and hat, be laid aside. For a club is either the best of company or the most complete of solitudes; it is the stronghold of individualism.

"Damning in heaps" is an occupation, even if not infrequent, which one scarcely associates with a good-natured man. Yet Adams was not an ill-natured man. But all that annoying morning, and drizzly-snowy afternoon, now fast shading into a lonely evening, he had, subconsciously, been doing this. Beginning with the catholic embrace of "everything an inch high," he had gradually narrowed his object to mankind, or all that part of it which infested Boston — a once green sea-girt hill now burrowed thickly by the human species. The causes of such condemnation are immaterial to the story. Damning is none the less whole-souled for being causeless. Suffice it to say that Adams avoided even the humanizing, if pernicious, cocktail at five o'clock.

It was a Saturday night and the club was unusually full. He sought the writing-room, in which all human intercourse was forbidden, save on paper, and tried to write the note which had been on his mind all day. He began: "My dear Ev—" A blot, for "Boom" Johns and "Puffer" Whiffles, sitting opposite, suddenly broke into a hoarse whisper of comic stories, varied by bursts of good raw laughter. Adams glared at them and took another sheet.

"My dear Miss Eve——"

Bang! the green baize doors flew open and four men fresh from a whist-party came in, in search of literature and drinks. They even nodded to Adams! who fixed his eyes in Gorgon stoniness. "Oh! beg pardon, Bill — you're writing" — exeunt tumultuously. And Adams could have cursed his name for being Bill, and not Azariah or Bartholomew. And he began another sheet.

"Mr. William Adams presents his compliments to Miss Evelyn Rippleton——"

Skree! chink! roar! came from the adjoining room, and half a poker party, upsetting a tray and table, came surging through the other door, bent on settling a bet by reference to the encyclopædia. And seeing Adams, the evil thought occurred to them that he was bound, in his sobriety, to know; and the grave question was referred to him, in all its due financial gravity, whether the *l* was pronounced in golf.

"Go to ——" said Adams, pronouncing it in full; and he fled to the remotest corner of the huge establishment, where he absorbed two successive Santa Cruz "sours" in solitude and silence, read a telegram bringing bad news from his man of business, ordered the largest and gloomiest bedchamber in the club, and went solemnly to bed at nine o'clock by way of getting rid of his fellow-creatures. "And I wish to goodness they were all — further," he said, by way of prayer, and committed himself to those nightmares that melancholy Santa Cruzes bring.

In natural consequence he woke at dawn; hardly, it may be imagined, in a better mood. A dark brown taste is not conducive to a roseate view of things; and to his fierce ringings for seltzer to alleviate it, no liveried menial of the club appeared.

"at the entrance of the Marine Park he was arrested by a flight of blue herons"

With a curse, he unlocked his door and ventured, in inappropriate gaiety of costume, to the stairs. No domestic sound was audible. It must be very early. He went back to his room and banged the shutters wide apart. The beautiful green park lay below him, the upper elm branches swaying level with his window, bearing with their buds a thousand birds; and beyond, the distant blue outline of the country hills. In the streets no soul was visible, not a policeman. And Adams took another turn at the bell.

But no one came, and he dressed himself like a Cossack, sputtering with rage. He looked at his watch; it was after ten o'clock. He omitted shaving; after he had been down, and explained himself to the club service, he would come back and shave. Meantime, it was unsafe.

But when he went down he could find no one. In the breakfast room, no one. In the hall, where at least the scrubbing-women should have been, no one. In the large room, the glasses, many of them upset, the little tables, a stale and most dispiriting tobacco-and-spirit smell, but — no one. Peter, the proud porter, was gone. The clerk was not at his desk, nor the newsboy at the door, nor even the club-bore at his breakfast.

The hats and coats were in the coat-room; Adams took his own and sallied forth. The sidewalk, though it was Sunday morning, bore no long procession of parlor-maids to mass. The ungodly were not driving out to the country in four-wheeled buggies. Horse-cars tinkled not. Down the mall ran a solitary dog; but there sat no country lovers on the benches. In short, there was no one visible. The church bells did not ring. Even the chimes of Arlington Street, which Adams was accustomed to call those infernal bells, were silent. In short, if any silence can be called ominous — it appearing hard to differentiate in silences — this was ominous.

Instinctively, Adams turned back and sought refuge in his club. This time he made a thorough search. From attic to area he investigated it; from the wine cellar to the bowling-alley. He even broke open the other bedroom doors, fearing not to arouse men impatient for brandy-and-soda. The men's boots were at the doors, their beds were unmade, but, one and all, they were empty. And still exultantly, Adams came to the conviction that

his curse had worked; that all the men in the club, perhaps all the people in Boston, had vanished. They had been removed further, as he had desired. He had the city all to himself.

And, although this catastrophe involved the getting his own breakfast — "I'm blamed glad of it," said Bill Adams.

II

A Robinson Crusoe, with the resources of a *fin-de-siècle* civilization — that was the glorious prospect that first presented itself to our hero's mind. And he went down into the club kitchen to prepare his breakfast. Half a cold partridge he selected; coffee was easily prepared with one of the glass machines; eggs could be boiled, if desired. There were more waterbugs about the scullery than a cuisine strictly first-class demanded; and Adams was not sorry to escape to the upper regions. He was on the House Committee, and he made a mental note to bring them to the instant attention of the club steward — only to remember that the club steward had vanished with the rest. The waterbugs alone remained.

However, as he sat at the window, overlooking the mall, the bright October sunshine mellowing the air, this little annoyance soon passed out of his mind. The unpeopled Common sloped away to the west, all his own; the golden whirl of leaves alone gave it life; the trees tossed their branches proudly, a sense of restored liberty seemed to enliven all inanimate things. The day invited exercise, and, after a mild and beautiful cigar, the cost of which — forty cents — he did not have to score against himself, he started for a rapid walk across the milldam.

In the country, too, the houses all seemed empty, and the roads were deserted. Adams wondered how far this annihilation extended. To New York? To Chicago? If not, the disappearance of Boston from the world would be noted, with varying emotions, perhaps; but, sooner or later, some enterprising reporter would appear. The trains, too? Then Adams remembered that he had seen no trains upon the railway as he walked out. There was another club some miles away in the country, of which he was also a member (not that it made much difference now), and thither he bent his steps to lunch. The suburbs were empty as the city. The electrics did not run. As he passed beneath the creaking sign that warned the unclubbed public off the park, he saw no caddies upon the links. And as he went up the driveway to the great veranda, a wild fox slunk across the racing track. As he noted it, he became conscious of wild music behind the stables: it was the hounds baying for food. He remembered then that there had been a fox hunt the previous afternoon, and only wondered that a fox dared show himself so soon.

But something must be done about the hounds. It was evident he could not feed them every day. In fact, he was not quite certain what they ate — horse meat, he thought, but he had none to give them. After a moment's consideration he opened wide the kennel door. In a tumultuous torrent they swept past him as he sprang aside; they fled through the stable yard, and he shortly heard loud baying from the field. Apparently they were in full cry already after the visiting fox. Then, as their music became faint in the distance, he became aware of the restless horses in their stalls. They must be watered and fed, whatever happened. This job took more than an hour; and, by the time it was over, Adams could think of lunch. He found plenty of fresh food in the larder, and did not feel bound to wash the dishes. "I can go up one place each time," he reflected, "like the mad tea-party."

After a short cigar, he took a turn around the golf links, borrowing Jim Remsen's clubs. He made the first holes rather well, but lost interest toward the end. Playing without a caddie, he lost several balls, and his final score was something well above the hundred. The last time he did it with Remsen it was in ninety-seven. Remsen wasn't a bad companion for the golf links, he thought; he half wished him back again. Coming back in the twilight, a white-and-black animal crossed his track rather closely. "His stench betrayeth him," thought Adams, and he skurried for the club door none too soon. He felt a bit low-spirited, but remembered that this was usual with him of a Sunday afternoon. He mixed himself a stiff Martini cocktail, and felt better then.

But another smoke made him lazy. It occurred to him that he would ride home; Collins's horse, "Lone Tree," was

in the stable and he could saddle him himself. All the other horses whinnied as he led him out; it occurred to him that they needed exercise, and would soon need another feed. What was he to do? It was out of the question to get to the Country Club every day, twice a day, indeed. After brief consideration he cut the Gordian knot: that is to say, he led them one after the other to the stable door and turned them loose. The thought crossed his mind that he could hardly attend to this with all the horses that were in the metropolitan district of Boston; but our hero was possessed of some philosophy and, while he coped as best he could with difficulties, he did not feel bound to tackle those against which he was not "up."

His ride back was almost without incident. Almost; for at the entrance of the Marine Park he was arrested by a flight of blue herons; they were coming from the southwest in a long line but settled, apparently, in the cove just beyond Boyle O'Reilly's statue, where the pleasure boats were kept. And in the Public Garden, by Daniel Webster's statue, an alarmed woodchuck skimmed into a hole that was recently made. "I shall have some sport if this thing goes on," thought Bill Adams.

It was dark when he got to the club, and for the first time it occurred to him that he must put his horse up himself. The walk down to the stable (it was on the lower part of Chestnut, known to Boston wit as Horse-Chestnut Street) seemed lonely.

Adams foresaw the time when he should get down to canned food and cold storage — viands upon which the American temperament is so rapidly deteriorating — but the time was not yet. And perhaps by that time the game would be tame enough for him to shoot; it would be fun, potting partridge, regardless of game laws, with a revolver, on Boston Common! To-night he had mutton chops (mutton is best a bit high) and canvasback duck, and it rather amused him to do the cooking himself. But what did primitive man do without scullions? And the army of water-bugs was certainly increasing. He discarded the Brut Imperial for a quart of Pommery & Greno, 1874, and felt better after dinner.

But there was no theater to go to, and, of course, no ball. In fact, he felt little inclination to stir out. From the Common in front of the club came a continuous and somewhat lonely baying of dogs. Adams had been rather fond of taking long city walks

The mud-turtle crawled up on the bank opposite the Harvard boat-house.

at evening, but now (however much the crowd used to annoy him) the idea that he should meet no one — not even a policeman — was deterrent. Instead, he pulled down all the shades and closed all the front shutters (luckily they were good stout old-fashioned wooden ones, with dropping bolts) to keep out the voices of the hounds, and betook himself to the billiard room; there he played a game of bottle pool against himself. This proving but a medi-

"A pack of wolves chased him up Beacon Street"

ocre amusement, he went on to the bowling-alley, where the thunder of the heavy balls reverberated through the lonely house to such an extent that he was minded of the House of Usher, and hastened back to the library, the smallest and coziest room in the club.

There was, of course, no evening paper; but the magazines and reviews were all there, with what the club's literary resources could offer in the way of books. Bill Adams was not a bookish person, and his usual favorite was *Outing* or *Forest and Stream*, but to-day these healthy repositories were to him as unattractive as the articles on Assyrian civilization or W. E. Gladstone in the English reviews. He found that he was only interested in contemporary events and in real persons — he almost sighed for a copy of that *Town Woman Weekly* he had bade the committee so ruthlessly exclude. He took up the current issues only, and of the most popular American magazines. Even then he wondered why it was that they made the advertising pages so much more interesting than the body of the magazine; all the liveliness of invention, all the realism of literary art, seemed to be concentrated in the "paid matter" at the back. Adams pored over these advertisements until it was time to go to bed.

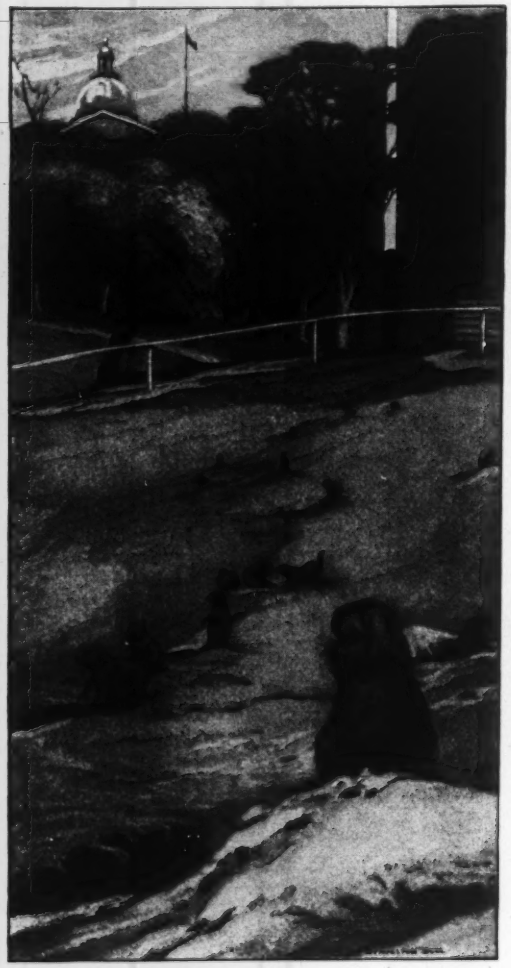
The '74 Bill Adams knew, by long experience, to be quite harmless, but he had topped it with a little "hot stopping" in the shape of King William hot Scotch, before he faced the long and lonely walk to his bedroom, much as an engineer chucks a handful of "waste" into an already hot box before a long run. The consequence was that his mouth tasted like the inside of a hot-box on the following morning; and as he groped down the stairway that led to the kitchen door, he started back with a cry that was something between an oath and a shriek. For a *very* large spider, brown and hairy and with orange spots, was suspended in the middle of the doorway.

Adams recovered himself, slew the intruder, and prepared his breakfast in something of a hurry. He felt a desire for fresh air and outdoors. It occurred to him that nothing could be fresher than a row on the river; so, without waiting for a cigar ("I can smoke on the boat," thought he), he hurried to the Union boat-house which lay conveniently behind the stable where he had stalled John Collins's horse and where he stopped to chuck a bit of fodder in the stall. "Lone Tree" seemed glad to see him, and he needed grooming; but Adams could not stop for minutiæ. As he pulled a shell down from the rack, he heard a rustling sound, and, when he slid open the door, he was nearly knocked down by a wild rush of swallows. "Gee whiz!" shouted Bill, as if there were any one to

"At the head of State Street a strange animal slunk away"

sympathize. They had evidently taken quarters in the boat-house for the night, but it was clear that his nerves were not in that first-class condition they would have been without the King William. He stripped hurriedly and took a header off the wharf.

The salt sea-water refreshed him ("Great thing," thought he, "to have the sea come right behind your house in the city!") and he enjoyed his row. The great rats in the wall behind Beacon Street sunned themselves rather more unconcernedly than usual, and he saw several water-snakes in the river below Mount Auburn; but, on the whole, he enjoyed his row. Somehow or other, he did not care for Mount Auburn; and he turned back to the Harvard College boat-house, for the moment a more cheerful locality; nothing was moving, but there were at least no dead men there. Just before he got opposite the float, the bow of his shell ran upon the back of a large mud-turtle, and he was promptly capsized.



The hill on the Common was riddled with a colony of prairie dogs

Adams swam hurriedly to the float, and as he clambered upon it the mud-turtle crawled up on the opposite bank, and Adams stood regarding it while his shell floated down-stream. "An uncommonly large turtle," thought he. "I've known 'em caught, weighing thirty or forty pounds, on the upper Charles; but that fellow weighs two-fifty at the least." He did not particularly care to swim after his shell; and, after all, it was easy to take another from the college boat-house. Adams rowed home pensively, about thirty-two strokes to the minute. He saw an otter and two minks on the way back, and resolved to bring his gun the next time he rowed out; it was getting to be a sporting neighborhood, for, also, the river was gray with a flock of canvasbacks.

Boston was a deserted village; but how far did the loneliness extend? It would seem as if by this time invading New Yorkers would have come on to loot, had there been any New Yorkers left alive. Surely the cessation of telegraphic communication would have called attention to the missing city. A sudden thought struck Adams, and he hurried home, leaving his shell upon the float. Back at the club he rang up the long-distance telephone. There was no response. Then it occurred to him that he could only call directly from the central office. He hurried across the Common, noting, as he ran, that a family of minks was in the frog pond, and the hill below the flagstaff was riddled with a colony of prairie dogs.

The absence of human life was more notable in what had been the crowded down-town streets. As he passed by the newspaper offices, the bulletins of the day-before-yesterday's news were still on the boards — "Formation of a Mammoth Trust. Pacification of the Philippines. Great Ball among the New York 400. Another British Defeat in South Africa. The Empress Dowager receives American Ladies in Pekin," — captions which again almost reconciled Bill Adams to the loss of his world. And at the head of State Street a strange animal slunk away before his approach — probably

"At the edge of the club grounds, crashing through the alder swamp, there went a moose"

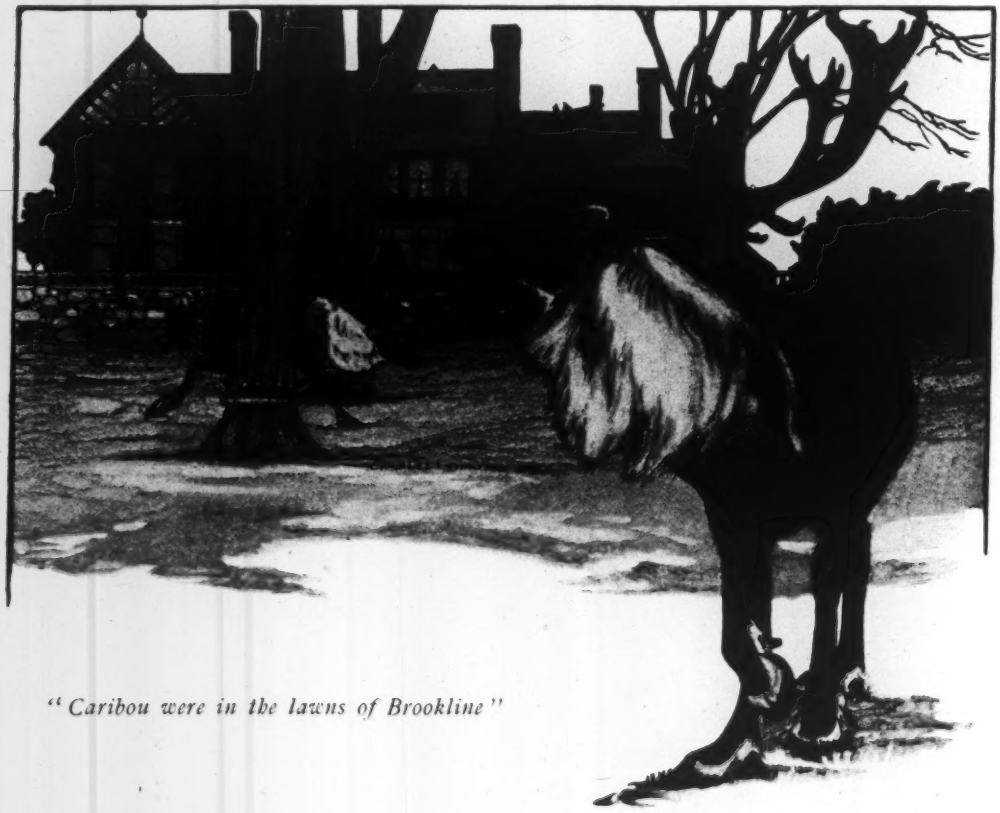
a dog. It must be a dog. Had it not been, Adams would have sworn it was a wolf.

He ran hastily up the stairs that led to the great telephone exchange. The door was unlocked, but the room that he remembered once to have been a hive of neatly-dressed telephone girls, brusque of speech, was now silent and deserted. In vain he seized the keys and fitted them at random to the holes; he could hear the bells ring, but no human voice responded. City after city he called up without reply. "The line is busy — please ring off" would have been a welcome repartee. Disconsolately, hurriedly, he retraced his steps to the club. On his way he passed a gun-store; it was pleasant to see the armory of rifles and cartridges behind the glass; pleasant also, if he was to fight the world alone, to see the pyramids of sweetmeats and canned goods behind the counters of the great grocery upon the corner. After all, how far did this isolation go? The telephone test was not conclusive. He determined to saddle "Lone Tree" and see for himself.

He rode through Tremont Street to the South End, crossing the most populous quarters; through Roxbury, Jamaica Plain, Hyde Park, and then, for very relief from

the desolate streets, he turned his horse into the forests and mountain passes of the great Blue Hill Park reservation. For in all those miles not a child nor a human dog, not an organ-grinder or a German band, had he seen (and it was the season of the year for street organs); not an electric car moved in the streets, the elevated trains hung stationary in their scaffolding, not a wheel moved upon the railroads. The black pall of smoke above the power station was missing, and a smell of rotting grain came from the great breweries. Among the Blue Hills, at least, the absence of all human life was not so noteworthy. Game was already more plentiful than usual, squirrels, woodchuck, quail, partridges, racoons, foxes — he even saw a strange animal, something between a lynx and a wildcat, but bigger, oh, much bigger. He determined to look him up when he got back to the club. But, finally (it was in the twilight), sitting in a dark hollow, in a gorge of glacial boulders, he came upon a bear.

He rode back rapidly to the city, and, after a little whisky-and-soda, looked for some book on natural history in the library of the club. All he could find upon New England was Josselyn's celebrated diary, written in the early seventeenth century. Fox — jackal — that was not it. Black bears, no — What about black bears? "In rutting time they walk the country twenty, thirty, forty, in a company, making a hideous noise, with roaring which you may hear a mile or two before they come so near as to endanger the traveler —" Pooh! "Wolves — go a-clicketing twelve days —" Now what's a-clicketing? "Lions — there be lions on Cape Ann." A Cape Ann lion would be the limit! "Bay lynx — or panther — felis concolor." That was it; it was a felis concolor. How quick they returned, now that the men were gone! And Adams went upstairs to dress for dinner. He still kept up the form of dressing for dinner, but began to think that, from the morrow, he would suffer his beard to grow.



"Caribou were in the lawns of Brookline"

When he went into the cellar to get another bottle of the '74, he was troubled by a flight of bats. And the insects — roaches, spiders, and things — were really getting intolerable. One or two of the bats seemed to have got into the great living room upstairs; he betook himself to the little private dining-room for a change.

He drank — he feared it was very nearly a full bottle — and then he smoked, and tried hard to read. But, despite his long ride, his mind was active and his body very restless. The room was small and cozy; but it did not seem to be fear of the supernatural that troubled him. He could not read. It seemed to him that a faint, but portentous, multitudinous sound was without the shuttered windows. It was far off yet, but strange and definite. He could resist no longer. Leaving his little back room, he went to the front of the great dark building; tentatively, slowly, he unlocked and opened the main door. Then the sound was unmistakable. It was a dark night; lampless and black the park lay beneath him, the huge elm branches swaying, barely visible, against the slightly grayer sky; beneath were moving innumerable little luminous balls, like fireflies, only steadier and larger; and the howling and the baying he heard were not the baying and howling of dogs, but of the wolves.

III

Then the cold horror of Fear stole over him. Sleep was out of the question that night. Restlessly he roved from room to room, locking doors, barring windows; he had, of course, no electric light, and had been chary of burning too much gas; but that night he caused the club to blaze from top to bottom. After all, the gas might last while he maintained the unequal contest. In the morning he looked through the other rooms of the club and found in its case a Winchester rifle belonging to a sporting member. This he loaded and carried with him down to the boat club for his morning bath. Off in the water near the draw of the Cambridge bridge was playing a school of porpoises. (This was before the landscape gardener of the twentieth century had transformed the seaway of the Charles into a noisome fresh-water pool.)

Coming back, he went to ride, but before mounting he slung the Winchester over his shoulder and fastened a revolver to his belt. It was well he did so. Grass was beginning to show itself in the streets. Just across the park path in Brookline, he scattered a pack of coyotes, while at the very edge of the club grounds, crashing through the alder swamp, there went a moose. Adams did not pursue him, but, picketing his horse to the Country Club piazza, he got his lunch. The ride back was memorable. Caribou were in the lawns of Brookline, panther prowling in the open, red and gray foxes, Canada lynxes, wolverines and porcupines; fishes, martens, sable, seal, and porpoises were by the Back Bay Park. As twilight came on, a pack of wolves chased him up Beacon Street. He galloped home the shortest way, emptying his revolver and his cartridge belt, killing many; but the rest became more furious. Fortunately he retained one round for the stable door; suddenly turning and firing there, a dozen well-directed shots drove them across the street and he leapt over and slammed together the iron gates with which the stable yard was fortunately provided. "Lone Tree" was hastily stabled, and breathlessly his owner threw himself on a sofa in the club. Nor dared he move out again that night.

But that was not the worst. With vigilance and courage, and endless supplies of arms, he might hope to ward off the other pests: the terror was in the insects. The armies of roaches, the spiders and the nameless things, the ticks and chiggers and the centipedes — and the vermin, rats, and bats. Horror was upon him; a horror within, to which the howling of the wolves and the wild and homeless dogs without, the yells of wildcats, the hoarse cry of the cougar, came almost as a relief.

That night Adams came to his decision. He would give up the fight. By land, he would give up the fight. On land he could not live without his fellows. Adam had been able to control the animals in Eden: he could only kill them, and he could not kill them all. He thought it all out: his only escape lay by sea, his only refuge some desert island — not too large. Whales were comparatively peaceful foes; moreover, one could see them. As for islands, he knew the very one; it belonged to a

club off Nantucket. Adams's own sloop lay in a basin at South Boston.

The only difficulty was to get there. He dreaded the ride through the city; his way necessarily lay by the Public Garden, now a most dangerous hunting locality. Fortunately, the day was very warm; he chose to go at midday, when the fiercest creatures might, perhaps, be sleeping. Then he got across in safety, and passed the middle of the day upon his yacht, making a list of the things necessary to put her in commission. At four he returned; even then the animals were waking up; buffalo had reappeared, to his horse's terror, and brown and grizzly bear. Across the Common he was chased as usual by the wolves. He passed the night in an agony of fear.

Fear, and the fear of fear, may rise to an acuteness that is a physical spasm. In his stronger moments — intervals of quiet in the night — he bewailed his own curse. "Further" they were, certainly; how much further he could not know; but his light word had at least banished mankind. "The world was his," and he was afraid of it. Not only the wolves without, but the sickening procession of insects on the wall, the unkempt vines at the window, even the grass in the streets had terrors for him.

He dared not go again overland to South Boston. He dared not; and that was the plain truth. At his wits' end, he thought of the river: it was possible to row around by river; he could even freight a boat and carry his supplies; it would be better so, for he could not sail his large sloop back through the closed bridges.

In despair of the night's passing, he got up, and, with his night-light, went from room to room, lighting all the gas, until the house was in a blaze of illumination. He had no fear now of exhausting the gas. From room to room he went, intrepidly; but dreadful things were on the walls, dreadful things were coming on the floors. Then, as he sat in the small front room by his glass of strong brandy, he became conscious that the night was alive outside. No longer — ah, that was the terror of it! — no longer in fear of man, the beasts of the forest were pressing towards the blazing windows. And, as he showed his human face at the pane, there was a howl and a rush forward.

Hastily he reclosed the shutter, and retreated to an inner room. And there, open on the table, lay the note he had begun to Miss Rippleton three nights before.

My God — could she be gone too! Adams's heart stood still; he sank upon a chair. Was she included in his curse? Could she have been? If not, where —? When his pulse came back he flushed with a rage of fear. He ran to his room — through all the spiders and the vermin — filled full the cartridge belt and buckled it about his waist. Then, slinging on his rifle, he opened the courtyard door, cautiously, and dashed into the stable. Here he saddled his horse, who whinnied with gladness; the animal was trembling in every limb. He threw open wide the stable doors, dashed into the saddle, and galloped down the street.

There was a barking of dogs, and in a moment the pack of dogs and wolves were in full cry behind him. He did not turn, but dug his heels into the horse's flanks and galloped on. He whirled into the side street where she lived. Vaulting off, he rang the bell, instinctively; then, remembering, he shook and pounded on the locked door. The wolves were upon him; his horse bolted with an awful, half-human cry of fear. He threw up his rifle and fired: two or three fell, but the others, snarling, pressed closer up the steps, showing their fangs. Madly he emptied his revolver into the pack, his back leaning against her door.

As he fired, the door opened and he staggered back. He slammed the door to, bolting it, and ran by the scared maid. "Miss Rippleton is in her room," he heard her say. He ran up to it. "She is alive, alive!" he cried, and crying, fell upon her neck.

One had been omitted from his curse. He had found his Eve. "Why, Will, you are crying — what has happened?"

Nothing had happened, but that he had come to himself and her. He looked into her eyes. And when he looked away, the world was going on again.

HOLDING UP A TRAIN

BY

O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "THE PIMIENTA PANCAKES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

NOTE.—The man who told me these things was for several years an outlaw in the Southwest and a follower of the pursuit he so frankly describes. His description of the *modus operandi* should prove interesting, his counsel of value to the potential passenger in some future "hold-up," while his estimate of the pleasures of train robbing will hardly induce any one to adopt it as a profession. I give the story in almost exactly his own words. O. H.

MOST people would say, if their opinion was asked for, that holding up a train would be a hard job. Well, it isn't; it's easy. I have contributed some to the uneasiness of railroads and the insomnia of express companies, and the most trouble I ever had about a hold-up was in being swindled by unscrupulous people while spending the money I got. The danger wasn't anything to speak of, and we didn't mind the trouble.

One man has come pretty near robbing a train by himself; two have succeeded a few times; three can do it if they are hustlers, but five is about the right number. The time to do it and the place depend upon several things.

The first "stick-up" I was ever in happened in 1890. Maybe the way I got into it will explain how most train robbers start in the business. Five out of six Western outlaws are just cow-boys out of a job and gone wrong. The sixth is a tough from the East who dresses up like a bad man and plays some low-down trick that gives the boys a bad name. Wire fences and "nesters" made five of them; a bad heart made the sixth.

Jim S—— and I were working on the 101 Ranch in Colorado. The nesters had the cow-man on the go. They had taken up the land and elected officers who were hard to get along with. Jim and I rode into La Junta one day, going south from a round-up. We were having a little fun without malice toward anybody, when a farmer administration cut in and tried to harvest us. Jim shot a deputy marshal, and I kind of corroborated his side of the

"he just shut up like a weak-springed knife"

argument. We skirmished up and down the main street, the boomers having bad luck all the time. After a while we leaned forward and shoved for the ranch down on the Ceriso. We were riding a couple of horses that couldn't exactly fly, but they could catch birds.

A few days after that, a gang of the La Junta boomers came to the ranch and wanted us to go back with them. Naturally, we declined. We had the house on them, and before we were done refusing that old 'dobe was plumb full of lead. When dark came we fagged 'em a batch of bullets and shoved out the back door for the rocks. They sure smoked us as we went. We had to drift, which we did, and rounded up down in Oklahoma.

Well, there wasn't anything we could get there and, being mighty hard up, we decided to transact a little business with the railroads. Jim and I joined forces with Tom and Ike Moore—two brothers who had plenty of sand they were willing to convert into dust. I can call their names, for both of them are dead. Tom was shot while robbing a bank in Arkansas. Ike was killed during the more dangerous pastime of attending a dance in the Creek Nation.

We selected a place on the Santa Fé where there was a bridge across a deep creek surrounded by heavy timber. All passenger trains took water at the tank close to one end of the bridge. It was a quiet place, the nearest house being five miles away. The day before it happened, we rested our horses and "made medicine" as to how we should get about it. Our plans were not at all elaborate, as none of us had ever engaged in a hold-up before.

The Santa Fé flyer was due at the tank at 11.15 P. M. At eleven Tom and I laid down on one side of the track, and Jim and Ike took the other. As the train rolled up, the headlight flashing far down the track and the steam hissing from the engine, I turned weak all over. I would have worked a whole year on the ranch for nothing to have been out of that affair right then. Some of the nerviest men in the business have told me that they felt the same way the first time.

The engine had hardly stopped when I jumped on the running-board on one side, while Jim mounted the other. As soon as the engineer and fireman saw our guns they threw up their hands without being told, and begged us not to shoot, saying they would do anything we wanted them to.

"Hit the ground," I ordered, and they both jumped off. We drove them before us down the side of the train. While this was happening Tom and Ike had been blazing away, one on each side of the train, yelling like Apaches, so as to keep the passengers herded in the cars. Some fellow stuck a little twenty-two caliber out one of the coach windows and fired it straight up in the air. I let drive and smashed the glass just over his head. That settled everything like resistance from that direction.

By this time all my nervousness was gone. I felt a kind of pleasant excitement as if I were at a dance or a frolic of some sort. The lights were all out in the coaches, and, as Tom and Ike gradually quit firing and yelling, it got to be almost as still as a graveyard. I remember hearing a little bird chirping in a bush at the side of the track, as if it were complaining at being waked up.

I made the fireman get a lantern, and then I went to the express car and yelled to the messenger to open up or get perforated. He slid the door back and stood in it with his hands up. "Jump overboard, son," I said, and he hit the dirt like a lump of lead. There were two safes in the car—a big one and a little one. By the way, I first located the messenger's arsenal—a double-barreled shot-gun with buckshot cartridges and a thirty-eight in a drawer. I drew the cartridges from the shot-gun, pocketed the pistol, and called the messenger inside. I shoved my gun against his nose and put him to work. He couldn't open the big safe, but he did the little one. There was only nine hundred dollars in it. That was mighty small winnings for our trouble, so we decided to go through the passengers. We took our prisoners to the smoking-car, and from there sent the engineer through the train to light up the coaches. Beginning with the first one, we placed a man at each door and ordered the passengers to stand between the seats with their hands up.

If you want to find out what cowards the majority of men are, all you have to do is rob a passenger train. I don't mean because they don't resist—I'll tell you later on why they can't do that—but it makes

a man feel sorry for them the way they lose their heads. Big, burly drummers and farmers and ex-soldiers and high-collared dudes and sports that, a few moments before, were filling the car with noise and bragging, get so scared that their ears flop.

There were very few people in the day coaches at that time of night, so we made a slim haul until we got to the sleeper. The Pullman conductor met me at one door while Jim was going round to the other one. He very politely informed me that I could not go into that car, as it did not belong to the railroad company, and, besides, the passengers had already been greatly disturbed by the shouting and firing. Never in all my life have I met with a finer instance of official dignity and reliance upon the power of Mr. Pullman's great name. I jabbed my six-shooter so hard against Mr. Conductor's front that I afterward found one of his vest buttons so firmly wedged in the end of the barrel that I had to shoot it out. He just shut up like a weak-springed knife and rolled down the car steps.

I opened the door of the sleeper and stepped inside. A big, fat old man came wabbling up to me, puffing and blowing. He had one coat-sleeve on and was trying to put his vest on over that. I don't know who he thought I was.

"Young man, young man," says he, "you must keep cool and not get excited. Above everything, keep cool."

"I can't," says I. "Excitement's just eating me up." And then I let out a yell and turned loose my forty-five through the skylight.

That old man tried to dive into one of the lower berths, but a screech came out of it, and a bare foot that took him in the bread-basket and landed him on the floor. I saw Jim coming in the other door, and I hollered for everybody to climb out and line up.

"'Young man, young man, you must keep cool and not get excited'"

They commenced to scramble down, and for a while we had a three-ringed circus. The men looked as frightened and tame as a lot of rabbits in a deep snow. They had on, on an average, about a quarter of a suit of clothes and one shoe apiece. One chap was sitting on the floor of the aisle, looking as if he were working a hard sum in arithmetic. He was trying, very solemn, to pull a lady's number two shoe on his number nine foot.

The ladies didn't stop to dress. They were so curious to see a real, live train robber, bless 'em, that they just wrapped blankets and sheets around themselves and came out, squeaky and fidgety looking.

"'If you can't pay—play'"

They always show more curiosity and sand than the men do.

We got them all lined up and pretty quiet, and I went through the bunch. I found very little on them—I mean in the way of valuables. One man in the line was a sight. He was one of those big, overgrown, solemn snoozers that sit on the platform at lectures and look wise. Before crawling out he had managed to put on his long, frock-tailed coat and his high silk hat. The rest of him was nothing but pajamas and bunions. When I dug into that Prince Albert, I expected to drag out at least a block of gold mine stock or an armful of Government bonds, but all I found was a little boy's French harp about four inches long. What it was there for I don't know. I felt a little mad because he had fooled me so. I stuck the harp up against his mouth.

"If you can't pay—play," I says.

"I can't play," says he.

"Then learn right off quick," says I, letting him smell the end of my gun-barrel.

He caught hold of the harp, turned red as a beet, and commenced to blow. He blew a dinky little tune I remembered hearing when I was a kid:

Prettiest little gal in the county——O!
Mammy and Daddy told me so.

I made him keep on playing it all the time we were in the car. Now and then he'd get weak and off the key, and I'd turn my gun on him and ask what was the matter with that little gal, and whether he had any intention of going back on her, which would make him start up again like sixty. I think that old boy standing there in his silk hat and bare feet, playing his little French harp, was the funniest sight I ever saw. One little red-headed woman in the line broke out laughing at him. You could have heard her in the next car.

Then Jim held them steady while I searched the berths. I grappled around in those beds and filled a pillow-case with the strangest assortment of stuff you ever saw. Now and then I'd come across a little pop-gun pistol, just about right for plugging teeth with, which I'd throw out the window. When I finished with the collection, I dumped the pillow-case load in the middle of the aisle. There were a good many watches, bracelets, rings, and pocket-books, with a sprinkling of false teeth, whisky flasks, face-powder boxes, chocolate caramels, and heads of hair of various colors and lengths. There were also about a dozen ladies' stockings into which jewelry, watches, and rolls of bills had been stuffed and then wadded up

"Trying to pull on a lady's number two shoe on his number nine foot"

tight and stuck under the mattresses. I offered to return what I called the "scalps," saying that we were not Indians on the war-path, but none of the ladies seemed to know to whom the hair belonged.

One of the women — and a good-looker she was — wrapped in a striped blanket, saw me pick up one of the stockings that was pretty chunky and heavy about the toe, and she snapped out:

"That's mine, sir. You're not in the business of robbing women, are you?"

Now, as this was our first hold-up, we hadn't agreed upon any code of ethics, so I hardly knew what to answer. But, anyway, I replied: "Well, not as a specialty. If this contains your personal property you can have it back."

"It just does," she declared eagerly, and reached out her hand for it.

"You'll excuse my taking a look at the contents," I said, holding the stocking up by the toe. Out dumped a big gent's gold watch, worth two hundred, a gent's leather pocket-book that we afterward found to contain six hundred dollars, a 32-caliber revolver; and the only thing of the lot that could have been a lady's personal property was a silver bracelet worth about fifty cents.

I said: "Madam, here's your property," and handed her the bracelet. "Now," I went on, "how can you expect us to act square with you when you try to deceive us in this manner? I'm surprised at such conduct."

The young woman flushed up as if she had been caught doing something dishonest. Some other woman down the line called out: "The mean thing!" I never knew whether she meant the other lady or me.

When we finished our job we ordered everybody back to bed, told 'em good night very politely at the door, and left. We rode forty miles before daylight and then divided the stuff. Each one of us got $1,752.85 in money. We lumped the jewelry around. Then we scattered, each man for himself.

That was my first train robbery, and it was about as easily done as any of the ones that followed. But that was the last and only time I ever went through the passengers. I don't like that part of the business. Afterward I stuck strictly to the express car. During the next eight years I handled a good deal of money.

The best haul I made was just seven years after the first one. We found out about a train that was going to bring out a lot of money to pay off the soldiers at a Government post. We stuck that train up in broad daylight. Five of us lay in the sand

hills near a little station. Ten soldiers were guarding the money on the train, but they might just as well have been at home on a furlough. We didn't even allow them to stick their heads out the windows to see the fun. We had no trouble at all in getting the money, which was all in gold. Of course, a big howl was raised at the time about the robbery. It was Government stuff, and the Government got sarcastic and wanted to know what the convoy of soldiers went along for. The only excuse given was that nobody was expecting an attack among those bare sand hills in daytime. I don't know what the Government thought about the excuse, but I know that it was a good one. The surprise — that is the keynote of the train-robbing business. The papers published all kinds of stories about the loss, finally agreeing that it was between nine thousand and ten thousand dollars. The Government sawed wood. Here are the correct figures, printed for the first time — forty-eight thousand dollars. If anybody will take the trouble to look over Uncle Sam's private accounts for that little debit to profit and loss, he will find that I am right to a cent.

By that time we were expert enough to know what to do. We rode due west twenty miles, making a trail that a Broadway policeman could have followed, and then we doubled back, hiding our tracks. On the second night after the hold-up, while posses were scouring the country in every direction, Jim and I were eating supper in the second story of a friend's house in the town where the alarm started from. Our friend pointed out to us, in an office across the street, a printing press at work striking off handbills offering a reward for our capture.

I have been asked what we do with the money we get. Well, I never could account for a tenth part of it after it was spent. It goes fast and freely. An outlaw has to have a good many friends. A highly respected citizen may, and often does, get along with very few, but a man on the dodge has got to have "sidekickers." With angry posses and reward-hungry officers cutting out a hot trail for him, he must have a few places scattered about the country where he can stop and feed himself and his horse and get a few hours' sleep without having to keep both eyes open. When he makes a haul he feels like dropping some of the coin with these friends, and he does it liberally. Some times I have, at the end of a hasty visit at one of these havens of refuge, flung a handful of gold and bills into the laps of the kids playing on the floor, without knowing whether my contribution was a hundred dollars or a thousand.

When old-timers make a big haul they generally go far away to one of the big cities to spend their money. Green hands, however successful a hold-up they make, nearly always give themselves away by showing too much money near the place where they got it.

I was in a job in '94 where we got twenty thousand dollars. We followed our favorite plan for a get-away — that is, doubled on our trail — and laid low for a time near the scene of the train's bad luck. One morning I picked up a newspaper and read an article with big headlines stating that the marshal, with eight deputies and a posse of thirty armed citizens, had the train robbers surrounded in a mesquite thicket on the Cimarron, and that it was a question of only a few hours when they would be dead men or prisoners. While I was reading that article I was sitting at breakfast in one of the most elegant private residences in Washington City, with a flunky in knee pants standing behind my chair. Jim was sitting across the table talking to his half-uncle, a retired naval officer, whose name you have often seen in the accounts of doings in the capital. We had gone there and bought rattling outfits of good clothes, and were resting from our labors among the nabobs. We must have been killed in that mesquite thicket, for I can make an affidavit that we didn't surrender.

Now I propose to tell why it is easy to hold up a train, and then, why no one should ever do it.

In the first place, the attacking party has all the advantage. That is, of course, supposing that they are old-timers with the necessary experience and courage. They have the outside and are protected by the darkness, while the others are in the light, hemmed into a small space, and exposed, the moment they show a head at a window or door, to the aim of a man who is a dead-shot and who won't hesitate to shoot.

But, in my opinion, the main condition that makes train robbing easy is the

element of *surprise* in connection with the imagination of the passengers. If you have ever seen a horse that had eaten loco-weed you will understand what I mean when I say that the passengers get locoed. That horse gets the awfullest imagination on him in the world. You can't coax him to cross a little branch stream two feet wide. It looks as big to him as the Mississippi River. That's just the way with the passenger. He thinks there are a hundred

"'You'll excuse my taking a look at the contents'"

men yelling and shooting outside, when maybe there are only two or three. And the muzzle of a forty-five looks like the entrance to a tunnel. The passenger is all right, although he may do mean little tricks, like hiding a wad of money in his shoe and forgetting to dig-up until you jostle his ribs some with the end of your six-shooter; but there's no harm in him.

As to the train crew, we never had any more trouble with them than if they had been so many sheep. I don't mean that they are cowards; I mean that they have got sense. They know they're not up against a bluff. It's the same way with the officers. I've seen secret service men, marshals, and railroad detectives fork over their change as meek as Moses. I saw one of the bravest marshals I ever knew hide his gun under his seat and dig-up along with the rest while I was taking toll. He wasn't afraid; he simply knew that we had the drop on the whole outfit. Besides, many of those officers have families and they feel that they oughtn't to take chances; whereas death has no terrors for the man who holds up a train. He expects to get killed some day, and he generally does. My advice to you, if you should ever be in a hold-up, is to line up with the cowards and save your bravery for an occasion when it may be of some benefit to you. Another reason why officers are backward about mixing things with a train robber is a financial one. Every time there is a scrimmage and somebody gets killed, the officers lose money. If the train-robber gets away they swear out a warrant against John Doe et al. and travel hundreds of miles and sign vouchers for thousands on the trail of the fugitives, and the Government foots the bills. So, with them, it is a question of mileage rather than courage.

I will give one instance to support my statement that the surprise is the best card in playing for a hold-up.

Along in '92 the Daltons were cutting out a hot trail for the officers down in the Cherokee Nation. Those were their lucky days, and they got so reckless and sandy that they used to announce beforehand what jobs they were going to undertake. Once they gave it out that they were going to hold up the M. K. & T. flyer on a certain night at the station of Pryor Creek, in Indian Territory.

That night the railroad company got fifteen deputy marshals in Muscogee and put them on the train. Besides them they had fifty armed men hid in the depot at Pryor Creek.

"mean little tricks, like hiding a wad of money in his shoe"

When the Katy Flyer pulled in not a Dalton showed up. The next station was Adair, six miles away. When the train reached there, and the deputies were having a good time explaining what they would have done to the Dalton gang if they had turned up, all at once it sounded like an army firing outside. The conductor and brakeman came running into the car yelling, "Train robbers!"

Some of those deputies lit out the door, hit the ground, and kept on running. Some of them hid their Winchesters under the seats. Two of them made a fight and were both killed.

It took the Daltons just ten minutes to capture the train and whip the escort. In twenty minutes more they robbed the express car of twenty-seven thousand dollars and made a clean get-away.

My opinion is that those deputies would have put up a stiff fight at Pryor Creek, where they were expecting trouble, but they were taken by surprise and "locoed" at Adair, just as the Daltons, who knew their business, expected they would.

I don't think I ought to close without giving some deductions from my experience of eight years "on the dodge." It doesn't pay to rob trains. Leaving out the question of right and morals, which I don't think I ought to tackle, there is very little to envy in the life of an outlaw. After a while money ceases to have any value in his eyes. He gets to looking upon the railroads and express companies as his bankers, and his six-shooter as a check-book good for any amount. He throws away money right and left. Most of the time he is on the jump, riding day and night, and he lives so hard between times that he doesn't enjoy the taste of high life when he gets it. He knows that his time is bound to come to lose his life or liberty, and that the accuracy of his aim, the speed of his horse, and the fidelity of his "sider," is all that postpones the inevitable.

It isn't that he loses any sleep over danger from the officers of the law. In all my experience I never knew officers to attack a band of outlaws unless they outnumbered them at least three to one.

But the outlaw carries one thought constantly in his mind — and that is what makes him so sore against life, more than anything else — he knows where the marshals get their recruits of deputies. He knows that the majority of these upholders of the law were once lawbreakers, horse thieves, rustlers, highwaymen, and outlaws like himself, and that they gained their positions and immunity by turning state's evidence, by turning traitor and delivering up their comrades to imprisonment and death. He knows that some day — unless he is shot first — his Judas will set to work, the trap will be laid, and he will be the surprised instead of a surpriser at a stick-up.

That is why the man who holds up trains picks his company with a thousand times the care with which a careful girl chooses

a sweetheart. That is why he raises himself from his blanket of nights and listens to the tread of every horse's hoofs on the distant road. That is why he broods suspiciously for days upon a jesting remark or an unusual movement of a tried comrade, or the broken mutterings of his closest friend, sleeping by his side.

And it is one of the reasons why the train-robbing profession is not so pleasant a one as either of its collateral branches — politics or cornering the market.

THE NEGRO: THE SOUTHERNER'S PROBLEM

BY

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

SECOND PAPER

SOME OF ITS DIFFICULTIES AND FALLACIES

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR

HAVING described the relation between the Whites and the Blacks of the South when emancipation came, and shown that it was never more kindly, it remains to show what changes have taken place since that time; how these changes have come about, and what errors have been committed which still affect the two races.

The dissension which has come between the two races has either been sown since the Negro's emancipation or is inherent in the new conditions that have arisen.

When the War closed, and the emancipation of the Negroes became an established fact, the first pressing necessity in the South was to secure the means of living; for, in sections where the armies had been, the country had been swept clean, and in all sections the entire labor system was disorganized. The internal management of the whole South, from the general government of the Confederate States to the domestic arrangement of the simplest household, had fallen to pieces.

In most instances — indeed, in all of which the writer has any knowledge — the old masters informed their servants that their homes were still open to them, and that if they were willing to remain and work, they would do all in their power to help them. But to remain in the first radiant holiday of freedom was, perhaps, more than could be expected of human nature, and most of the Blacks went off for a time, though later a large number of them returned.* In a little while the country was filled with an army of occupation, and the Negroes, moved partly by curiosity, partly by the strangeness of the situation, and, perhaps mainly, by the lure of the rations which the Government immediately began to distribute, not unnaturally flocked to the post of the local garrison, leaving the fields unworked and the crops to go to destruction.

* The same thing happened in Russia on the emancipation of the serfs. See Kropotkin's Memoirs.

From this time began the change in the Negroes and in the old relation between them and the Whites; a change not great at first, and which never became great until the Negroes had been worked on by the ignorant or designing class who, in one guise or another, became their teachers and leaders. In some places the action of military commanders had already laid the ground for serious misunderstanding by such orders as those which were issued in South Carolina for putting the Negroes in possession of what were termed "abandoned lands." The idea became widespread that the Government was going to divide the lands of the Whites among the Negroes. But, in the main, the military commanders acted with wisdom and commendable breadth of view, and the breach was made by civilians.

From the first, the conduct of the North towards the Negro was founded on the following principles: First, that all men are equal, and that the Negro is the equal of the White; secondly, that he needed to be sustained by the Government; and thirdly, that the interests of the Negro and the White were necessarily opposed, and that the Negro needed protection against the White.

The South has always maintained that these were fundamental errors.

It appears to the writer that the position of the South on these points is sound; that, however individuals of one race may appear the equals of individuals of the other race, the races themselves are essentially unequal.

The chief trouble that arose between the two races in the South after the War grew out of the ignorance at the North of the actual conditions at the South, and the ignorance at the South of the temper and the power of the North. The North believed that the Negro was, or might be made, the actual equal of the White, and that the South not only rejected this dogma, but, further, that the South did not accept emancipation with sincerity, and would do all in its power to nullify the work which had already been accomplished, and hold the Negroes in quasi servitude. The South held that the Negro was not the equal of the White, and further held that, suddenly released from slavery, he must be controlled and compelled to work.

In fact, as ignorance of each other brought about the conditions which produced the War between the sections, so it has brought about most of the trouble since the War.

The basic difficulty in the way of reaching a correct solution of the Negro problem is, as has been stated, that the two sections of the American people have hitherto looked at it from such widely different standpoints.

The North, for the present far removed and well buttressed against any serious practical consequences, and even against temporary discomfort from the policies and conditions it has advocated, acting on a theory, filled with a spirit of traditionary guardianship of the Negro, and reasoning from limited examples of progression and virtue, has ever insisted on one principle and one policy, founded on a conception of the absolute equality of the two races. The South, in direct contact with the practical working of every phase of the question, affected in its daily life by every form and change that the question takes, resolutely asserts that the conception on which that policy is predicated is erroneous, and that this policy would destroy not only the White race of the South, but even the civilization which the race has helped to establish, and for which it stands, and so, in time, would inevitably debase and destroy the nation itself.

Thus, the South holds that the question is vastly more far-reaching than the North deems it to be; that, indeed, it goes to the very foundation of race preservation. And this contention, so far from being a mere political tenet, is held by the entire White population of the South, as the most passionate dogma of the White race.

This confusion of definitions has in the past resulted in untold evil, and it is of the utmost importance that the truth, whatever it is, should be established. When this shall be accomplished, and done so clearly that both sides shall accept it, the chief difficulty in the way of complete understanding will be observed. So long as the two sections are divided upon it, the question will never be settled. As soon as they unite in one view, it will settle itself on the only sound foundation — that of unimpeachable economic truth.

To this ignorance and opposition of views on the part of the two sections, unhappily, were added at the outset the misunderstandings and passions engendered by war, which prevented reason having any great

part in a work which was to affect the whole future of the nation. With a fixed idea that there could be no justice towards the Negroes in any dealings of their former masters, all matters relating to the Negroes were entrusted by the Government to the organization which had recently been started under the name of the Freedmen's Bureau. It was a subject which called for the widest knowledge and the broadest wisdom and, unhappily, both knowledge and wisdom appeared to have been banished in the treatment of the subject.

The basis of the institution of the Freedmen's Bureau was the assumption stated: that the interests of the Blacks and of the Whites were necessarily opposed to each other, and that the Blacks needed protection against the Whites in all cases. The densest ignorance of the material on which it was to work prevailed, and the personnel of the organization was as unsuited to the work as could well be. With a small infusion of sensible men were mingled a considerable element of enthusiasts who felt themselves called to be the regenerators of the slaves and the scourge of their former masters, and a large element of reckless adventurers who went into the business for what they could make out of it. Measures were adopted which might have been sound enough in themselves if they had been administered with any practical wisdom. But there was no wisdom in the administration. Those who advised moderation and counseled with the Whites were set aside. Bred on the idea of slavery presented in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and inflamed by passions engendered by the War, the enthusiasts honestly believed that they were right in always taking the side of the down-trodden Negro; while the adventurers, gauging with an infallible appraisement the feelings at the North, went about their work with businesslike methods to stir up sectional strife and reap all they could from the abundant harvest. And of the two, the one did about as much mischief as the other.

No statement of any Southern white person, however pure in life, lofty in morals, high-minded in principle he might be, was accepted. His experience, his position, his character, counted for nothing. He was assumed to be so designing or so prejudiced that his counsel was valueless.

It is a phase of the case which has not yet wholly disappeared, and even now we have presented the singular spectacle of evidence being weighed rather by a man's geographical position than by his character and his opportunity for knowledge.

It is one of the factors which prevents a complete understanding of the problem, and tends to perpetuate the errors which have cost so much in the past and, unless corrected, may prove more expensive in the future.

The conduct of the Freedmen's Bureau misled the Negroes and caused the first breach between them and their former masters. Ignorance and truculence characterized almost every act of that unhappy time. Nearly every mistake that could be made was made on both sides. Measures that were designed with the best intentions were so administered as to bring these intentions to wreck.

On the emancipation of the slaves, the more enlightened Whites of the South saw quite as clearly as any person at the North could have done, the necessity of some substitute for the former direction and training of the Negroes, and schools were started in many places by the old masters for the colored children.*

Teachers and money had come from the North for the education of the Negroes, and many schools were opened. But the teachers, at first, as devoted as many of them were, by their unwisdom alienated the good-will of the Whites and frustrated much of the good which they might have accomplished. They might have been regarded with distrust in any case, for no people look with favor on the missionaries who come to instruct them as to matters of which they feel they know more than the missionaries, and the South regarded jealously any teaching of the Negroes which looked towards equality. The new missionaries went counter to the deepest prejudice of the Southern people. They lived with the Negroes, consorting with them, and appearing with them on terms of apparent intimacy, and were believed to teach social equality, a doctrine which was the

* The writer knew personally of a number of these schools, which began first as Sunday-schools immediately after the War. Indeed, under the inspiration of a pious lady, the services of all the young people in the neighborhood were called into requisition in the spring of 1865, to help teach a Sunday-school for the Negro children who were at first taught their letters in the sand. A little later, through the kindness of friends at the North, enough money was secured to build a school-house which still stands and was used at first for a Sunday-school and afterwards for a day-school.

surest of all to arouse enmity then as now. The result was that hostility to the public school system sprang up for a time. In some sections violence was resorted to by the rougher element, though it was of short duration, and was always confined to a small territory.* Before long, however, this form of opposition disappeared and the public school system became an established fact.

The next step in the alienation of the races was the formation of the secret order of the Union League. The meetings were held at night, with closed doors, and with pickets guarding the approaches, and were generally under the direction of the most hostile members of the Freedmen's Bureau. The Whites regarded this movement with serious misgivings, as well they might, for, having as its basic principle the consolidation of the Negro race against the White race, it banded the Negroes in an organization which, with the exception of the Confederate Army, was the most complete that has ever been known in the South, and the fruits of which still survive to-day. Without going into the question of the charges that it taught the most inflammatory doctrines, it may be asserted without fear of question, that its teaching was to alienate the Negroes from the Whites; to withdraw them wholly from reliance on their former masters, and to drill into their minds the imperative necessity of adherence to their new leaders, and those whom they represented.

Then came the worst enemy that either race had ever had: the post-bellum politician. The problem was already sufficiently complicated when politics were injected into it. Well might General Lee say with a wise knowledge of men: "The real war has just begun." No sooner had the Southern armies laid down their guns and the great armies of the North who had saved the Union disbanded, than the vultures who had been waiting in the secure distance, gathered to the feast. The act of a madman had removed the wisest, most catholic, most conservative, and ablest leader, one whose last thoughts almost had been to "restore the Union," by restoring the government of the Southern States along constitutional lines; and well the politicians used the unhappy tragedy for their purposes. Those who had been most cowardly in war were bravest in peace, now that peace had come. Even in Mr. Lincoln's time the radical leaders in Congress had made a strenuous fight to carry out their views, and their hostility to his plan of pacification and reconstruction was expressed with hardly less vindictiveness than they exhibited later towards his successor.*

The Southern people, unhappily, acted precisely as this element wished them to act; for they were sore, unquelled, and angry, and they met denunciation with defiance.

Knowing the imperative necessities of the time as no Northerner could know them; fearing the effects of turning loose a slave-population of several millions, and ignorant of the deep feeling of the Northern people, they hastily enacted laws regulating labor which were certainly unwise in view of the consequences that followed, and possibly, if enforced, might have proved oppressive, though they never had a trial. Most of these laws were simply reënactments of old vagrant laws on the statute books and some still stand on the statute books; but they were enacted now expressly to control the Negroes; they showed the animus of the great body of the Whites, and they aroused a deep feeling of distrust and much resentment among the Northerners. And, finally, they played into the hands of the politicians who were on the lookout for any pretext to fasten their grip on the South.

The struggle just then became intensified between the President and his opponents in Washington, with the presidency and the control of the government as the stake, and with the South holding the balance of power; and, unhappily, the Negroes appeared to the politicians an element that could be utilized to advantage by being made the "permanent allies" of what Mr. Stevens, Mr. Wade, and Mr. Sumner used to term "the party of the Union."

So the Negro appeared to the politicians a useful instrument, and to the doctrinaires "a man and brother" who was the equal of his former master, and, if he were "armed with the weapon" of the ballot, would be able to protect himself and would inevitably rise to the full stature of the White.

* See Report of Congressional Committee in Government Ku-Klux Trials.

* See "Reconstruction in the South during the War."

A large part of the people of the North were undoubtedly inspired by a missionary spirit which had a high motive beneath it. But a missionary spirit undirected by knowledge of the real conditions is a dangerous guide to follow. And the danger was never better illustrated than in this revolution. Doubtless, some of the politicians were inspired partly by the same idea; but the major portion had but one ruling passion — the securing of power and the down-treading of the Whites.*

Then came the crowning error: the practical carrying out of the theories by infusing into the body politic a whole race just emerging from slavery. The most intelligent and conservative class of the Whites were disfranchised; the entire adult Negro population were enfranchised.

It is useless to discuss the motives with which this was done. No matter what the motives, it was a national blunder; in its way as great a blunder as secession.

It is not uncommonly supposed that Mr. Lincoln was the originator of this idea. The weight of his name is frequently given to it by the uninformed. Mr. Lincoln, however, was too level-headed and clear-sighted a statesman ever to have committed so great a folly. The furthest he ever went was in his letter to Governor Hahn, of Louisiana, in which he "suggested" the experiment of entrusting the ballot to "some of the colored people, for instance . . . the very intelligent," and as a reward for those who had fought for the Union.†

In fact, for a year or two after the War no one in authority dreamed of investing the Negro race at once with the elective franchise. This came after the South had refused to tolerate the idea of the franchise being conferred on any of them, and after passions had become inflamed.

The eight years of reconstruction possibly cost the South more than the four years of war had cost her. To state it in mere figures, it may be said that when the eight years of Negro domination under carpet-bag leaders had passed, the public indebtedness of the Southern States had increased about fourfold, while the property values in all the States had shrunken, and in those States which were under the Negro rule had fallen to less than half what they had been when the South entered on that period. In Louisiana, for instance, the cost of Negro rule for four years and five months amounted to $106,020,337, besides the privileges and franchises given away to those having "pulls," and State franchises stolen. The wealth of New Orleans shrank during these eight years from $146,718,790 to $88,613,930, while real estate values in the country parishes shrank from $99,266,083 to $47,141,699.*

In South Carolina and Mississippi, the other two States which were wholly under Negro rule, the condition was, if anything, worse than in Louisiana,† while in the other Southern States it was not so bad, though bad enough.

But the presentation of the statistics gives little idea of what the people of the South underwent while their State Governments were controlled by Negroes.

A wild Southern politician is said to have once truculently boasted that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of the Bunker Hill Monument. If the tradition is true, it was a piece of insolence which naturally offended deeply the sentiment of the people of that proud Commonwealth. But this was mere gasconade. Had he been able to carry out his threat, and then had he installed his Negroes in the State-house of Massachusetts, and, by a travesty of law, filled the legislative halls with thieves and proceeded to disfranchise the best and the proudest people of the Commonwealth; then had he, sustained by bayonets, during eight years ridden rough-shod over them; cut the value of their property in half; quadrupled their taxes; sold out over twenty per cent. of the landed property of the State for forfeiture; appointed over two hundred Negro trial justices who could neither read nor write, put a Negro ex-convict on the bench of their highest court, and paraded through the State something like 80,000 negro militia, armed with money stolen from the State, to insult and overawe the people, while the whole South looked coolly on and declared it was just; then might there be a partial but not a complete parallel to what some of the States of the South endured under Negro rule.

* See Congressional debates and questions put to witnesses before the various High Commissions organized by Congress for the inquisition of affairs at the South, in 1865 and 1866.

† See Mr. Lincoln's letter to Governor B. F. Hahn, January 13, 1864.

* See "Noted Men on the Solid South," p. 427.

† See "Noted Men on the Solid South," paper by Hon. John J. Hemphill, pp. 94 to 104.

It is little wonder that Governor Chamberlaine, Republican and carpet-bagger though he was, should have declared as he did in writing to the New England Society: "The civilization of the Puritan and Cavalier, of the Roundhead and Huguenot, is in peril."

The South does not hold that the Negro race was primarily responsible for this. Few reasonable men now charge the Negroes at large with more than ignorance and an invincible faculty for being worked on. But the consequences were none the less disastrous.

The injury to the Whites was not the only injury caused by the reconstruction system. To the Negroes, the objects of its bounty, it was no less a calamity.

However high the motive may have been, no greater error could have been committed; nothing could have been more disastrous to the Negro's future than the teaching he thus received. He was taught that the white man was his enemy when he should have been taught to cultivate friendship. He was told he was the equal of the White when he was not the equal; he was given to understand that he was the ward of the nation when he should have been trained in self-reliance; he was led to believe that the Government would sustain him when he could not be sustained. In legislation, he was taught thieving; in politics, he was taught not to think for himself but to follow slavishly his leaders (and such leaders!); in private life, he was taught insolence. A laborer, dependent on his labor, no greater misfortune could have befallen him than to estrange himself from the Southern Whites. To instill into his mind the belief that the Southern White was his enemy; that his interest was necessarily opposed to that of the White, and that he must thwart the White man to the utmost of his power, was to deprive him of his best friend and to array against him his strongest enemy.

To the teachings which led the Negro to feel that he was "the ward of the nation"; that he was a peculiar people whom the nation had taken under its wing and would support and foster; and that he could, by its fiat, be made the equal of the White, and would, by its strong arm, be sustained as such, may, perhaps, be traced most of the misfortunes of the Negro race, and, indeed, of the whole South, since the War. The Negro saw the experiment being tried; he saw his former master, who had been to him the type of all that was powerful and proud, and brave, and masterful, put down and held down by the United States Government, while he, himself, was set up and declared his full equal. He is quick to learn, and during this period, when he was sustained by the Government, he was as insolent as he dared to be. The only check on him was his lurking recognition of the Southerner's dominant force.

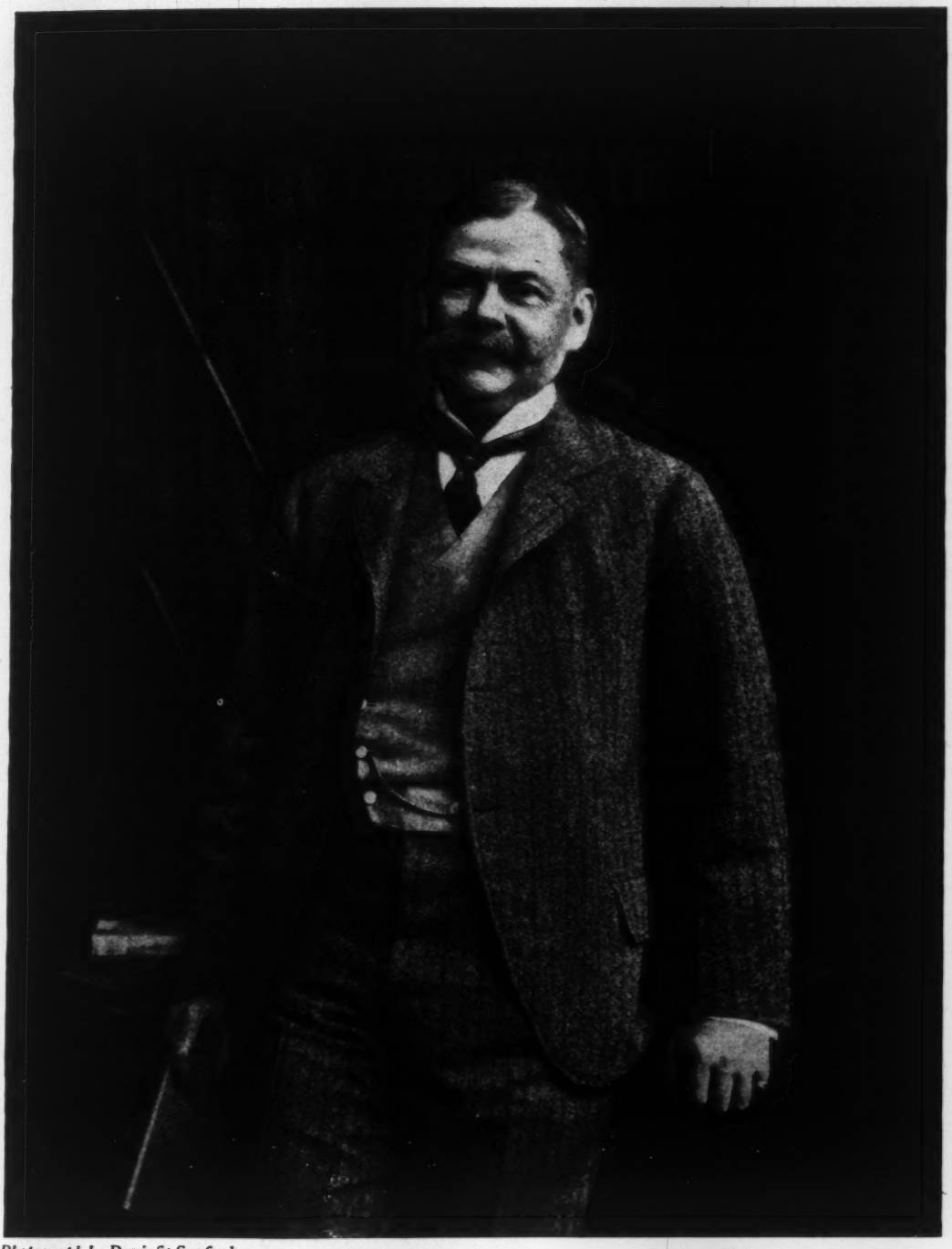
The one thing that saved the Southerners was that they knew it was not the Negroes but the Federal Government that held them in subjection.

The day the bayonets were withdrawn from the South, the Negro power, which but the day before had been as arrogant and insolent as ever in the whole course of its brief authority, fell to pieces.

It is little less than amazing that the Whites of the South should, after all that they went through during the period of reconstruction, have retained their kindly feeling for the Negroes, and not only retained but increased their loyalty to the Union. To the writer, it seems one of the highest tributes to the White people of the South, that their patriotism should have remained so strong after all they had endured.

The explanation is that the hostility of the Southern people was not directed so much against the United States or its Government, to form which they had contributed so much and in which they had taken so much pride, as against that element among the people of the North that had always opposed them, particularly where slavery was concerned. In seceding, the Southerners had acted on the doctrine enunciated by so distinguished a Northerner as John Quincy Adams in 1839, when he declared that it would be better for the States to "part in friendship from each other than to be held together by constraint," and look forward "to form again a more perfect friendship by dissolving that which could not bind, and to leave the separated parts to be reunited by the law of political gravitation to the center,"* and now,

* See debates in Congress, April 3, 1839; January 23, 1842; seq.: when John Quincy Adams presented a petition to Congress from Haverhill, Mass., praying that Congress would "immediately adopt measures possible to dissolve the union of the States."



Photograph by Davis & Sanford

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

Slavery and Secession having finally been disposed of, they naturally and necessarily gravitated back to the old feeling for the Union.

It is not less remarkable that, notwithstanding all the humiliation they had to endure during the period of Negro domination, they should still have retained their feeling of kindliness for the race. The fact, however, was that they did not charge against the race in general the

enormities which were committed by them during that period. However they might be outraged by their insolence and their acts, they charged it rather against the leaders than against the followers. The Southerners knew the Negroes; knew their weaknesses and their merits, and knew how easily they were misled. And it was always significant that though the Negroes universally followed their leaders and, when they felt themselves in power, conducted themselves with intolerable insolence, at other times they exhibited their old kindliness, and no sooner was the instigation removed than they were ready to resume their old relation of dependence and affection.

Indeed, those who had been the worst and most revolutionary, had no sooner sunk back into their former position of civility, than they were forgiven and treated with good-natured tolerance.*

With the overthrow of the carpet-bag governments, and the destruction of Negro domination at the South, the South began to shoot up into the light of a new prosperity. Burdened as she was by debt; staggering under disasters that had well-nigh destroyed her; scarred by the struggle through which she had gone, and scorched by the passions of that fearful time, she set herself with all her energies to recovering through the arts of peace her old place in the path of progress. The burden she has borne has been heavy, but she has carried it bravely and triumphantly.

Her property values have steadily increased. Mills have been started and manufactories established, and this not only by Southern investors, but, to a considerable extent, by Northern capital, until the South has become one of the recognized fields for investment. This, among other causes, has made the South restive under an electorate which has confined her to one political party, shut her off from ability to divide on economic questions, and which, to a certain extent, withdrew her from her due participation in the National Government. With this, another cause is the change of the relation between the two races. It is useless to blink the question. The old relation of intimacy and affection that survived to a considerable extent even the strain and stress of the reconstruction period, and the repressive measures that followed it, has passed away, and in its place has come a feeling of indifference or contempt on the one side, and indifference or envy on the other. In some places, under some conditions, the old attitude of reliance and the old feeling of affection still remain. For example, in many families, the old relation of master and servant, of superior and retainer, may still exist. In some neighborhoods or towns, individuals of the colored race, by their ability and character, have achieved a position which has brought to them the respect and sincere good-will of the Whites. A visit to the South will show any one that, in the main, the feeling of kindness and good-will has survived all the haranguing of the politician and all the teaching of the doctrinaire. Ordinarily, the children still play together, the men work together, the elders still preserve their old good-will. The Whites visit the sick and afflicted, help the unfortunate, relieve the distressed, console the bereaved, and perform the old offices of kindness. But this is, to some extent, exceptional. It is mainly confined to the very young, the old, or the unfortunates and dependents. The rule is a changed relation and a widening breach. The teaching of the younger generation of Negroes is to be rude and insolent. In the main, it is only where the Whites have an undisputed authority that the old relation survives: where the Whites are so superior in numbers that no question can be raised; or again, where, notwithstanding the reversed conditions, the Whites are in a position so dominant as not to admit of question, harmony prevails.

When the relations are reversed there is danger of an outbreak. The Negro, misled by the teaching of his doctrinaire friends into thinking himself the equal of the White, asserts himself, and the White resents it. The consequence is a clash, and the Negro becomes the chief sufferer so invariably that it ought to throw some light on the doctrine of equality.

* For years, one of the popular paper-carriers of Richmond was a certain Lewis Lindsay who, during the early period of reconstruction, had been one of the most violent of the Negro leaders, and became noted for a speech in which he declared that he wished to wade in White blood up to his knees. In Charleston, another leader, equally violent, later sold fish in the market, and among his customers were the very persons toward whom he had once been so outrageous. In New Orleans, another was a hostler. The coincidences could readily be multiplied.

NOTE:—In the May number Mr. Page will close the discussion in a third paper.

THE WAY IT WAS

BY

GEORGE HIBBARD

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

SIGOURNEY ROTHES smiled as he gazed about the room in which he stood. And yet the place was not one that would seem likely to evoke any signs of merriment. Indeed, the prospect was extremely depressing. From wall to wall the space was the narrowest. The floor was bare and large stains showed in the low ceiling. The one small-paned window gave a glimpse over dark, dismal roofs, and, through a tangle of telegraph wires, of a small patch of gray sky. Still Rothes smiled. Then, going to the door to see that it was securely fastened, he took a gold-banded cigarette from a gold case which he drew from a pocket of his shabby coat and, seating himself in the one stiff chair that the room contained, he began to smoke.

And yet very little had occurred.

At the foot of the stairs he met her. The event had not been dramatic. Still, he looked upon it as an adventure. She had just entered the building and, hurrying around a corner, the basket which she carried had been knocked from her hands. The contents were scattered on the floor before her. The objects that met his gaze were simple and commonplace enough. The brown paper parcel had contained meat, a loaf of bread, and some potatoes which had rolled into the farthest corner. Clearly she was bringing home dinner — breakfast — perhaps both, and had met with this accident. Rothes thought of the heroine of the Broken Jug as he saw her suddenly standing still amid the disaster. Only she was not at all mournful. On the contrary, she appeared extremely angry.

"Oh!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"May I help you?" asked Rothes, hurrying forward.

She did not answer at once, and he picked up the loaf of bread and pursued a particularly nimble potato behind a distant door.

"Thank you," she said as he stood before her with his hands filled with the useful tubers.

He had noticed how charming she was, and he gave a sigh of relief as he realized that her voice was soft and low.

"Let me carry the basket upstairs," he said.

"Perhaps you think that I am not to be trusted with it, I am so careless," she replied, examining him.

"It's heavy — much too heavy for you," he said decidedly. "You should not give yourself such a load."

"But if I have to," she answered, not sadly, but even laughing a little.

The piteousness of poverty, thought Rothes. Here was this pretty young

creature compelled to bear such burdens while her more fortunate sisters had all care taken of them. He felt newly indignant at the social anomaly. And she laughed pleasantly about it. Here was independence—self-independence. Here was simple contentment. Here was refreshing naturalness. Here was the charm of nature itself. Rothes felt newly glad that he had made this departure and entered into the life where such things and such beings were to be found.

"You don't if I am to carry it," he replied, taking the burden from her slightly resisting hands.

"Oh, well," she said, as if excusing herself to herself, "we are neighbors."

"Are we?" he exclaimed delightedly. "Then I like—the neighborhood."

She smiled on him gravely and for some reason he felt rebuked for his speech. What a manner, he reflected, this daughter of the tenements had, to be sure. No great lady in her drawing-room could have imposed her will more easily and more surely.

"You have just come here?" she said, in a way that made the remark a question.

"Yes," he replied lightly. "I—I'm out of a job, just now, and waiting for work."

"What is your trade?" she asked, with a kindly interest.

Rothes almost laughed.

"I—I—" he began. "Oh, I'm a gas-fitter," he answered, as the single gas jet in the hall caught his eye.

"And you lost your place?"

"There was a strike," he went on more glibly. "I went out and wasn't taken back. And you?"

He felt that it must be in accordance with the situation to ask the question—quite as in a country house he might have asked a strange young woman what form of sport she affected.

"I," she said easily. "I'm in a bookbindery."

"And you like the—occupation?" he asked politely.

"The hours are good," she said, with the same little puzzling laugh; "and the work is light, but there's not much chance for getting on."

"The duenna"

Rothes was enchanted. It was not the same old thing—the same talk about the same subjects. There was not only surprising novelty in the theme but in the surroundings.

"Thank you," she said, as she paused before a door in one of the upper halls. "I live here," and she held out her hand for the basket.

Reluctantly Rothes gave it into her keeping.

"I shall see you again," he said tentatively.

"I am very busy.' Then she added, laughing, as if amused by her own thoughts. "My—cousin, with whom I live, wouldn't like to have me talking to young men."

"But we're neighbors," urged Rothes. "And you know all about me."

"Do I?" she asked pointedly.

"Well, you know that I am a neighbor—and a gas-fitter. That I'm just now out of a job, that I'm called—James Walker."

"I didn't know that," she said.

"That's what *I'm* called," he said with meaning.

"Oh," she exclaimed. "You mean that you don't know my name. You may call me Nettie Collins."

"Miss Collins," said Rothes, "you are now aware of my occupation and my name, and my place of abode and manner

of living, and, when one comes to think of it, isn't that about all that one knows about anybody?"

"Really — that's true," said Miss Collins thoughtfully. "Oh, it's such a strange world."

"Yes," said Rothes disconnectedly. "Here were you and I so close together and not knowing it."

"I don't see anything strange in that," objected Miss Collins.

"Well, perhaps there isn't," Rothes admitted doubtfully. "One can't tell."

"I think that *you* are very strange," she said decidedly.

"Do you?" he asked. "People have thought that before. But when you know me better you'll find that it isn't anything. Really, Miss Collins, you'll have to know me to find out."

"Do you think that it would be worth while — just for that?" she demanded.

"There might be other things," he responded.

"The confidential valet"

The door opened and a stout elderly woman stood upon the threshold. She scowled upon Rothes and looked reproachfully upon Miss Collins.

"Good morning, Mr. Walker," cried the girl. "I am so much obliged to you."

She entered the room, and the door was immediately and abruptly closed by the elderly woman who had opened it.

"May a hippogriff seize the old party," muttered Rothes. "Even in the simplicity of the slums there seem to be dragons of duennas."

And then, as he sat in his small room, he thought of her. Nettie Collins! The daughter of the people. What if she were? No one could be prettier than she, and he felt no one could be dearer and sweeter and truer. How charming she appeared in the ugly place! How simply and with what merry dignity she had carried herself! The thing had happened before, and will happen again, and it was happening to Rothes even then. He knew that he loved her. Such a mingling of reverence and longing he had never known before, and he understood that a new existence was beginning for him. Who that knew him would believe it? He could hardly believe it himself, but still there was the all-compelling feeling. There was the wish to see her again — the determination that he would see her, the conviction that it was necessary to his happiness that he should see her many times — always.

This was the first of numerous meetings. In the beginnings she sought to avoid him, but gradually, as he persisted with respectful determination in putting himself in her way, she appeared to yield to circumstance and let him talk to her, walk with her, and accompany her to the door, and, on one great occasion, pass beyond the threshold.

The room was bare and dull. Still he recognized a refinement in its neatness and simplicity. Nor was it without a bit of color from a simple rug in one place. And on the walls hung a photograph or two in slight wood frames. Rothes gazed about him delighted. The place was exactly such as he should have desired it to be, in which he should have liked to find her living.

"My cousin is in the next room," she explained primly, "and she is just going to bring me some tea. Can't I give you some?"

Rothes stared. He could almost imagine himself in a drawing-room in quite a different part of the town. Here was this pretty girl offering him the usual tea at the usual hour. To be sure, she was dressed in the roughest, simplest manner. As he glanced down, he saw the cracked boards in the floor, the cheap paper on the walls, the stove. But what did dress matter? How much could the bare floor count? Had he not dropped hopefully into this

unknown world and had he not been justified? Was there not standing before him the prettiest, dearest maiden that he had ever beheld? What did it matter if her shoes were old? They were the smallest. What did anything matter but she — she and again she?

"Thank you," he said, dropping onto a hard chair.

"Do you know," she continued, as she brought out cups and saucers and busied herself with the tea-pot, "I have never known a gas-fitter exactly like you?"

"Have you known many?" he demanded, as he watched her small hands deal easily with the coarse crockery.

"Not many," she replied. "Indeed, I believe that you are the very first. Still, you are not what my idea of a gas-fitter would be."

"And you have an idea — an ideal perhaps?"

"Hardly," she laughed. "But if I were going to have one— Honestly, you puzzle me. You speak differently and you behave differently and better."

"Because a man is a laborer he does not have to be a lout," answered Rothes, with a manner to bring the applause from the upper gallery.

"That's what I've always said," she eagerly assented. "If people only knew, I am sure that they would find that in the poorest surroundings there were intelligence and taste and niceness."

"But you —" he went on; "frankly, I never supposed a young woman in a bookbindery was like you."

"Why not?" she demanded promptly and peremptorily.

"Your voice," he began, "and your hands and — all."

"Might I ask why you thought that bookbinders were any more unfortunate than other young women who work for their living?"

"I didn't," he exclaimed hurriedly. "I thought that they were all different."

"Didn't you *know?*" she insisted. "Surely you must have seen lots of working girls — only those, indeed."

"No," he answered quickly. "I've seen others, when I'm there for jobs — going about in the big houses uptown. And now I see you and you are just like them, only a thousand times prettier and with prettier manners ——"

"You think that I am like the young ladies uptown that you see in the great houses?"

"Yes," he answered decidedly. "Only prettier, as I say, and nicer, and it's all so much more attractive because of the surroundings and your working in a bookbindery."

"Do you know," she interrupted, "that is what surprised me. You are like the men in the play at the theater."

"Which?" he asked.

"The kind," she said, "who always have a valet and a club. That is the kind that you are like."

"And it's the sort you admire?"

"No! No!" she answered readily. "I think that a man should do something — be something, if — if ——"

"Only a gas-fitter," he laughed.

"But if he is a *good* gas-fitter, that is being something, isn't it?" she asked seriously. "And I can respect him."

"It seems to me," he answered, "that we are a couple of socialists insisting that we are as good as our betters."

"But there aren't any — betters," she maintained. "That is just it. All are good, and people are only worse because they are ignorant. And so it is the duty of every one to do everything possible to overcome ignorance and make people better and bring them together — the rich and the poor."

"So that gas-fitters will be talking to millionairesses, and young women in bookbinderies to young men who have valets and clubs."

"And why not?" she said boldly. "I am sure that if a man were a nice gas-fitter with good manners and intelligence and education, he could very well talk to millionairesses nowadays. Indeed, a capable gas-fitter is more, and makes more money, and gets it in a more honorable way than a good many men who do talk to millionairesses and marry them too."

"What a terrible little democrat you are!"

"But didn't you say that you believed that people could be pretty and nice though they were poor?"

"I am absolutely and perfectly convinced of it," said Rothes, with decision and meaning."

Rothes left the room knowing that all the happiness the world held for him was

"'Do you know, I have never known a gas-fitter exactly like you'"

shut up in it. He was more and more assured of this at every repetition of the ceremony of tea-taking, for that cup was not the last that he received, but rather the first of many. Each time that he departed he went to pace the streets in perplexity. Not that he cared what the world would say; but could she be made happy in the new life to which he would take her or remain only bewildered and helpless? And would she let him lead her thither? He was by no means sure of this. Though he had seen her glances of kindly interest, he had noticed, too, a rather frightened look at times — caught a tone of dismay in her voice. But she must come. What a life for such a one to lead — a life of work and privation! He watched, and as he did this he thought that he learned much. Her eyes grew less bright, she was thinner. He observed too that she often appeared very thoughtful and sad.

One evening, as he was returning from one of his long perambulatory conflicts of mind, he passed a corner well known in the neighborhood. There was, to be sure, nothing to be seen but a low, dingy shop with a dirty window in which was an incongruous collection of objects. Opening on a small side street or alley was a half-hidden side door, and as Rothes passed he saw Miss Collins slip through it and dart down the steps, advancing with such speed that she almost ran into him as he stood still.

"You!" she exclaimed, looking up.

"Yes," he said gravely. "And very glad to see you, as it is rather late for you to be out."

"There was some — thing that I had to do," she murmured.

"At a pawn-shop?" he asked.

"Yes," she faltered.

"If you wanted anything," he continued almost sternly, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I?" she replied, almost defiantly.

"Haven't we known each other for a long time?"—and it seemed to him that really they had—"aren't we neighbors and friends?"

"Yes," she replied, in a low tone.

"And shouldn't friends help each other?"

"But I couldn't take anything from you."

"Why not?" he asked impatiently. "In this real world, where women and men work together, they should share together and help each other like good comrades."

"But it is different," she pleaded.

"Why?" he demanded. "Why can't I help you if I can?"

They stood in the dark hall of the tenement house now, and the noises of the street came shrilly to them through the opening where no door closed them out.

"I couldn't let you."

"And why couldn't you," he said authoritatively, as he captured her hands, "when you need it?"

"Oh, you are so good," she exclaimed. "And you are out of work yourself. I have watched. And you want to give to me out of the little that you must have."

"Nonsense," he answered brusquely. "I am a man and can take care of myself. But you are a woman, of whom a man should be taking care."

"Women can take care of themselves nowadays," she said with a momentary smile.

"They can't, and they shouldn't if they could," he replied stoutly. "You see that *you* can't and you shouldn't. You shall not be allowed to go on like this. You are getting thinner and paler. I can see it. And I won't have it. You must let me help you, and you must give me the chance and the right to do it."

"How can that be?" she almost whispered.

"You must marry me," he said quickly, "and then——"

"Oh," she cried, as if in fright, as she wrenched her hand away from his strong grasp. "You mustn't say such a thing. You do not know what you are saying. I must not listen to you."

She turned and ran rapidly up the stairs.

"Oh, believe me," she cried, as she paused on an upper step. "Don't think I am ungrateful. I never was so grateful to any one. Never! Never! I never thought that any one could be so good and kind. I am so thankful that I must not see you. I should have sent you away—"

"I wouldn't have gone," he answered briefly.

"—or gone myself," she panted on. "Oh, it is impossible—impossible. And still"—she hid her face in her hands—"I love to think that you might have helped me. I shall love to dream of it often. I shall—always."

Then she turned, and in an instant was lost in the darkness above. He thundered up after her, but she was too swift in her flight, and when he reached her door it was shut. He stood for a moment irresolute. After a moment's thought he concluded that he could see her in the morning, when she might be less determined, and went slowly away.

On the following day, at the earliest hour that he thought that he could make such a visit—and the hours of the quarter were not the hours of a less occupied society—he once more stood before her door. All doubt had vanished. His natural obstinacy had come to aid his determination. He would have her now. He reviewed the arguments that he would use. He considered how he would appeal to her.

The hinges creaked and the figure of the elderly woman was before him.

"Miss Collins?" he asked propitiatingly.

"She's gone," said the woman shortly, as she stood squarely in front of him.

"I want to see her."

"Ye can't."

"When will she be back?"

"I can't tell ye."

"But it's most important," he said resolutely. "I saw where she was last night. I want to do something. She need not know."

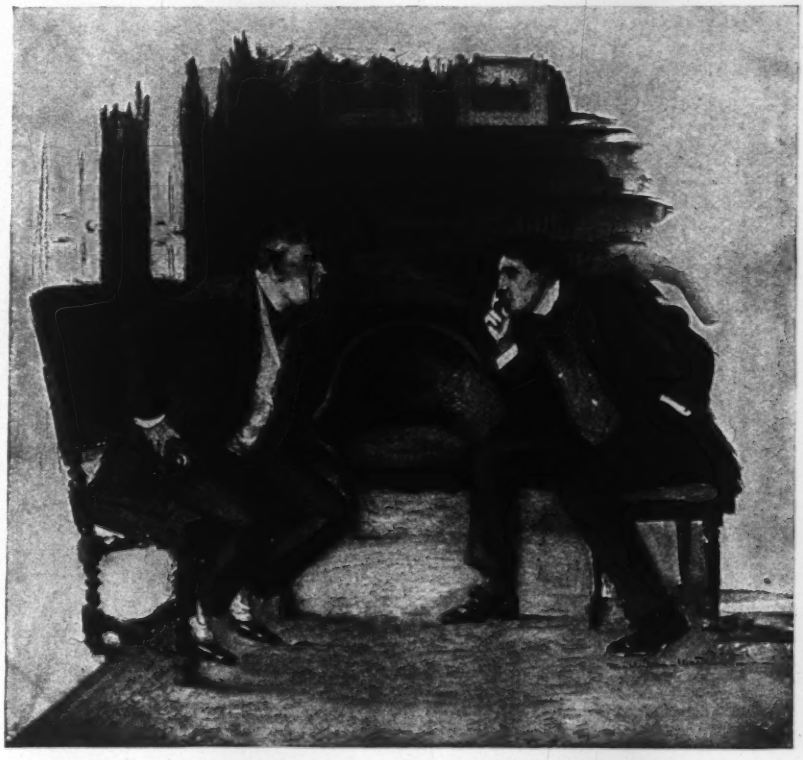
"We're no beggars," snapped the woman.

"No," replied Rothes gently. "But you will help me to help her."

"Young man," announced the woman, "I think ye've been too much about here already. If she's gone, it's a good thing at last. An' it'll be a good thing for ye to go too."

The door was shut sharply in his face, and Rothes stood staring disconsolately at the cracked paint of the panels.

He waited all that day and the next. Not a glimpse could he catch of the figure flitting through the halls — not a sound of that light footfall that he knew so well. He grew more and more restless. From one place he fidgeted to another. He could learn nothing. No one anywhere seemed to know anything about the fugitive. She had not been long in the house. Now she had gone. She was a mystery and appeared likely to remain one.



"'Hide yourself in the slums!'"

While the "cousin" did not go, Rothes could not help believing that she would return — that, by staying there himself, he should in some way receive information of her. At least, that was the point of departure — the one place where it seemed to him that there would be any chance of hearing from her. He did not wait patiently. Again he roamed the streets, and the darkness knew him for one of its many watchers.

Late one night at about this time, Rothes found himself waiting in the luxurious library of his uncle Horace Bilson's luxurious apartments. The confidential valet had some difficulty in recognizing him, but, being satisfied at length, admitted him with respectful protest in every glance and shocked remonstrance in every gesture. As Rothes watched the cheerful blaze in the fireplace he reflected upon how horrified his uncle would be. He remembered his indignation when he had disclosed his project to him in the club window.

"Hide yourself in the slums!" gasped that scandalized elderly gentleman. "See what life is really like! Have a chance to do something for some one!"

Uncle Horace clung to the arms of his comfortable chair, as if clinging to the crumbling realities of life.

"You see," said Rothes airily, "I'm tired to death of all this." And he waved his hand to indicate the glittering afternoon avenue to be seen through the window of the pleasant room in which they sat.

"But I never heard of such a thing," Uncle Horace objected confidently.

"I want to get out and discover something real. The box seat of my coach is pretty high, but one can't see all the world from it after all."

"This is rank socialism!" remonstrated Uncle Horace.

"And if it is," Rothes replied. "Besides," he went on, "Aunt Marcia is at it again."

"In what way?" asked the elderly gentleman apprehensively.

"She's found another girl that she wants me to marry. Such a pearl! Such an angel! And I won't have it. She made my life miserable with the way that she forced the last one on me, and I am going to escape Miss Rosamond Langdale or perish in the attempt."

"What!" Uncle Horace asked eagerly. "The girl who has all old Stephen Langdale's millions and has been making such a stir in England?"

"All of that and more," responded Rothes. "Who's been talked about and written about until she is a public character. I know the kind; with no thought but for this life from which I want to get away."

"I've always understood that she was very — unconventional."

"Worse and worse," exclaimed Rothes. "That's sure to mean that she will run with the fast lot. No, there's only one way to escape Aunt Marcia and her machinations, and that is to hide myself where I can't be found, and the only way to do that is just here in New York."

"It was she"

Rothes thought of this as he sat gazing into the fire, waiting for Uncle Horace to return. He was a rough-looking figure, and when that amiable diner-out opened the door and entered he drew back in some alarm.

"I saw in the newspapers that you were in town and stopped for a moment," said Rothes, turning.

Somewhat reassured by the voice, Uncle Horace advanced slowly and cautiously.

"Haven't you given up this folly yet?" asked the startled elderly gentleman, his indignation increased by his momentary fright. "Haven't you lost enough of your time with it already?"

"Not a bit," replied Rothes promptly. "Not when I've found what I have."

"What's that?" asked the other anxiously.

"She! She!" cried Rothes.

"You've fallen in love with some one — there?" exclaimed Uncle Horace in consternation.

"She works in a bookbindery," Rothes replied maliciously.

"Oh!" groaned the uncle. "This is a case for a *conseil de famille* — only there isn't any family. This is the time for a *lettre-de-cachet* — only we haven't such blessed things nowadays."

"I thought that I'd come and tell you, so that you could wish me joy."

"Is it all settled?" wailed the other.

"No," answered Rothes. "In fact it's as far from settled as possible. Indeed, I feel quite sure that she does not want me, and the strict truth is that she has disappeared and that I can't find her."

"If only you can't," said Uncle Horace fervidly.

"But I will," Rothes replied firmly. "I'll search the earth for her."

Uncle Horace groaned.

"And I've seen Miss Rosamond Langdale," he went on, "and she is charming — charming."

In the "slums" the gas was lit earlier in the afternoon, and the shop-doors shut to keep out the colder wind. The winter was coming. Where was she, Rothes kept asking himself. If she were in want — if she were suffering! The thought drove him to desperation in his powerlessness. And then, when he had almost given up all hope, he thought that he saw her.

In the dusk of a late autumn afternoon, driven by his restlessness, he had ventured farther than usual from the districts that he was accustomed to frequent. Trusting to his disguise and the growing darkness, he had wandered as far as the region of the theaters, the picture exhibitions, and the flower shops. There, standing in the obscurity of a doorway, he saw a brougham drive up to the curb. A footman, who had been waiting, sprang forward and opened the door as an elderly lady slowly came forward. He knew her well. Old Mrs. Frobsher, one of the staunchest and firmest old conservatives of the town. Then a young woman, who had been delayed, darted forward. She passed in a moment. But Rothes started. His heart stood still. For a moment he did not breathe. It was she. And even as he thought this, he told himself how impossible it was. How could she be there in all the finery of a great lady, entering that perfectly appointed equipage — accompanying the strict and exacting old Mrs. Frobsher. It was the darkness, he argued, aided by his constant thought of her, that had wrought the vision. Clearly he must have been mistaken. Some slight similarity of feature, some single likeness of movement had misled him.

But the sudden belief for an instant that he saw her before him, strengthened him in his determination to find her. There were ways of discovering lost persons — people who made it a business to do it. Why had he not tried them before? As he returned late to his room he decided that the first thing that he would do on the following day would be to make use of some such means of discovering her.

Again he started. He sprang to his feet. He heard a slight sound. It was a very light footfall, but he could not believe that he was mistaken in it. Was she really again coming up the stairs?

Going to the door he tore it open. In the darkness he could see nothing. He knew that he could not be mistaken. Still he wished for greater certainty — the certainty of absolute knowledge — of sight of her. There was but one way. To go directly to her door. Two steps at a time he sprang up the stairs. As he knocked he realized, with a great wave of despair, what a bitter disappointment it would be to him if she had not come after all. And then the door opened and — she stood before him. She was dressed as she had been when he picked up the potatoes for her. In an instant the vision that he thought that he had seen was dissipated. She stood before him, Nettie Collins — the girl of the people, but dearer to him than ever.

"Oh!" she gasped.

"Yes," he said joyfully. "And you are back. I am glad, glad — terrifically glad. You don't know what it has been ——"

"I should not have come back," she cried.

"And why?" he said, forcing his way past her. "I must speak to you."

"'The house is on fire'"

"I am all alone."

"So much the better," he said. "I knew how I needed you before you went, but your going has shown me more. You shall not escape again."

"I must go. I shall go," she cried. "I cannot listen to you. There are reasons."

"There are no reasons that cannot be overcome," he replied. "If you like me, if you care for me a little — love me —"

"I — I do."

"Which?" he asked eagerly.

"Like you," she murmured.

"And care for me a little?"

"And care for you a little," she repeated with docility.

"And," he urged, "the rest?"

Then she turned suddenly, listening.

"Hush," she said, frightened. From the street came confused shouts — the mingled tumult of a sudden commotion.

"Answer me," he said impatiently.

"Something is happening," she insisted.

And they heard above the vague dull rumors distant shouts. "Fire!"

Almost at the same moment he caught the smell of burning wood and saw the hall grow dim with smoke.

"It's here," she said.

"Answer me," he commanded.

"The house is on fire," she cried, and ran to the door.

He followed her and, as he advanced, he saw thick smoke clouds rolling up from the opening of the stairs.

"We must go up," he shouted.

Driving her before him, he raced after her to the upper hallway. At the end was a window. Stepping to it, he glanced down at the street, a dizzy depth below them. A considerable crowd was already collected and was gazing at the flames bursting from the lower part of the building. As the people saw him, they raised a sudden shout.

"There must be some way to the roof," he called to her.

"Here is a door," she answered quickly.

He grasped the handle and shook it. The lock was fast and there was no key. From the stairs up which they had just escaped the smoke followed them in increasing volume.

"We're lost!" she exclaimed.

"But you haven't told me," he said, turning from the door.

"What?" she asked wildly.

"The rest," he answered.

"Yes — yes. The rest too," she cried. "I was going to tell you when the alarm came. I do. I do. I love."

He held her in his arms.

"I know it now," she sobbed. "I knew it then. I have really known it always. I came back really to tell you."

"And you love me?" he repeated.

"I do," she answered slowly. "There is nothing — but you." She put her hand in his and repeated: "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I shall lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God! What is all the rest of the world?"

"It's a good deal to me — now," he said firmly. "And the first thing is to get out of this."

He saw her only dimly in the thickening smoke. He turned to the door again, but it would not yield. Then he drew back and, with a rush and heave, fell against the panels. The wood broke before him, and the door fell, torn from its hinges. Up the dark, narrow stairs she ran, after he had thrust her forward, only to be stopped by the closed scuttle at the top.

Outside they heard men calling.

"All right," he shouted to her. "They know that we are here."

But, impatient with the delay, he put his shoulders against the obstruction and bore up against it. The boards yielded, and they sprang out upon the roof as the firemen hurried up.

"All right," Rothes cried. "Go on. We can take care of ourselves."

He carried her to a dark place behind a stack of chimneys, holding her motionless and silent in his arms. At last she opened her eyes. The air was deliciously clear and pure about them. Above, the stars shone brilliantly. The tumult of the street seemed afar off and almost lulling in its effect.

"We are safe," she said.

"Safe. Yes, perfectly safe. Doubly safe," he answered. "For we have life and I have you. Dearest," he said, and he kissed her; "I am going to make you glad that I have you. And I can. You don't know. I am not what you think I am. I am what the world calls rich — very rich. I never was so glad of it before. I came here to see if I could not do something for somebody else, and I have done the best thing in the world for myself. I have found you. But I am somebody else. You may even have heard of me. I am Sigourney Rothes."

She gazed at him, rubbing her eyes, still smarting with the smoke. Then she laughed.

"Oh," she cried; "I am so glad. But it is too funny. The man from whom I have been running away."

"Of course. I know," he said, somewhat puzzled. "I thought that you were lost."

"I don't mean that," she said. "But by coming here at all. Oh, I'm so glad, *not* that you are Sigourney Rothes — that you are so rich — but that I am not the only impostor. I am not Nettie Collins; I am Rosamond Langdale." And she said mockingly: "Perhaps you may even have heard of me?"

"You?" he cried. "But I was running away from you too."

"I came as you did," she said, "to escape from the life of which I was so tired, and to try to do some good. I brought my old nurse Sarah with me. Oh, I know that I loved you from the first, but it seemed as if it would not do. I went away to try in my other life to forget. But this afternoon, as I was getting into the carriage, I saw you standing in a doorway. You looked so poor and miserable my heart gave a great bound and went out to you. Oh, you carried it away with you and I followed it down here."

"And you were never in want?"

"Of course not," she laughed.

"And the pawnshop?" he asked.

"I had been getting a ring that a poor girl had pawned to take it back to her."

Again in the darkness he took her in his arms and kissed her. The drone of the working fire-engines came up to them. The shouts of the firemen as they made their way over the roofs of the houses fell upon their ears, but they did not hear them. They did not know where they were. Unconscious of place, alone on the roof among the chimneys, he held her against his heart.

"I'm glad it's so," he said.

"And I'm glad," she answered, "to know that it wouldn't have made any difference if it hadn't been."

THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY: PART TWO

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

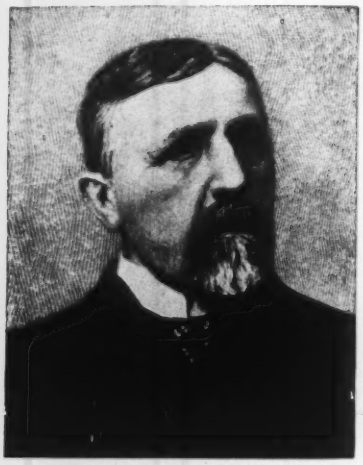
AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LINCOLN"

CHAPTER V

THE BREAKING UP OF THE TRUST

THE most prolonged public catechizing Mr. John D. Rockefeller has ever submitted to was on February 27 and 28, 1888. The Senate of the State of New York, in response to public demand, had ordered an investigation of trusts. The subject was complicated enough. A list of more than a score of such organizations was in the hands of the committee, and, with the limited time at their disposal, it was certain that they could not look into more than a half dozen. There seems to have been no hesitation about including the Standard Oil Trust. "This is the original trust," wrote the committee. "Its success has been the incentive to the formation of all other trusts or combinations. It is the type of a system which has spread like a disease through the commercial system of this country."

There were several things the committee wanted to know about the Standard Oil Trust, and its president was summoned

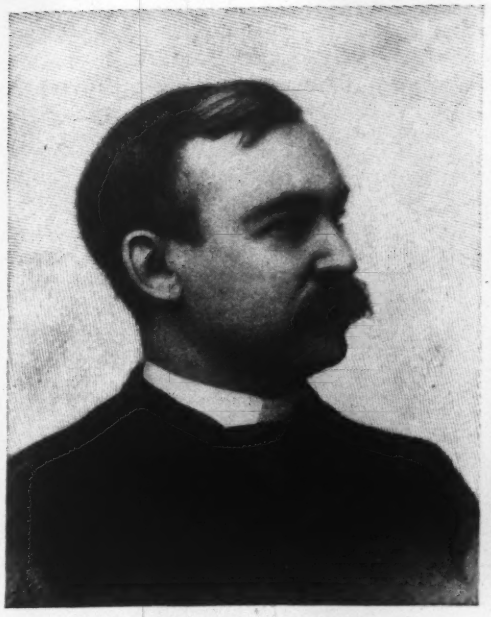


EDWARD O. EMERSON

The close of the Civil War brought to the Oil Regions of Pennsylvania many men who had served from 1861 to the disbanding of the army. Among them was Mr. E. O. Emerson. He joined the ranks of the producers and has been active in every great producing field from Pithole to West Virginia. Mr. Emerson was a partner in what was called "the largest gas well in the world," the well from which Pittsburg received its first natural gas used as fuel. His home is in Titusville, Pa.

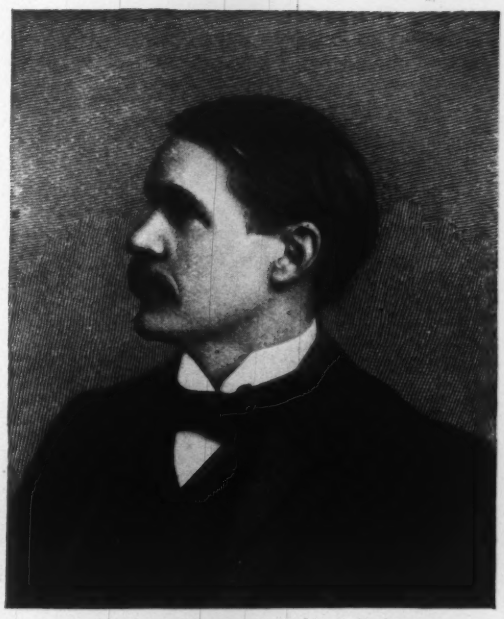
ALANSON A. SUMNER

One of the first successful producers on Oil Creek, Mr. Sumner took an active part in developing the crude facilities for handling oil, laying one of the first — if not the first — local pipe-lines. In 1878 he took a large amount of stock in the Tidewater Pipe Line, whose struggle for existence was described in this magazine for January. The money which Mr. Sumner put into the Tidewater at various times during its fight with the Standard contributed largely to its final success. He is still active in the company.



DAVID K. WATSON

Mr. Watson is an Ohioan, a graduate of Dickinson College and of the Law School of Boston University. In November, 1887, he was elected Attorney-General of Ohio, by the Republicans, an office he held for two terms. At the expiration of his second term he resumed the practice of law in Columbus. In 1894 he was elected to Congress. Since 1898 he has been a member of the Commission to Revise and Codify the Laws of the United States. Mr. Watson is the author of a "History of American Coinage" and various legal and miscellaneous essays.



FRANK S. MONNETT

Mr. Monnett was born in Ohio in 1857, of French Huguenot stock, and he was graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University and the National Law School at Washington, D. C. He was elected Attorney-General of Ohio in 1895, an office he filled for two terms. Mr. Monnett has been active in the anti-trust agitation since its start, campaigning with the Ohio Republicans on that issue until they abandoned it, when he went over to the Democratic party. In 1903 he was the Democratic nominee for Attorney-General, and, although defeated, led his party by 9,000 votes.

for examination. (1) What was it? Was it an organization recognized by any law of the land? Long ago men had decided that partnerships, corporations, companies, in which men united to do business, must be regulated by law and subjected to a certain amount of publicity, if the public good was to be protected. Was the Standard Oil Trust within or without the law? (2) By the testimony of its own members in other years, the Standard combination controlled from eighty to ninety per cent. of the oil business of the country. Was this supremacy due in any measure to special privileges, such as discrimination in railroad rates? (3) Was its power used to manipulate production and prices, and to prevent men outside entering the oil business?

It was to learn these things that the commission summoned Mr. Rockefeller. Flanked by Mr. Joseph H. Choate, present Ambassador to the Court of King Edward and the most eminent lawyer of the day, and Mr. S. C. T. Dodd, a no less able if a less well-known lawyer, Mr. Rockefeller submitted himself to his questioners. In no case where he has appeared on the stand can his skill as a witness be studied to better advantage. With a wealth of polite phrases — "You are very good," "I beg with all respect" — Mr. Rockefeller bowed himself to the will of the committee. With an air of eager frankness, he told them nothing he did not wish them to know. The committee had a desire to begin at the beginning. It evidently had heard that a short-lived organization, called the South Improvement Company, had given Mr. Rockefeller his whip-hand in the oil business as far back as 1872, enabling him in three months' time to raise his daily capacity as a refiner from 1,500 to 10,000 barrels, and so they asked Mr. Rockefeller:

Q. There was such a company?

A. I have heard of such a company.

Q. Were you not in it?

A. I was not.

It is a perfectly well-known fact that Mr. Rockefeller owned 180 shares in the South

Group of Cleveland citizens who called on John D. Rockefeller at his residence, "Forest Hill," on July 25, 1896, to thank him for his gift of park lands to the city. Mr. Rockefeller is in the center of the group, the late Senator Mark Hanna in the right lower corner, and Governor Myron T. Herrick in the center of the top row.

Improvement Company, of which he was a director; that, when a public uprising caused the destruction of the company, he was one of the two men who tried to save it; also that the Standard Oil Company of Ohio was the only concern which profited by the short-lived conspiracy.

The Value of a "No"

Another staggering bit of testimony concerned railroad rates. Asked if there had been any arrangements by which the trust or the companies controlled by it got transportation at any cheaper rates than was allowed to the general public, Mr. Rockefeller answered: "No sir." As a matter of fact, the three great oil-carrying systems of the country — the Central, Erie, and Pennsylvania — had all of them, for much of the period between 1872 and 1888, granted to Mr. Rockefeller rebates calculated to keep freight rates down for the Standard Oil Company and up for its competitors. Contracts and agreements to this effect are easily accessible to any one caring to investigate the quality of Mr. Rockefeller's "no."

"No," said Mr. Rockefeller, we have had no better rates than our neighbors, and then, with that lack of the sense of humor which, ethical qualities aside, is his chief limitation, he hastened to add: "But, if I may be allowed, we have found repeated instances where other parties had secured lower rates than we had."

Testifying as a Fine Art

Later in the day the committee, which seems to have known something of Mr. Rockefeller's former contracts with the railroads, returned to the subject, and the following colloquy, worthy of the study of all witnesses interested in how not to tell what you know, took place:

Q. Has not some company or companies, embraced within this trust, enjoyed from railroads more favorable freight rates than those rates accorded to refineries not in the trust?

A. I do not recall anything of that kind.

Q. You have heard of such things?

A. I have heard much in the papers about it.

Q. Was there not such an allegation as that in the litigation or controversy recently disposed of by the Interstate Commerce Commission; Mr. Rice's suit; was not there a charge in Mr. Rice's petition that companies embraced within your trust enjoyed from railroad companies more favorable freight rates?

A. I think Mr. Rice made such a claim; yes, sir.

Q. Did not the commission find that claim true?

A. I think the return of the commission is a matter of record; I could not give it.

Q. You don't know it; you haven't seen that they did so find?

A. It is a matter of record.

Q. Haven't you read that the Interstate Commerce Commission did find that charge to be true?

A. No, sir; I don't think I could say that. I read that they made a decision, but I am really unable to say what that decision was.

Q. You did not feel interested enough in the litigation to see what the decision was?

A. I felt an interest in the litigation; I don't mean to say that I did not feel an interest in it.

Q. Do you mean to say that you don't know what the decision was? That you did not read to see what the decision was?

A. I don't say that; I know that the Interstate Commerce Commission had made a decision; the decision is quite a comprehensive one, but it is questionable whether it could be said that that decision in all its features results as I understand you to claim.

Q. You don't so understand it? Will you say, as a matter of fact, that none of the companies embraced within this trust have enjoyed more favorable freight rates than the companies outside of your trust? Will you say, as a matter of fact, that it is not so?

A. I stated in my testimony this morning that I had known of instances where companies altogether outside of the trust had enjoyed more favorable freights than companies in this trust, and I am not able to state that there may not have been arrangements for freight on the part of companies within this trust as favorable as, or more favorable than, other freight arrangements; but, in reply to that, nothing peculiar in respect to the companies in this association; I suppose they make the best freight arrangements they can.

The committee had a vague idea that refineries outside of the Standard combination had had a hard time to live, and asked

if the trust had not sought in any way to make the operations of outsiders so unprofitable that they would either have to come in or go out of the business.

"They have not; no sir, they have not," replied Mr. Rockefeller.

"And they have lived on good terms with their competitors?"

"They have, and have to-day very pleasant relations with those gentlemen."

It would have been interesting to have heard the comments of a number of gentlemen trying to carry on an independent business in 1888, on that answer — of the refiners in Oil City and Titusville, at that time preparing to carry their troubles to the Interstate Commerce Commission — of Mr. George Rice and others at Marietta, Ohio; of H. H. Campbell, of the Bear Creek Refining Company at Pittsburg; of Scofield, Schurmer, and Teagle at Cleveland.

The Mysterious Organization at Last Brought to Light

If all of Mr. Rockefeller's testimony had been of the nature of the above, the investigation would have been worth little to the people who demanded it. But when it came to the questions which, after all, it was most essential to have answered at that moment, Mr. Rockefeller gave the committee as frank testimony as is on record from him. The information wanted was in regard to the organization of the Standard Oil Trust. As already pointed out, there had been some kind of an agreement adopted in 1882, binding together the varied interests which controlled the oil business. But what it was, where it was kept, by what authority it lived, nobody knew. For six years it had succeeded in hiding itself. Now, however, by order of the committee, it was produced. Like all great things, it was simplicity itself — an agreement which anybody could understand, by which some fifty persons holding controlling interests in corporations, joint stock associations, and partnerships of different states, placed all their stock in the hands of nine trustees; receiving in return trust certificates. These nine trustees themselves owned a majority of the stock and had complete control of all the property. Mr. Rockefeller, when questioned, stated that one of the trustees was a responsible officer in almost every refinery or organization in the trust — that the trustees, as a body, knew by reports and correspondence and by frequent consultation in New York with active promoters of each concern, just how the business was going on. "We all know how the business goes," said Mr. Rockefeller; "we get reports once in thirty days showing what it has cost for everything."

The trustees evidently ran the entire great combination under the agreement. But consider the anomaly of the situation. Thirty-nine corporations, each of them having a legal existence, obliged by the laws of the State creating it to limit its operations to certain lines and to make certain reports, had turned over their affairs to an organization having no legal existence, independent of all authority, able to do anything it wanted anywhere; and to this point working in absolute darkness. Under their agreement, which was unrecognized by the State, a few men had united to do things which no incorporated company could do. It was a situation as puzzling as it was new. The committee in reporting on what it discovered, did nothing to solve the puzzle. It simply sounded a warning.

The Committee's Report

The actual value of property in the trust control at the present time is not less than one hundred and forty-eight millions of dollars, according to the testimony of the trust's president before your committee. This sum in the hands of nine men, energetic, intelligent and aggressive — and the trustees themselves, as has been said, own a majority of the stock of the trust which absolutely controls the one hundred and forty-eight millions of dollars — is one of the most active, and possibly the most formidable moneyed power on this continent. Its influence reaches into every State and is felt in remote villages, and the products of its refineries seek a market in almost every seaport on the globe. When it is remembered that all this vast wealth is the growth of about twenty years, that this property has more than doubled in value in six years, and that with this increase the trust has made aggregate dividends during that period of over fifty millions of dollars, the people may well look with apprehension at such rapid development and centralization of wealth wholly independent of legal control, and anxiously seek out means to modify, if not to prevent, the natural consequence of the device producing it, a device of late invention, namely, the aggregation of great corporations into partnerships with unbounded resources and a field of operations quite as extended as its resources. So much for the nature of the Standard Oil Trust. The committee regrets that they are not able to make a more complete and satisfactory report as to the method of its operations and its effect upon public interests.

The brevity of the time within which the investigation was required to be made rendered it impossible for your committee to do more than examine the persons most prominent in the management of its affairs. Its cause was thus presented in the most favorable light possible, and it is only fair to conclude that nothing was left unsaid by them that could be said in its favor. No witness came forward to accuse it of the great offenses commonly laid to its charge. No proofs were made of its rapacity or of the greed with which it lays hold of every competitive industry, except such as might be drawn from the fact that it is the almost sole occupant of the field of oil operations from which it has driven nearly every competitor. No witness appeared to prove its power over railroad and transportation companies and to wring from already impoverished lines better terms than other shippers except such as might be drawn from the admission of its officers, made with hesitation, that this wealth and the amount of its business enabled it to obtain better terms than its poorer competitors.

A Federal Investigation Follows That of the State

The New York Senate made its investigation of trusts in February, 1888. In March the Committee on Manufactures of the House of Representatives began a similar inquiry. This committee, like the earlier one, made the Standard its principal subject. Fully 1,000 pages of a report of 1,500 pages are devoted to Mr. Rockefeller's creation — five times the space given to the Sugar Trust, ten times that given to the Whisky Trust. The testimony was wide in range. Indeed, from this volume alone, a pretty complete history of the Standard Oil Company up to 1888 could be written. Here are found the South Improvement Company charter and contracts in full. Here is Mr. Cassatt's testimony, taken in the case of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania *vs.* the Pennsylvania Railroad, showing the character of the rebates the Standard combination was able to secure from the railroads at that time. Here is a partial history of the growth of the Standard pipe-lines. Many personal histories of refiners driven out of business by the conditions brought about by railroad discriminations; full accounts of the war of the producing element on the Standard; all of the testimony in the Buffalo case, where two refiners were found guilty of conspiring to ruin an independent refining concern; the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the cases of George Rice; and much interesting explanation of various other matters by leading Standard Oil officials appear in the report.

A Discrepancy in Testimony

Mr. Rockefeller was on the stand, and one item of his testimony affords a curious comparison. On the 28th of February, when before the New York Senate committee, Mr. Rockefeller was asked if he was not a member of the South Improvement Company.

"I was not," he replied.

On the 30th of the April following, when before the House committee, the following colloquy took place:

Q. I want the names particularly of gentlemen who either now or in the past have been interested with you gentlemen who were in the South Improvement Company?

A. I think they were O. T. Waring, W. P. Logan, John Logan, W. G. Warden, O. H. Payne, H. M. Flagler, William Rockefeller, J. A. Bostwick, and — *myself*.

An Organization Too Subtle for the Law

Full as the testimony on the Standard Oil Trust gathered by the Federal committee of 1888 is, its report touched but one point, and that was its organization. To the committee it seemed that the agreement under which the trust operated was such as to make it exempt from the anti-trust legislation which was then contemplated by Congress. The legislation proposed was directed against "combinations to fix the price or regulate the production of merchandise or commerce." Now a mass of testimony had been presented showing that, from the starting point of the Standard's history with the South Improvement Company, its aim has been to regulate the output of refined oil so as to fix the price, but this testimony, the committee saw clearly enough, did not apply to the trust which it was investigating. For — so swore the trustees — they had nothing to do with the business operations of the separate concerns. They simply held the stock of the various corporations, exercised their right as stockholders, received and distributed the dividends. Each company did its own business in its own way. The trustees were not responsible for it. There was something humorous to those familiar with the oil world, in the idea of J. D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, J. D. Archbold, Henry H. Rogers,

Charles Pratt, H. M. Flagler, Benjamin Brewster, W. H. Tilford, and O. B. Jennings, having nothing to do, as trustees of the Standard Oil Trust, but to receive and divide dividends, engrossing and interesting a task as that undoubtedly was. But, as a matter of fact, nothing else could be settled on them by anything in the testimony. For instance, in 1887 there was an alliance formed between the Oil Producers' Protective Association and the Standard for limiting the production of crude oil (a movement of which we shall hear more later). This certainly was in restraint of trade. But, on examination, the committee found the contract had been signed by the Standard Oil Company of New York. The trustees had nothing to do with it! Taking up, point by point, the conditions of which the oil producers complained, not one of them could be fixed on the trust. It had made no agreements, signed no contracts, kept no books. It had no legal existence. It was a force powerful as gravitation and as intangible. You could argue its existence from its effects, but you could never prove it. You could no more grasp it than you could an eel. Certainly the Committee on Manufactures was justified in confining its report to pointing out the fact that the Standard Oil Trust agreement was a shrewd and slippery device for evading responsibility.

And there the investigations of 1888 ended. There had been much noise over them, and for what good? So asked the discontented oil public. It simply had secured the form of an agreement which could no more be touched by legislation than human greed. It was characteristic that the oil public, intent on immediate remedies, should be discouraged. If they had applied to their cause the same patience and foresight Mr. Rockefeller did to his, they would have realized that, as a matter of fact, a respectable first step had been taken towards their real goal, a goal which has not by any means been reached — that is, a legal form of organization for corporations doing interstate business which would forbid their accepting special privileges, would restrain their power to restrict trade, and would subject them to a system of inspection which would enable the public to know promptly if they were securing special privileges or were restricting trade. This first step was in securing the famous trust agreement. That was now in the hands of people given to thinking about things and something came of it, even more quickly than the philosophical observer of public events might expect, and in this wise:

A Good Public Servant's Discovery

In 1887, there was elected to the attorney-generalship of Ohio, a lawyer, something under forty years of age, named David K. Watson. Two years later Mr. Watson was a candidate for reëlection. One day, while busy with his campaign, he came out of his office in the State-house on the public square in Columbus, and crossing the street, stopped, as he often did, at a book-shop to look over new publications. He happened there on a small yellow leatherette volume entitled "Trusts." It was written by William W. Cook, of the New York bar, and cost fifty cents. Mr. Watson bought the book and spent the evening reading it. At the end he found the Standard Oil Trust agreement. It was the first time he had ever seen it. He read it carefully and saw at once that, if it was a bona fide agreement, the Standard Oil Company of Ohio was and had been for seven years violating the laws of the State of Ohio by taking the affairs of the company from the directors and placing them in the hands of trustees, nearly all of whom were non-residents of the State. Mr. Watson knew on the instant that, if this were a bona fide agreement and he were reëlected Attorney-General of Ohio, it would be his duty to bring an action against the Standard Oil Company of the State. He laid the little book away until he knew the result of the election.

A few weeks later Mr. Watson was reëlected Attorney-General. He at once began a search into the authenticity of the documents in Mr. Cook's little volume. He sent for the reports of the investigations by the committees of the New York Senate and of Congress. He read the testimony word for word. But he still doubted the correctness of the document, fearing that, even if it were in the main correct, there might be some loophole by which the Standard Oil Company could escape. Now, in reading the report of the House investigations, Mr. Watson had been particularly impressed with the clearness and directness of the questions put by one of the members of the investigating committee,

Mr. Buchanan, of New Jersey. He accordingly went to Washington, inquired from a friend if Mr. Buchanan could be relied upon, and, receiving the assurance of his high character, sought an interview with him. "Was the Standard trust agreement as published in the committee's report *bona fide?*" was the inquiry. "Yes," said Mr. Buchanan. "But why do you ask?" "Because if it is," replied Mr. Watson, "I believe the Standard Oil Company of Ohio has violated the laws of the State, and on my return to Columbus I shall file an action in *quo warranto* against it in the Supreme Court of the State."

"You would not *dare* do that, would you?" exclaimed Mr. Buchanan.

The Ingenuousness of Youth

"I was young then," Mr. Watson told the writer in describing this interview, "and I supposed it was expected of a public officer to perform his duty. So I explained to Mr. Buchanan that there was a statute in Ohio which required an attorney-general to bring suit against any corporation which he had reason to believe was violating the laws of the State; that I had no personal feeling against the Standard Oil Company, but I meant to enforce the law against it as I would against any other company which I believed to be violating the law."

"I admire your courage," said Mr. Buchanan, "but I would not do it."

On May 8, 1890, Mr. Watson filed his petition in the Supreme Court of Ohio.*

Mr. Watson's Attack

The petition averred that, in violation of the law of Ohio, the Standard Oil Company had entered into an agreement by which it had transferred 34,993 shares out of 35,000 to the trustees of the Standard Oil Trust, most of whom were non-residents of the State; that it was these trustees who chose the board of directors of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, and directed its policy, and prayed that, on account of this violation of law, the company should be "adjudged to have forfeited and surrendered its corporate rights, privileges, powers, and franchises, and that it be ousted and excluded therefrom, and that it be dissolved."

* The full style of the case was: the State of Ohio on the relation of David K. Watson, attorney-general, plaintiff, against the Standard Oil Company, defendant.

The Standard Oil's Open Answer

The petition came on the trust like a thunderbolt. There had been already more or less erratic and ill-advised anti-trust legislation in various States, but it had been framed in ignorance of the actual organization of the trust, and carried out with a crude notion that the trust, in spite of the fact that it was already thoroughly intrenched in the business life of the country, could be destroyed by a hostile act of a legislature. Mr. Watson's suit was something very different. It was an application of recognized laws to admitted facts. It brought the Standard Oil Company face to face with several legal propositions it did not like to meet. After a long delay an answer was filed by the Standard. To Mr. Watson's joy, the one thing he feared — the denial of the correctness of the agreement — made no part of this answer. It admitted the agreement, but it denied that the Standard Oil Company of Ohio was a party to it. The agreement was signed by the individual stockholders of the Standard Oil Company, not by the company in its corporate capacity. The Standard Oil Company of Ohio had nothing to do with the Standard Oil Trust. True, certain of its stockholders had turned over their stock to the nine trustees, but the company did its business as before, discharging all its duties as its charter required. This was the essential point of the defendant's answer. This, and the claim that if the court should hold that the action of the stockholders, in becoming parties to the agreement in their individual capacity, was a corporate act of the Standard Oil Company, even then the charter should not be forfeited, since the law barred an act committed more than five years before a petition was filed.

Anticipating that the trust would get together a strong array of counsel to defend its attacked member, Mr. Watson retained his personal and professional friend, Hon. John W. Warrington, an eminent lawyer of Cincinnati, to assist him. They were opposed by Joseph H. Choate, S. C. T. Dodd, and Virgil P. Kline of Cleveland.

The Standard Oil's More Subtle Answer

But, while the preparation for the argument of the case was going on, the courageous young Attorney-General was beset

on all sides for an explanation. *Why* had he brought the suit? What was the influence which had controlled him? Men in power took him aside to question him, incapable, evidently, of believing that an attorney-general could be produced in Ohio who would bring a suit solely because he believed it was his duty. Some suggested that some big interest, hostile to the Standard, was behind him; others said the suit was suggested by Senator Sherman, then interested in his anti-trust bill. Along with this speculation came the strong and subtle restraining pressure a great corporation is sure to exert when its ambitions are interfered with. From all sides came powerful persuasion that the suit be dropped. Mr. Watson has never made public the details of this influence, and but one bit of documentary proof of its existence ever reached the public — that came out without the knowledge or consent of Mr. Watson, seven years after the suit was brought. It is interesting enough as evidence of the character of the pressure Mr. Rockefeller can set in motion when he will. Among Mr. Rockefeller's Ohio friends was the Hon. Marcus A. Hanna, who was even then a strong factor in the Republican party of the State. A few months after the suit was brought he wrote Mr. Watson a letter of remonstrance. This letter has never been published in an authentic form, but the answer to it was found by an energetic newspaper man in 1897, when Mr. Hanna was running for the United States Senate, and it shows sufficiently the character of Mr. Hanna's communication.

December 13, 1890.

Hon. MARK HANNA, Cleveland, Ohio.

My Dear Sir: — Your communication of the 21st ult. came to hand. The delay in answering it has been caused largely by my being ill for several days. I did not intend that bringing the action to which you refer in your letter should be an attack on my part on "organized capital," for I am aware that great business transactions require the union and concentration of moneyed interests and fully appreciate what has been done in that direction, yet I cannot but feel that I am justified in bringing the suit against the Standard Oil Company, and believe that there are many things relating to the case which, if you understand, would cause you to entertain different views concerning it and my relation to it. Let me impress one thing on you with special particularity, and you may depend absolutely on its truthfulness. Senator Sherman never suggested or encouraged this suit, either directly or indirectly. This must be understood in its broadest sense. The report probably arose from the fact that the action was brought shortly after the Senator made his great speech in support of his anti-trust bill. You will hardly receive my statement with favor, I fear, but I am alone responsible for the action. No one encouraged me to bring it or knew that it would be brought until I determined to do so, and it is unfair to other persons to charge them with suggesting it or encouraging it. With the highest appreciation of your personal friendship, I am, with great respect,

Truly yours,

DAVID K. WATSON.

Mr. Watson Undismayed

Whatever the pressure Mr. Watson encountered, it had no effect on his purpose. He quietly went ahead, presented his brief, and, when the time came, he and Mr. Warrington argued the case.* Mr. Joseph H. Choate appeared for the defense. The most eminent lawyer in the country, his argument must have been anxiously awaited by Mr. Watson. Curiously enough, as it seems to the non-legal mind, Mr. Choate began his plea by a *prayer for mercy*. Whatever the sins of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, pleaded Mr. Choate, do not take away its charter. Mr. Choate then proceeded with a strong argument in which he claimed "absolute innocence and absolute merit for everything we have done within the scope of the matters brought before the court by these pleadings."

* The following propositions from the brief presented by Mr. Watson and Mr. Warrington show tersely the line of their argument:

Where the manifest object of an agreement is to unite corporations, partnerships and individuals into, or include them in a common enterprise, and control them through an agency unknown to the law of their creation, and all the officers, directors, and stockholders of such corporations sign the agreement, and, in furtherance of its provisions, transfer their stock to such agency, permit the corporate executive agencies to make such transfers on the corporate books, submit without objection to the domination of the agency to which the stock is so transferred in the selection of directors and officers, and in the management of the corporate affairs and business, suffer the corporate earnings to go to such agency and be placed and mingled with the earnings of the other parties in the combination so created, and, after deductions for uses of the combination, be divided as part of such common earnings among the persons interested, in such case the corporations become and are — or at least will be treated by the courts as — parties to such agreement and actors in its performance, although their corporate names are withheld therefrom. "Such proceedings constitute actual corporate conduct, if not formal corporate action, on the part of each corporation."

An agreement is in violation of law and void, which in effect creates a partnership between corporations, or where its probable operation and effect — much more where its inevitable tendency — is to create a substantial monopoly, or is in restraint of trade or otherwise injurious to the public.

Where a corporation, either directly or indirectly, submits to the domination of an agency unknown to the statute, or identifies itself with and unites in carrying out an agreement whose performance is injurious to the public, it thereby offends against the law of its creation and forfeits all rights to its franchises, and judgment of ouster should be entered against it.

Even if the statute which prescribes a time within which an action against a corporation for forfeiture of its charter shall be commenced, be applicable to a case of this kind, yet, where the offenses or acts committed or omitted by a corporation for which forfeiture of its charter is sought at the suit of the State, are concealed, or are of such character as to conceal themselves, such offenses and acts as against the State are frauds, and such statute does not begin to run until the frauds are discovered.

The Court Decides Against the Standard

The argument did not convince the court of the innocence of the Standard in the questions at issue. The court showed, out of the mouth of the trust agreement itself, that the Standard Oil Company of Ohio was "managed in the interest of the Standard Oil Trust — irrespective of what might be its duties to the people of the State from which it derives its corporate life." The court gave as its opinion that an act of a majority of the stockholders of a corporation affects the property of a company in the same way that a resolution by the board of directors affects it. "By this agreement," said the court, "indirectly, it is true, but none the less effectually, the defendant is controlled and managed by the Standard Oil Trust, an association with its principal place of business in New York City, and organized for a purpose contrary to the policy of our laws. Its object was to establish a virtual monopoly of the business of producing petroleum, and of manufacturing, refining, and dealing in it and all its products, throughout the entire country, and by which it might not merely control the production, but the price, at its pleasure. All such associations are contrary to the policy of our State and void.

. . . . . .

"Much has been said in favor of the objects of the Standard Oil Trust and what it has accomplished. It may be true that it has improved the quality and cheapened the costs of petroleum and its products to the consumer. But such is not one of the usual or general results of a monopoly; and it is the policy of the law to regard, not what may, but what usually happens. Experience shows that it is not wise to trust human cupidity where it has the opportunity to aggrandize itself at the expense of others. The claim of having cheapened the price to the consumer is the usual pretext on which monopolies of this kind are defended."

The Company Enjoined from Merging into the Trust

From all this the court decided the Standard Oil Company deserved punishment. The charter was not taken away — the statute of limitations being advanced as a reason for this leniency, although, as Mr. Watson and Mr. Warrington showed, the statute of limitations could hardly be pleaded in this case, when the State had been kept in ignorance by the concealment of the agreement. The company was allowed to live, but it was ousted from the privilege of entering into the trust agreement, from the power of recognizing the transfer of the stock, and from the power of permitting the trustees to control its affairs. It was also ordered to pay the costs of the action.

The judgment of the court was not rendered until March 2, 1892, almost two years after the filing of the petition. As soon as it was received Virgil P. Kline, the chief counsel of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, went to New York for consultation with the trustees. Five days later he wrote to Judge Spear, the Chief Justice of the Ohio Supreme Court, saying:

Good Intentions with a But

"Decisive steps will be taken at once, not only to release the Standard Oil Company from any relations to the trust, but to terminate the entire trust." But there were "practical difficulties" in the task. The company pleaded for a "temporary recognition," and he asked an interview where he could explain the situation. This was granted, and, on the 16th of March, Mr. Kline explained to the Judges in Chambers, to Mr. Watson, and to his successor in office, the situation of the company. The trustees had all but seven shares of its stock. Trust certificates had been issued for these ten years before. The Standard Oil Company did not know who held these certificates, and could only know through the trustees, therefore the trust certificates must be transferred back, the owners hunted up, and each one induced to make an exchange. A system must be devised for doing this. Anybody could see this would take time. The court was friendly in the matter, and Chief Justice Spear gave to Mr. Kline an informal note granting an extension. "The court is not disposed to change its order at this time," the Chief Justice wrote, "but, so long as those in control appear to be engaged, as now, in an honest effort to dissever the relations of the company with the trust, and liquidate and wind up the affairs of the trust, the court will not be disposed to interfere." Thus time was gained.

While Mr. Kline was securing time, the trustees were pushing a liquidation scheme. On March 11th the following notice was mailed to all holders of Standard Oil Trust certificates, and was published in a newspaper in each State where a Standard Oil Company had been organized:

NOTICE.

A special meeting of the holders of Standard Oil Trust Certificates will be held at the office of the trust, No. 26 Broadway, in the City of New York, on Monday, March 21, 1892, at 11 o'clock A.M., for the purpose of voting upon a resolution to terminate the trust agreement, in accordance with the terms of said agreement, and to take such further action as may be thereby rendered necessary.

H. M. FLAGLER, *Secretary.*

The Plan for Liquidation

The meeting was held as called. Mr. Rockefeller was in the chair, and Mr. Dodd, who had drawn the trust agreement, now presented the resolution which was to dissolve it. The remarks with which Mr. Dodd introduced his resolution denied every point which the courts had charged against the combination.*

It is probable that Mr. Dodd had foreseen from the first just such an attack on his agreement as had come, for he had put in the instrument a paragraph providing for a dissolution, and it was in accordance with that article that the trust was now dissolved. The trustees were to continue to exist — under a new name: "liquidating trustees." The property they had to take care of was vastly in excess of what it had been ten years before. Then the capital of the 39 constituent companies was $70,000,000. These companies had been combined until they had been reduced to 20, and their combined capital was now $102,233,700. Property of about $20,000,000 in excess of the capital was held by the trustees. Mr. Dodd's resolution provided for the division of this property, and for the transfer of the trust certificates back to the corporations to which they belonged. The individual holders of the trust certificates were to get in exchange a proportionate share in each of the 20 companies. "*A* will not get stock in one corporation and *B* in another, each will get his due proportion in the stocks of all," said Mr. Dodd. All of this change would make no difference with the management of affairs. Mr. Dodd assured the stockholders: "Your interests will be the same as now. The various corporations will continue to do the same business as heretofore, and your proportions of the earnings will not be changed."

A Dissolution that Does Not Dissolve

The trustees went about liquidation at once, but it was not until the following November that the immense number of certificates held by them were exchanged. The process followed can be easily illustrated by Mr. Rockefeller's case. When the trust was ordered dissolved Mr. Rockefeller held 256,854 of the 972,500 shares of Standard Oil Trust which were out. He turned over to an attorney an assignment of this amount, with instructions to secure from each of 20 companies in the trust stock certificates for the portion belonging to him. The corporate stocks were turned over to Mr. Rockefeller, and the assignment

* "Something over ten years ago a few individuals owning stocks in a number of corporations, engaged in transporting and refining oil, entered into an agreement by which their stocks were placed in the hands of trustees, and certificates were issued by said trustees showing the amount of each owner's equitable interest in the stocks so held in trust. This was not done in order to vest the voting power in the hands of a few persons, because the persons chosen as trustees then held, and always have held, the voting power by virtue of their absolute ownership of a majority of the stocks. It was not done to reduce competition, because the companies whose stocks were placed in trust were not competing companies, and could not be so long as their stocks were owned by these few persons. It was not done to limit production or to increase prices, but, on the contrary, was done to increase production, cheapen cost of manufacture, and to lower prices, and it has been successful in that object far beyond the anticipations of those who originated the plan. It was called a trust, because it was a trust in the sense in which the word was then understood. It vested a fiduciary obligation in a few for the benefit of many, and the trustees thus created have faithfully observed the trust confided in them.

"Other persons, however, found this trust plan a convenient one, and it is alleged that it has been adopted for and adapted to purposes quite different from those which actuated the framers of this trust. Whether these allegations be true or false, it is true that a trust is now defined to be a combination to suppress competition, and to reduce production, and to increase prices. Public opinion has not unwisely been aroused against combinations for such purposes, and legislation of more or less severity, and rather more or less peculiarity, has been directed against them in seventeen or eighteen States of the Union. All such arrangements are now miscalled trusts, and all trusts are popularly supposed to partake of the same nature. For this reason, if for no other, it should be seriously considered whether this trust should not be terminated. So long as it exists, misconception of its purposes will exist.

"But another reason exists which seems to make it desirable to dissolve this trust. Some two years ago a *quo warranto*, issued in the name of the State of Ohio against the Standard Oil Company, a corporation of the State of Ohio, setting forth this trust agreement and alleging that that corporation, by becoming a party thereto, had done an act beyond its power, and thereby had forfeited its charter. The defendant corporation denied that it was a party to the agreement, and alleged that the agreement was on its face, and plainly, an agreement only between individuals, owners of corporate stocks, relating to their personal property, and was neither made by the corporation nor for the corporation. The court, however, held that the agreement was a corporate agreement, and decreed, among other things, that the corporation must cease to permit trustees to vote upon stocks held in trust.

"As this agreement was not entered into as a corporate agreement, and as this decision gives it an effect quite different from the intent of the parties who entered into it, it seems better to end it."

of certificate, a properly framed and numbered document, was turned over to the liquidating trustees. This assignment of legal title, for all practical purposes, was the same thing as the trust certificate. It enabled the trustees to collect dividends from the various companies and pay them just as they had before.

At the end of the first year after the dissolution of the trust, 477,881 shares were uncancelled. At the end of the second year it was the same; at the end of the third 477,881 were still out. At the end of the fourth 477,881. The dissolution of the trust seemed to have come to a standstill. Mr. Dodd was right; things were going on as they did before dividends were issued, exactly as before. Nor was there any indication of an intention on the part of the liquidating trustees to change this state of things.

Some of the Humor of the Situation

There began to be comments on it, for curious complications rose — one over taxes. In 1893 an auditor in Ohio tried to collect taxes on 225 shares in the Standard Oil Trust. The owner refused to pay and took the case into court. He won it. The Standard Oil Trust is an unlawful organization, said the court. Its certificates have no validity. It would seem strange that a certificate which was void to all purpose would still be valid as to taxable purposes. Here was an anomaly indeed. The certificates were drawing big quarterly dividends, had a big market value, but were illegal.

Owners of small certificates naturally refused to exchange. In 1897 it took 194½ shares in the Standard Oil Trust to bring back one share in each of the 20 companies. Thus one share in the Standard Oil Company of Ohio was worth 27 shares in the Standard Oil Trust. If a man owned 25 shares he got only fractional parts of a share in each company. On these fractional parts he received no dividends, it not being considered practical to consider such small sums. To raise his 25 shares to 194, and so secure dividends, took a good sum of money, since Standard Oil Trust shares were worth at least 340 then. But why should he trouble? He received his quarterly dividends promptly, and they were large! The trustees were not pushing him to liquidate. Besides, it was doubtful if they could do anything. Mr. Joseph Choate said they could not. On May 3, 1894, before the Attorney-General of New York, in an application for the forfeiture of the charter of the Standard Oil Company of New York, Mr. Choate said:

"I happen to own 100 shares in the Standard Oil Trust, and I have never gone forward and claimed my aliquot share. Why not? Because I would get ten in one company and ten in another company, and two and three-fifths in another company.

"There is no power that this company can exercise to compel me and other indifferent certificate holders, if you please, to come forward and convert our trust certificates."

George Rice Again to the Fore

If there was a way, the trustees were indifferent to it. They evidently were contented to let things alone. It is quite possible that they would have been holding to-day 477,881 uncancelled shares of Standard Oil Trust if it had not been for the irrepressible Mr. George Rice. Since October, 1892, Mr. Rice had held a Standard Oil Trust certificate for six shares. He had never cancelled it. He had received no invitation to do so. He received his dividends regularly on it. Later, he purchased one share, called "assignment of legal title" — the new form given the trust certificate — and on this he received dividends, exactly as on the original trust certificate. Finally Mr. Rice made up his mind, without knowing any of the facts of the liquidation outlined above, that there was no intention to carry out the dissolution, that some means of evasion had been devised, and he proposed to find out what it was.

To do this he transferred his assignment of legal title to an agent with the order to liquidate it. A long correspondence followed between Mr. Kemper, Mr. Rice's agent, and Mr. Dodd, who objected to making the transfer on the ground that it cut the share into a "multitude of almost infinitesimal fractions of corporate shares." They were obviating this difficulty, Mr. Dodd said, by purchasing certificates calling for one or a few shares and uniting them until sufficient were had by one party to call for the issue of full corporate shares. Mr. Kemper insisted, however. and finally

received scrip for his share. "Infinitesimal" it was, indeed, $\frac{50000}{972500}$ of one share in one company, $\frac{100000}{972500}$ of one share in another, and so on through nineteen constituent companies.

The Dissolution Takes on Aspect of Long-Headed Reorganization

Arguing from these experiences and what else he could gather, Mr. Rice decided that the trust was not dissolved and had no intention of it. Furthermore, he argued that the scheme was one to entice the small shareholders to sell their shares and thus enable the trustees to increase their holdings! And he sought legal counsel in Ohio as to the possibility of bringing suit against the Standard Oil Company of Ohio for failing to obey the court's orders in March, 1892. The attorneys, one of whom was Mr. Watson, advised Mr. Rice to lay his facts before the Attorney-General of the State, Frank S. Monnett. Like Mr. Watson, when he brought his suit, Mr. Monnett was young and held firmly to the belief that the business of an attorney-general is to enforce the laws. The facts Mr. Rice and his counsel laid before him seemed to him to indicate that the Standard Oil Company of Ohio had taken advantage of the leniency of the court in allowing it time to disentangle itself from the trust and had devised a skilful plan to evade the judgment pronounced against it five years before. He asked Mr. Rice and his attorneys to go with him and lay the case before the judges of the Supreme Court in Chambers and ask if it did not justify proceedings against the company. The judges agreed with the Attorney-General and ordered him to bring the company before the court for contempt. Information was filed in November, 1897. The suit which followed proved one of the most sensational ever instituted against the Standard Oil combination.

A Sudden and Wonderful Alacrity in Liquidation

The first substantial point gained by the Attorney-General in the proceedings, was securing answers to a long series of questions concerning the history of the operations of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, both within and without the trust. These answers were made by the president of that company, who was at the same time the president of the trust, Mr. J. D. Rockefeller. They furnish a mass of facts of value and interest, and they include the minutes of the meeting at which the trust was dissolved on March 11, 1892, as well as the minutes of all the quarterly meetings the liquidating trustees held from 1892 to October, 1897. It was from the information obtained from this set of questions that Mr. Monnett secured proof that the liquidation scheme had been held up, as Mr. Rice claimed. The minutes showed, as related above, that from November, 1892, to March, 1896, 477,881 shares were reported every three months to the trustees as uncancelled. In July, 1896, the number fell suddenly to 477,880. Mr. George Rice had succeeded in having his assignment of legal title liquidated! Mr. Monnett learned from the result of this inquiry another suggestive fact that, while only one share was cancelled in the five years *before* the contempt proceedings were brought, that in the first three months *after*, 100,583 shares were cancelled!

A Thorough Examination Begun

It took Mr. Monnett some six months to secure the answers from Mr. Rockefeller, but his information was still incomplete, and he asked the court to appoint a Master Commissioner, with power to examine the officers, affairs, and books of the Standard, to take testimony within or without the State, and to report. This was done, the commissioner holding his first court at the New Amsterdam Hotel, in New York, on October 11 and 12, 1898. Mr. Rockefeller was the only witness examined at the sessions, and his deliberation and self-control, his almost detached attitude, as a witness, were the subject of remark by more than one observer. He answered no question promptly. He had the air of reflecting always before he spoke. He consulted frequently with his counsel. His counsel, his colleagues who were present, the counsel of the prosecution, were sometimes irate, never Mr. Rockefeller. From beginning to end he was the soul of self-possession. His only sign of impatience — if it was impatience — was an incessant slight tapping of the arm of his chair with his white slender fingers.

The outcome of this examination of Mr. Rockefeller was, that Mr. Monnett and his colleagues called for those books of the trust which would show exactly how the

original trust certificates had been liquidated. It was then that the copies of the transfers of Mr. Rockefeller's trust certificates and of his assignments of legal title referred to above were obtained. Although Mr. Monnett had added to his knowledge of the Standard's operations between 1892 and 1898, he was not yet convinced that the Standard Oil Company of Ohio was conducting its own business. He had found that, in spite of the order of the court in 1892, 13,593 shares of that company's stock were still outstanding in trust certificates. He knew these certificates drew dividends. Was the company paying money directly or indirectly to the liquidating trustees? They said no, that they had been paying no dividends since 1892, that the money paid the holders of trust certificates came from the other 19 companies, that all their earnings had been used in improving their plant, or were invested in Government bonds. Besides, said they, we are not the thrifty concern we used to be. Mr. Monnett demanded proof from their books. The secretary of the company, on advice of his counsel, Virgil P. Kline, refused to produce the books asked for, on the ground that they would incriminate the company. The court supported Mr. Monnett, and ordered the company to produce those of their records showing the gross earnings since 1892, and what had been done with them. The order met with a second refusal.

Burned Books Tell No Tale

Such was the status of the proceedings when Mr. Monnett received an anonymous communication stating that, about the time the company was ordered by the court to produce its records, a great quantity of books had been taken from the Standard's office in Cleveland and burned. An investigation was at once made by the Attorney-General, and a number of witnesses examined. The fact of the burning of sixteen boxes of books from the Standard offices in Cleveland was established, but these books, the officers of the company contended, were not the ones wanted by Mr. Monnett. "Then produce the ones we want," ordered the court. But, on the ground that such records might incriminate them, the officers still refused.

The fact was, the Standard Oil Company of Ohio was in a very tight place, and it is difficult to see how an examination of their books could have failed to incriminate, not only them but three other of the constituent companies of the trust which held charters from the State. These three companies were the Ohio Oil Company, which produced oil; the Buckeye Pipe Line, which transported it; and the Solar Refining Company, which refined it. Mr. Monnett had learned enough about these organizations in course of his investigations since November, 1897, to convince him that these companies — all of them enormously profitable — were, for all practical purposes, one and the same combination, and that they were all working with the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, and that their operations were in direct violation of a State anti-trust law recently passed. As soon as he had sufficient evidence he had filed petitions against all four of them. Now, these petitions were filed about the time he demanded the books showing the earnings of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, for use in his contempt case. It was the old story of one suit being used as a shield in another. A witness cannot be made to incriminate himself.*

Out of a Tight Place

All through the winter of 1898 and 1899 up to the end of March, when the commission declared the taking of testimony closed, the wrangle over the production of the books went on. Depositions had begun to be taken at the same time in the cases against the constituent companies for violation of the anti-trust laws, and by the time the contempt case was closed in March, 1899, the exasperation of both sides had reached fever pitch. Nor did the judgment of the court quiet it, for three judges voted for finding the company guilty of contempt and three for clearing them.

* The reasons F. B. Squire, the secretary of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, gave for refusing to produce the books as ordered by the court were as follows:

1st. Because they are demanded in an action instituted against the Standard Oil Company for contempt of court, and for the purpose of proving said company guilty of contempt in order that the penalties for contempt may be inflicted upon it and its officers; and I am informed that, to enforce their production in such a case and for such a purpose, is an unreasonable search and seizure.

2nd. Because the books disclose facts and circumstances which may be used against the Standard Oil Company, tending to prove it guilty of offenses made criminal by an act of the Legislature of Ohio, passed April 19, 1898, entitled "An act to define trusts and to provide for criminal penalties, civil damages, and the punishment of corporations," etc.

3rd. Because they disclose facts and circumstances which may be used against myself personally as an officer of said company, tending to prove me guilty of offenses made criminal by the act aforesaid.

Unsatisfactory as this was, Mr. Monnett still had his anti-trust suits, through which he expected and through which he did secure much further evidence that the four Standard Companies in Ohio were practically one concern so shrewdly and secretly handled that they were evading not only the laws of the State, but that policy of all States which decrees that it is unsafe to allow men to work together in industrial combinations without charters defining their privileges and subjecting them to reasonable examinations and publicity.

The Net Gain

Mr. Monnett's work on these suits came to an end with the expiration of his term in January, 1900, and the suits were dropped by his successor. Unfinished as they were, they were of the greatest value in dragging into the light information concerning the methods and operations of the Standard Oil combination to which the public has the right and which it must digest if it is to succeed in working out a legal harness for combinations which, like the Standard, demand freedom to do what they like and do it secretly. Light and knowledge, then, were the chief public gains from the investigations of 1888 and the Ohio suits which were the logical outcome of those investigations. But definite practical gains resulted. Mr. Watson's suit drove the trust to begin liquidation — Mr. Monnett's suit drove it to continue liquidation and to seek the new form under which it now professes to be operating. The investigations and the suits did something more. They gave the independent oil men of Northwestern Pennsylvania information and encouragement to aid them in a struggle they were carrying on against the Standard during the whole period of the litigation described in this article, and it is to this struggle we must now turn our attention.

(To be continued)

THE LITTLE FAT FIDDLER

BY

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF "SUCH AS WALK IN DARKNESS"

DOLPH was his name. By night he played second violin in the Charivari Theater. By day he carved delicate fantasies in miniature from wood or bone. These he sold at satisfactory prices, for his thick fingers held the cunning of the genuine artist. He possessed a pair of twinkling blue eyes, a sturdy and graceless figure, and an imperishable enthusiasm for all things and people of the stage. The passion of his life was "the profession." Ambition had, for him, no other meaning.

"But it iss not for me, the actor's life," he would sigh, in his careful German-English, which, in moments of excitement, was prone to revert to ill-Anglicized German. "I have tried it all. Tragedy — and they laugh. Comedy — and they look, oh, so sad! Even the acrobatics — for I have been a performer of my Turn Verein. The tumble-tricks I could do, yes. But I am clumsy. No engagement anywhere. So I play in the orchestra. It iss next-best."

On his principle of "next-best," Dolph lived in a theatrical boarding-house, though his means and his friends called him to one of the lesser German clubs. To this house, at the opening of the holiday season, came certain members of Benny Hughes's "Gus and the Goblin" company. Then and there Dolph ceased to diffuse the romance of his nature abroad through the dramatic firma-

ment, and concentrated it upon one of the lesser lights, Maida.

Maida was the "Flying Fay" of Benny Hughes's troupe. Her first flight (via invisible wire) from the center of the Charivari balcony to the stage, in a fluff of gauze, from which she waved a starred scepter, brought Dolph's heart into his mouth. That impressionable organ never so far returned to its proper location but that each fresh sight of Maida called it up again. As for the imperious fairy, she might never have identified the second violin of the orchestra with the plump little ground-floor lodger of the boarding-house, who had once or twice greeted her in the hallways with a respectfully admiring bow, but for an after-theater incident in the Christmas week run. In some way she had missed the wardrobe woman, who was "mother" to the unattached girls of the company, and had come out alone after the performance. A little after her came Dolph. At the corner she met three young men, two of whom promptly removed silk hats and made profound obeisance.

To say that Maida was alarmed would be to do her an injustice. In many respects she was old for her nineteen years, notably in the stage woman's confident ability to take care of herself. Wisely she refrained from speech, which would have been to invite sprightly retort, and set her eyes and footsteps firmly forward.

"Don't hurry. Stop and be sociable," invited one of the men, stepping unsteadily in front of her.

Maida lifted her face and looked him in the eye.

"Why, it's the little fairy queen. This *is* luck!" exclaimed the second man, a little thickly. "Come and have some honey-dew and ambrosia in Rector's well-and-favorably-known elfin bower, Titania."

He lurched hospitably forward, and lurched back again as a low-set, plump shoulder interposed between the girl and himself.

"Ex-*cuce* me, gentlemen," said Dolph, in tones of mild remonstrance. "You make a small mistake. She iss a *good* girl." The little musician had a frank way of going direct to the heart of matters that was a trifle disconcerting at times.

"What the devil is it to you if she is?" demanded the bumped one. "You aren't asked to this supper party, Dutchy."

"No? Well, I don't feel bad," said the other good-naturedly. He began to edge forward a little. "May I take you home, Miss?"

The man in front looked undecided. But his companion, after a moment's hesitancy, jolted heavily into the little German, so that he was forced over against the girl. With a sudden feeling of surprise and content she felt his coat sleeve tauten with the swell of a mighty muscle underneath.

"You go on, Miss," he said hastily. "Around the corner iss a police-officer, maybe."

"Are you going to fight all three of them?" she gasped in admiring alarm.

"No, Miss. I dassen't fight." Her admiration turned suddenly to disgust. "I holt them here till you get away."

But now the third man struck in. He seemed soberer than his friends. "Oh, here; let's quit this nonsense," he protested impatiently. "Can't you fellows see you've got the wrong girl?" He pulled away Dolph's assailant. "You'll pardon him, Miss — er Titania," he apologized to the girl. "The fact is, we've all been celebrating a little. Christmas eve, you know. And as we'll all be sorry for this to-morrow, we'll take time by the forelock and assure you of our repentance now."

"As for you, you Dutch turnip," put in the belligerent; "if it wasn't for the lady I'd make a mess of *you*."

But the turnip was already hustling Maida around the corner. No sooner had they turned than her pent-up wrath burst out upon poor, defenseless Dolph.

"And you call yourself a man!" she began, her eyes blazing.

"Yes, Miss; off course," replied the matter-of-fact Dolph.

"Oh, if I were only — why didn't you knock them down?" she cried, stamping her foot at him.

"Why — why — why, Miss," stammered Dolph, quite paralyzed by this attack. "If you want me, I might knock down one. But three — I don't know could I do it. Besides, I dassen't fight."

"Coward!" she said.

Dolph looked at her, and suddenly she found herself a little bit sorry.

"No; it iss not that, what you think," he said slowly. "It iss not that I am afraid. It iss that I must do what iss ordered."

"Ordered? Who ordered you not to fight? Your doctor?"

"No, Miss. I don't keep a doctor. My orchestra leader."

Her laughter rang out clear and high. "Am I a man or am I a mouse?" She trilled the line from the old vaudeville song gaily. Dolph smiled responsively.

"Once I get in a fight," he said. "I break a thumb. To play second violin one must have the thumb — two thumbs. My orchestra leader was mad. He said I should get in no more fights. 'What if my whole orchestra gets in fights!' he says to me. 'With broken thumbs how shall the music be played?' So I dassen't fight."

"Well, upon my word!" cried the girl, divided between astonishment and disdain; "I've never taken any orders from anybody since I grew up."

"Ah, with you it iss different," he replied somberly. "Nobody could give an order to you. You are the kind that one must ask — must beg. But for us others who are nothing, who do the little work, there is one thing only. Die Pflichttreue. How do you call it in English? The discipline; so. To do what iss ordered; that is best. That I learn in the German army."

"You were a soldier?" Her eyebrows were lifted.

"Sure, Miss. Off course. I was born in Germany. I got a honor medal from the army."

"For being the best disciplined man?" she mocked.

"No; it iss for being the best bugler in the corps," returned Dolph proudly.

"Did you play the 'retreat' best?" asked the scornful fay.

"Now you laugh at me," said he dubiously as they turned in at the boarding-house. "Good night, Miss Maida," he continued. "I am sorry you get frightened like that. You should not go out alone. Here in Chicago it iss not safe always. Could I — should you mind ——"

"I don't believe I was half as frightened as you were," she broke in. Then, with an impulse to kindliness: "But you did help me. And if you like you may bring me home to-morrow after the show."

It was a radiant Dolph who sat up half the night toiling over a block of ivory, which he had extravagantly bought against the coming of a Great Idea. The Great Idea had come. It was Maida.

That week saw them much together. The other girls of the company twitted Maida on her conquest, but there was no contempt in their teasing, for the sturdy little violinist, with his pleasant face, his cheery, clumsy, kindly manners, and a certain sense of reliable character that drew people to him, was held in warm regard. Conscience began to prick Maida. Dolph's devotion, a dog-like worship that asked no return, had become too evidently serious to be a thing of amusement to her, for she was an honest-hearted girl. And the worst of it was that she was strongly drawn to him; she might even have cared for him, she thought, but for that fatal flaw at the outset of their acquaintance. For no true woman can love a man who will not fight for her as best he may.

"Discipline," mocked Maida, deriding some new feeling that struggled within her. "'To do what iss ordered, that iss best.' Very well. I order you to keep out of my mind."

On the morning before New Year's day she peeped in at the door of Dolph's studio, as he called his little front room, and saw him gazing at a tiny white figure that stood on a table. Coming in, a-tiptoe, she stopped short, struck with the beauty of the lightly-poised elfin figure.

"How lovely!" She had spoken the half-whispered tribute involuntarily.

He turned his face, and she saw that there had been tears in his eyes.

"It is you," he said simply. "I call it Geistesfluegel — Spirit-wings. Soon they will bear you away from me, those wings of the spirit. And I, I shall not be able to follow your flight. But this — I keep. Nicht wahr?"

"Oh, it can't be me!" protested the girl, a little awed. "I never was like that. Did you do it all yourself? Why haven't you ever shown me — I didn't know — Do you always do such beautiful things?" she asked confusedly.

He smiled up at her. "Nothing like this before. It iss from my heart. Nothing like this again."

"Oh, but you must!" she cried impulsively. "You will be a great sculptor, and when I am a star I will come back and pose for you. I came in to tell you that this is my birthday," she continued with gay audacity, "and you must give me something you have sculped for a present."

"I have sculped much." He adopted the word trustingly. "You must take what you will. I shall be honored."

When they set out for the matinee she carried a quaint little ebony figure of a blind newsdealer, he his Spirit-wings, which he would always have with him now, like a devotee.

"I'm not coming on after the first act to-day," she told him. "Mr. Hughes is going to let me go out in front as a birthday treat. Will you look for me?"

"Sure, Miss Maida. Where will you be?"

"Balcony—center. Right near where I fly from. Back to the perch." She cocked her head, bird-wise, at him. "You must look up at me, and then you'll know you have a special audience and play your best."

"Always I do that," said Dolph, smiling. "To-day I do a little better."

"Is that discipline—with a big, big D?" she asked mischievously, nodding to him as they parted.

It was a crowded house over which the Flying Fay waved her wand, as Dolph's eyes followed her down the long, slow, graceful descent that afternoon. At the close of the act he hurried behind, hoping for a sight of her, but already she was on her way to her seat, and the little musician turned with a sigh to await the orchestra call. As the curtain rose on the "Ballet of the Sprites," in the second act, he could see her from the tail of his eye, looking very trim and slight in her street clothes, and viewing the scene with critical contemplation. Suddenly his attention was diverted by a flash from behind, and something went plop! like a pop-gun, up in the flies. Several of the sprites faltered in the dance, and looked upward anxiously. There was an uneasy stir in the audience. A languid phantasm of gray, gauzy smoke floated into Dolph's line of vision, just above the top of the curtain, and hung there—a portent. Out in the house the stir became a murmur, pregnant with panic. The orchestra began to play raggedly.

"Keep on dancing!" The order came, clear and emphatic, but in low tones, from the prompt stand just inside the right first entrance. Dolph recognized the voice of Benny Hughes, and all that was loyal in him responded to the accents of cool, ready mastery. "Drop your asbestos, curtain-man. Steady your orchestra, Dillon."

"Tap—tap—tap," sounded the imperative rebuke of the big musical director's baton.

"Steady it is," said he cheerily. "Play up, you tarriers. There's no danger."

As if in mockery of the words, a red tongue was swiftly thrust down, splitting the rear scene to half its depth. Smoke began to strangle the sprites. An end dancer dropped. Out shot the parti-colored arm of a goblin, seized upon her, and dragged her behind. Another fell and rolled silently out of view. From above, a stretch of canvas writhing in flame, floated down. The terrified girls on that side huddled away from it.

"Steady! steady!" The calm, assuring accents of the star carried plainly to where Dolph sat, though still restrained so that the audience might not hear. "Keep it up. Think of your house. Don't let 'em know in front you're scared. The asbestos'll be down in a minute. Keep on dancing."

As best they might, they danced. Some of the men had stepped in to fill the gaps left by the fainting girls. The tradition of "the perfesh" was holding good. But the stage hands, bound by no loyalty to their public, had bolted. And now the orchestra began to desert, the first violin in the van. Dillon caught Dolph's eager eye.

"Can you play first?" he asked.

"Sure, sir," said Dolph, and swung spiritedly into the familiar, trivial strain, followed only by the cornet and the snare-drum. By musical standards, a very peculiar trio, but it was doing the work. It still dominated the rising voice of the crowd. Moreover, it served as a barrier of sound between them and the now frantic tones of the star, cursing the stage hands.

"Where's the hound who runs that curtain? You dogs! You cowards! You slinking beasts! Get back to your places. What! You won't? You, Hall, get my revolver. In my dressing-room. Quick! I'll teach 'em—No; too late. The aisles are jamming. See if you can get the curtain down. I've got to go out or they'll break."

In his grotesque costume, as Hob the Goblin Prince, Benny Hughes strolled out from the right lower entrance. He was chewing a toothpick. His hands were in his pockets. The paint on his face was thickly streaked with the sweat of his

agony, but his expression was that of mildly pained surprise. He began to speak in high, cool, drawling tones; the long pauses between the sentences he filled with fiercely whispered orders to his troupe.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Don't go. At least don't hurry. I'm about to do my best little stunt. (*That right exit is bolted. Get to it, someone, quick.*) It's only a little disturbance. Nothing to spoil a good story — like the one I'm going to tell. (*Ballet dismissed. Get outside, girls. Don't stop for anything.*) A little smoke; that's all. (*For God's sake, can't you start that curtain?*) It'll soon be out. Then we'll *all* go out, easy and neat, without crowding, like the batter who caught his own pop-fly. (*Girls safe? Get down in front and keep 'em from breaking then.*) You see the orchestra is still earning its pay. (*Keep it up, Dillon, old man! We're holding 'em.*)

Of the musicians only Dolph and the leader were now left. A puff of smoke had choked off the cornet and scared out the drummer. Dillon stood, straight and easy, leading Dolph like a full orchestra and looking up into a fury of flame far overhead.

"Put your elbow in it, my boy," he cried exultantly. "That's the trick. The Irish and the Dutch! How can they beat us?"

The aisles were now filled with crowding women and crying children, and the murmur was rising to a clamor. A charred and blackened mass of canvas fell at the feet of Hughes. He kicked it contemptuously.

"So much for that," he remarked blithely to his audience. "All a bluff. But about the orchestra. It's a small orchestra, as you may notice, but a hard-working one. (*You little fat fiddler, if we ever get out of this, I'll give you a life job.*) And that brings me to my little story. (*It's coming now, Dillon! But we'll save most of 'em.*) A big German played bass-drum in a swell orchestra. In the middle of one of these soft, dreamy, cotton-batting passages — adagio, prestissimo, pianoforto, you know — he leaned over and looked at his score. Then he hit his big drum a big welt. (*Thank heaven, the asbestos is coming at last!*) The leader jumped him, jumped him good and hard. 'What did you do that for, you fool?' 'Ach,' says Hans, rubbering at his score again; 'he vas a fly but I played 'im.'"

"Ha-ha-ha-ha!" shrilled big Dillon, laughing loyally up into the face of death.

"Haw-haw-haw!" bellowed Dolph, without for an instant stopping his music, in faithful support of his leader.

Great is the reassuring power of mirth. In the jammed aisles was a swift relaxation. Some of the frightened people turned to see what the joke might be, and so, for a few seconds more, each to be counted in human lives, the impending rout was postponed. For as yet the worst of the fire was not visible from the orchestra seats; only those of "the profession" who had stuck to their posts fully realized the imminent doom.

Dolph knew. He had seen theater fires before, and once had helped to play an audience out with panic at their heels. To his simple, honest mind, it was part of what he was paid for. He glanced up at the descending asbestos curtain, and saw that it had caught in the middle, half-way down. Hughes, still coolly talking, was tearing at the ropes with bleeding fingers. In a flash Dolph realized the situation. Maida's wire was holding the curtain. The employee whose business it was to unfasten it had forgotten or neglected his duty. His glance followed along the thin thread of metal to the balcony — and fell on Maida wrenching frantically at the fastening.

"Mein Gott!" groaned the little German, and his bow-arm fell.

Dillon whirled on him. "What!" he cried. "*You're* never goin' to quit, old man!" He choked on the words, and Dolph saw him fighting the fumes away from his face. "Play something German, aus der Votterlant," he gasped, his tact and wit still with him. "Keep it up till this floor is clear. I'm — all — in. The smoke ——"

He toppled from his platform. The powerful little German heaved his chief down through the door that led beneath the stage, hoping that some one would find him in time. Then, catching up his instrument again, he faced about upon Maida and struck into the noble strains of the German battle song.

"*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!*" It rose, clear and splendid, an inspiration to courage, and all that was best in the girl responded to it.

He saw her tugging with frenzied grip at the anchor. Then the wire slackened and

tore through the girl's hands. Too late, for the cheap asbestos, which had saved the theater owners a few dollars, and was now taking its toll in human agony and death, had failed to resist the flames, doubled and folded as it was. Driven by the draught, a surge of fire licked out across the open space. There arose from the galleries a great shriek of dismay and despair; the voice of the panic at last. The abomination of terror was upon the people, turning them into hideous changelings, in whom all that was human was submerged in the brute struggle for survival. It hardly needed the agonizing cries from the staircases to tell Dolph that the harvest of death had begun. He saw Maida dart up the incline and recoil from a wave of wretches who hurled themselves hopelessly upon a living, shrieking barrier. Then she turned and ran quickly around the half-circle to the right end, which the flames had not yet reached. With the swift decision of the trained gymnast she leaped, caught a dangling rope, and swung herself to the stage flooring.

Dolph's heart cried out to go to her, to help her. But something within him, something more potent than fear, than horror, than love itself, held him to his trivial role. He must stand to the immediate duty before him, like Maida; like that heavy, sodden-looking Swede chorus singer down there in front, staggering blindly among the smoking seats, with two little children that he had caught up, clasped to his breast; like a scorched and pitiful goblin who was dragging an old, yelling woman toward safety, and strangling as he toiled; like the terrified sprites who had danced till the releasing order came; like Dillon, who had fallen at his post; like Benny Hughes, now striving with voice and muscle to break the last of a jam at the side exit; like the whole of "the profession," which he had always admired and envied, which he now honored and loved.

"*Wenn es stets zu Schutz und Trutze,*" played Dolph, bending low over his violin as the clogging fumes closed down. To his dulled senses it seemed that a great seraph-voiced choir was bearing up Haydn's mighty music.

"You fiddler!" The interruption came harshly in a shout from Benny Hughes. "Get out. Run for your life! Under the stage and to the left."

The task was done. Dolph sprang toward the place where he had last seen Maida, and leaped back from a wave of fire. From beyond it came a wild call.

"Dolph! Dolph! This way. Here's a way out. Come to me. It's Maida. *Dolph!*"

He could not answer. The smoke was in his throat. A woman's arm dangled toward him from a box. His heart leaped at the God-given opportunity to redeem his pitiful part in the catastrophe by saving one life. Exerting his great strength he dragged the woman down to him, threw her across his shoulder, staggered back through red-lit smoke, and plunged beneath the stage. Foul vapors filled the air. Hither and thither he stumbled, doggedly bearing the woman. Without her he would not survive. She was the emblem of the one deed that had been given him to do. Something struck his forehead. He reeled into a yawning gulf, clutched with one hand at the little white statue of Maida in his pocket, and fell headlong with his burden.

Water trickling upon his face brought Dolph to himself. Where he lay was no smoke. Overhead he heard trampling feet and the voices of firemen. Where was the woman he had saved? Fumbling for his match-box, he struck a light and shrank in horror from the face revealed in the flare. The woman had been dead of suffocation when he found her. Feeling his way, he came upon stairs, painfully mounted them, made toward a glint of light, and fell out into a side street, where a close-packed, moaning, white-faced crowd was being held back by police-guarded ropes. A murmur of amazement greeted his appearance.

A huge, brutal-faced policeman, with eyes swollen from tears, lifted him gently to his feet. Dolph saw in front of him long ranks of the dead, lying in stiffly parallel lines. He gripped the policeman's arm with a power that made the giant wince.

"Maida?" he gasped. "Not Maida! Not there!" His glance swept the rigid files.

"Easy; easy, son." The policeman turned to a young man who held a list of names. "Got any Maida there?" he asked.

The young man swiftly scanned his roster. "Maida Corwin," he read. "Role

of the Flying Fay. Guess that's her. Safe and uninjured."

"Gott sei dank!" murmured Dolph.

"Where in Heaven's name do you come from an hour after the fire's out?" demanded the young man of him. "Who are you?"

"Me? It don't matter noddings," said Dolph wearily, all his careful English slipping from him in the stress of his shame. "Second violin, dot iss all. Just no good but to viddle, viddle, viddle."

"What!" cried the other in sharp excitement. "You're the one-man-orchestra? The fellow that stuck?" He raised his voice to a shout. "Benny Hughes! Call Benny Hughes. Tell him his little fat fiddler is here."

Down the line came striding the outrageous figure of the star, his blanket only half hiding the smirched grotesquerie underneath. A murmur of admiration that was more than cheers followed him, for already the story of his monologue had become known. He fell upon Dolph like a crazy man.

"That's the feller!" he cried. "The little fat fiddler! Are you hurt? My God! I wouldn't have lost you for—" He broke off with a gulp. "This is the man that saved the orchestra floor," he announced to the crowd. "The rest skipped. He stayed and fiddled, and kept the panic down. Dillon was down and out; I was down and out. I gave 'em the best talk I could make, but I ain't got any education, and it wasn't good enough. Everybody else was down and out. He stuck to his lines—his job—his post, I mean. Dillon's safe," he said, turning to Dolph. "And oh! that little girl that does the Flying Fay, she's crazy to see you."

"No; no. Don't let her. I couldn't stand it. Not now," protested poor Dolph, in his shame, for he had taken in nothing of the sense of what the star was saying. "She don't vant to see me."

"Don't she though!" There was a tingle in Hughes's voice. "Anybody know where Maida went?"

"The little brunette that tried to fight her way back to the stage?" gasped a breathless fireman. "She's over yonder in a doorway, crying."

"Let me through. Make way."

The crowd parted before Hughes's determined charge. Dolph sat down and held his head between his fists. Suddenly his hands were snatched away, and warm arms pressed him close. A sobbing breath was on his lips. He opened his eyes on Maida.

"I couldn't help it, Miss Maida," he stammered. "I hat to stay und viddle—play the violin, I mean. Und all dem poor vimmens und kinder burning up! I vanted to do somedings—how bad you vill neffer know. But I am just good-for-noddings. I couldn't help it," he repeated piteously. "To do what iss ordered—that iss all I know. You call me a coward before; what could you call me now!"

"A hero," sobbed the girl. "*My* hero! 'Couldn't help it!' Oh, you dear idiot!"

Still Dolph failed to comprehend. Dimly he heard Hughes explaining something with his name in it to the young man with the list, who took rapid notes.

"We never could have held them but for him—never! Him and Dillon. There they stood, Dillon leading, the little fat fiddler fiddling, everyone else gone, and hell breaking loose over their heads. Then Dillon collapsed, and this little Dutchman stood to it alone. Oh, it was great! Great!"

Dolph got slowly to his feet. Many hands were stretched to aid him, but he clung to Maida. She caught at his hand. It opened helplessly, and the fragments of a little ivory statue, its whiteness stained with blood, fell to the ground.

"Oh!" cried the girl. "Are you hurt, Dolph?" and terror thrilled in her tones.

"I don't know. It don't matter. Nothing matters but you—but this. Iss it true, Maida. Could you like me, mein Maida?"

She looked at him with yearning eyes.

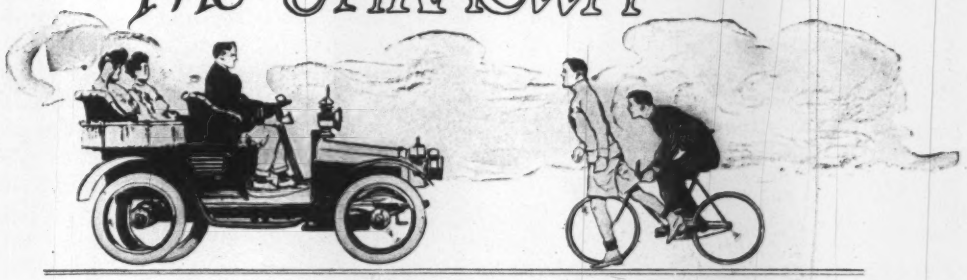
"I never knew how much till I left you behind, in there," she said. "Oh, if you had died and never known!"

"Come, come, children," said Hughes, with suspicious briskness. "You mustn't be standing here. The cold, you know. The smoke, you know. Pneumonia——"

"I'll take him home," said the girl.

She slipped her strong young arm around his body, for he was still weak and shaking. Together they moved forward between the lines of the dead. And the pallid crowd, awed anew by that gleam of happiness in the blackness of the great tragedy, opened silently to let them pass.

The Unknown



BY H·R·DURANT

DRAWINGS BY G. Wright

THE hot August sun had burned the surface of the shell road into a fine scorching powder. A puff of heated air blew this dust up into the faces of two men who were going along the road at a rather rapid gait. One rode a bicycle; the other jogged beside him in a manner denoting suppleness and strength. The foot-farer had an appearance so striking that one, upon gazing at him, would immediately take a second look. He was nearly six feet tall, broad of shoulder, thick of neck, and spare of limb, and with the smooth face of a young man that yet had something old about it. It was a strong face, lightened by deep-set, clear blue eyes, and terminating in a chin of such goodly proportion that many of his adversaries called it a "mark," and yet failed to find it with the punch necessary to "put him away." He was a prize-fighter out for his morning run with his trainer.

"Red" Kelley had trained scores of fighters, and his fiery, close-cropped hair and pug-face had adorned many a ringside; and yet he had never handled a real world's champion. Ah, but he had one now! His present charge had fought his way with almost lightning rapidity to the front rank in the past year, and in the twelve contests, the last four of which had been under Red's experienced eye, had "won out the meal tickets for the stable with a right-arm jolt," as Red tersely expressed it. Kelley first saw him in a ten-round preliminary at the National Club with "Kid" O'Brien, a famous "trial horse." In the second round, the right went to the Kid's jaw and it was all over. Kelley lost no time in looking up the man with the punch. He learned that the winner was an undefeated Unknown from somewhere in the West. Kelley was "next" to a wealthy politician who patronized the ring, and the trainer lost no time in telling his patron of The Unknown. The next day they hunted up the new fighter, closed business arrangements with him, and from that time to the present he had fought his matches under Red's management, the financial backing being furnished by the politician.

Of the fighter, his backers learned absolutely nothing. When he did speak it was in words different from anything to which they had ever listened outside of a theater, and all they ever got from him in regard to himself was that he had agreed to fight for them and that he would do so. "And," he added shortly, with a look at Red which gave that worthy a creepy feeling, "with me this is purely a matter of business, and as long as you keep your end of the bargain I shall do likewise. I hate prize-fighting and its environment of crooked politicians, state-prison candidates, and bums, and the duration of my connection with you is governed entirely by my financial condition. Who I am or where I came from is none of your business, and please be good enough to remember this." To which Red simply said, "Yes sir." Afterward he told his political friend all about it, and when he had described as best as he could what The Unknown had said, stuck out his chin, extended one hand, palm downward, and asked: "Now, what do you think of that, hey?"

"deliberately tossed the handkerchief to the man in the front seat"

"Kelley's Unknown" fought his way steadily forward and here he was at last, after weeks of newspaper wrangling and prize-ring diplomacy, matched to box Charley Ryan, the middleweight champion of the world. The match had been made for "one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, weigh in at the ringside, for a purse of ten thousand dollars, winner take all, and also the picture privileges, for the middleweight championship of the world, etc." — according to the articles of agreement.

Kelley had brought The Unknown to this spot on the southern coast of Long Island

because Ocean View was but a short distance from New York, where the fight was to take place, and because its good air, fine bathing, and smooth roads were excellent for training purposes. For the past week Kelley and his "stable," as the retinue of rubbers and "workout" boxers are known to the devotees of pugilism, had been at Ocean View. The training quarters were situated half a mile from the summer colony, and the fact that a prize-fighter and his handlers were domiciled within this distance of the wealthy summer visitors did not bring Captain Hand, the owner of the property, into very strong favor with them.

Men have to train, no matter what the temperature may be, and the road work seemed unusually long to Kelley this morning. He thought it was the hardest of all their daily ten-mile runs; but if it was arduous to The Unknown, he gave no sign. Kelley kept up a running fire of comment and advice, which was answered by an occasional nod of the head, but nothing more.

An automobile came along with a roar and then whizzed by, leaving clouds of dust to mark its passing. The Unknown noticed that it was of the low racing type, and that it contained a man and two girls, one of whom, in the fleeting glimpse he obtained of her, appeared to be strikingly beautiful.

"Tom Jordan and the two daughters of old man Brown, who made his money in Wall Street," said Kelley briefly. "Whew, but it's sufferin' hot! You was a sucker to sign for one hundred and fifty-eight at the ringside. He thinks he's got such a cinch that he'd taken you on at one hundred and sixty, and those two pounds means all this sweat for nothin'. Come, Jonesey, hit her up, it's only a mile to the house." Soon after their first interview Kelley had asked The Unknown what his real name was, and, upon being told that it was Jones, had since called him "Jonesey."

They quickened their pace, and had gone but a short distance when they heard the chuck-a-chuck of an automobile coming from behind, and, upon turning around, The Unknown saw that it was the same party, but they were going much slower than before. He stopped and they passed on. Looking at the occupants of the vehicle, he saw that all but the girl whom he had previously noticed, seemed unaware of his presence. She looked at him steadily, but with well-bred indifference. She was indeed very beautiful. A healthy outdoor life had marked her face with a rich tan, and her large brown eyes showed a depth of sweetness in her nature all foreign to the cool haughtiness with which she now surveyed the man in the road. The brisk run of the machine had blown her brown hair about in riotous confusion, and the absence of a hat showed a wealth of it. Did she gaze at him in an attempt at subjugation? Strong in the power of her beauty, and with a fascination untold, she still looked, and then — her eyes fell before his. Her face changed color slightly, and she raised a hand to her head to arrange her hair. The next instant something white fell from the automobile to the road, and when he reached it he saw it was a handkerchief. He picked it up and the girl said: "Oh, Mr. Jordan, please wait; I have dropped my handkerchief." As the machine stopped she added: "No; don't get out. This man has it and will bring it to me."

The Unknown approached, and it seemed as if he would. The girl extended her hand and their eyes met again, but, after an instant's pause, The Unknown walked by her and deliberately tossed the handkerchief to the man in the front seat, who caught it deftly.

The girl stiffened perceptibly, bit her lip in vexation, and, as The Unknown started away, she called out, "Here, sir!" and he paused. "This fellow's civility deserves a reward," she continued, and, nervously opening her purse, took out a coin hastily and tossed it at his feet in the dust. He picked it up and touched his cap respectfully, but his eyes were smiling at her mockingly. She turned her back to him, spoke to the man, and, as the automobile moved away, the other girl exclaimed: "Why, Nan, how absurd to allow yourself to feel in any way what that common fellow did! Your face is positively red."

Kelley had continued on his wheel for some distance, and now stood waiting for The Unknown to come up with him.

"What's doin', Jonesey?" he asked.

"Nothing much," replied the other, with a far-away look in his eyes. "See what I earned by picking up a handkerchief!" and he displayed the coin.

"'the swells wants a knock-down to you'"

"Hoi, yoi! a five-tollar golt vun!" exclaimed his trainer. "Say, but they're rotten with 'cuch.' But maybe she made a mistake."

"I guess she did," said The Unknown thoughtfully, and, he added: "Two of them."

Early the next morning The Unknown appeared in his bathing suit, and, running down the little wharf, dove smoothly into the water. When he came up he turned on his back and saw Kelley standing in the doorway.

"I may go as far as Sentinel Rock," he called out. "It looks squally, and if it comes up rough I'll go ashore and walk back."

Sentinel Rock rose from the water directly in front of the settlement proper of Ocean View. It lay about two hundred yards off shore, and was a favorite objective point for the stronger swimmers.

"A good place to dive," he thought, "and a nice little swim from there to shore." As he approached the rock he turned toward the beach, and then suddenly stopped and began to tread water. What he saw was a girl swimming with short strokes. Now and then she turned and floated on her back, evidently resting. At intervals a large wave broke over her, and, as he swam rapidly toward her, he could see that she was making little progress. She did not see him until he was within a few feet of her, and, when he asked her if she needed assistance, she looked at him an instant and then shook her head. He had recognized her immediately as the girl who had tossed the money at his feet the day before, and he saw that she remembered him. For a few feet he swam silently by her side. Evidently her destination was Sentinel Rock, which was now fifty feet away, but The Unknown knew by her actions that she was very tired.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," he said, and mechanically she obeyed. In this way they reached the lee of the rock, and he assisted her on it. She was completely exhausted, and he waited for her to recover.

"Your presence was very fortunate for me," she finally said, "and I am very grateful for your help. It seemed to grow rough all in a moment, and I was too far out to turn back when I found myself growing tired. I take this swim generally in the morning before breakfast, but there is usually some one with me."

Yesterday she was haughty, strong in her beauty and conscious of her power, but to-day there was naught but gratitude in her glance and embarrassment in her manner.

"I am glad that I was here," he replied. "I'll help you back when you feel strong enough."

"If you would be so good," she answered, smiling at him rather mischievously, and then, after a pause, during

"'Here, gimme some of that!'"

which The Unknown refused to meet her glance, she said: "I am Miss Brown and perhaps you will find time to look me up soon."

"Yes, thank you," he said, flushing slightly; "my name is William Jones; I am staying down the beach."

"I noticed the 'S' on your jersey yesterday. I have never before seen that initial on that color."

He eyed her searchingly for an instant, and his face grew a duller red as he answered: "I graduated from Stanford University."

"'Nine!'—He rose to his knees"

"What special prowess won the 'S'?" she asked.

"Foot-ball."

"Of course, how stupid of me! That is what you were training for yesterday, wasn't it?"

"I hope you will pardon me, Miss Brown, but really we ought to go back," he said.

They slid into the water and at his suggestion she placed a hand on each shoulder. She forgot everything in her admiration for the speed he displayed in going through the water and in the workings of the muscles of his shoulders which felt like cords of steel beneath her hands. They scrambled through the surf, up out of reach of the foam and, extending her hand, the girl said: "Don't you think you were rude to me yesterday?"

The Unknown held her hand for an instant and she noticed his melancholy manner. His eyes looked into hers but he seemed to see something far away. In spite of herself, she waited for his answer in suspense, fascinated by his vague resentment, and withal conscious of a tingling of shame.

"Perhaps I was, but I thought you were simply trying to override me and I resented it," he replied gloomily.

"Well," she hastened to say, "everything seemed so peculiar. I am sorry I tried to humiliate you, because, in spite of your appearance, I thought you were—well—different from the man with you who was such a queer looking person."

Again his face reddened and she continued in a confused manner: "But you will drop in soon, will you not, and allow father to thank you personally for your kindness this morning?"

"Yes, very soon I hope, and until then good-by," he said gently.

One evening a week later, Kelley said to The Unknown: "The air is good and cool to-night, Jonesey, and you'd better take a walk before you go to bed." When he stepped outside it was dark. Out on the bar the swish-swash, swish-swash of the waves droned monotonously, but all other sounds were hushed. He walked rapidly with his eyes on the ground and came to himself suddenly as he rounded the point, when he heard the faint sound of music. The Surf House, which was the principal hotel, was ablaze with light. As The Unknown drew near, the music resolved itself into a dreamy waltz, and then he realized for the first time that it was the evening for the regular weekly hop at the hotel. For a moment he stood motionless, and then suddenly became aware that a figure was seated on a sand dune within a few feet of him. It arose, and then something in the poise, he could not tell what, told him it was she. Going to her, he said:

"Is it you?"

"Yes," she answered in a low voice. "I have been watching you and wondering why you have not been to see me."

"I intended to," he replied, "but business matters detained me. How is it you are not dancing?"

"The dance has just started," she answered. "It is the first number and I wandered down here for a moment to get a breath of air. My card is full and I suppose somebody will come for me directly."

She waited for him to speak but he only bowed his head, conscious of the soft fire of her eyes on his hair and mindful of the fact that she knew there was something about himself for him to explain, and that she was anxious to know—because she cared. The music rose and fell alluringly and for an instant he had the mad desire to pick her up in his arms and carry her off—he knew not where.

Well—he drew a deep breath—he had put his hand to the plow; there must be no turning back. It was too late for subterfuge. He would not deceive further. Raising his head he looked at her and saw the appeal in her glance. What she saw in his eyes caused her to place a hand to her heart as though suddenly startled, and she trembled like a leaf shaken by the wind. In a voice low and intense, he began, "There is something you should know"—but just then somebody ran down the steps from the hotel veranda and a masculine voice called out:

"Oh, Miss Brown! I say, Miss Brown, are you out here?"

An instant later The Unknown glided away in the darkness and she waited the coming of her partner, absolutely speechless. She was ashamed and proud, humiliated and happy, filled with wild rage at him and at herself and frightened withal. Without reason, or thought, or right, he had drawn her to him and deliberately kissed her and she had—returned it.

The boxing contingent had converted Captain Hand's barn into a temporary gymnasium where, after his morning run, The Unknown finished his first half of every day's work by punching the bag, tossing the big medicine ball, working the chest weights and wrist machine, and skipping the rope, followed by a brisk rubbing down and a thorough massage treatment which left him with a voracious appetite for his midday meal. In the afternoon he limbered up on the punching bag and then boxed four rounds with each of the three "workout" boxers in the "stable." After this he was at liberty to take a walk, fish, go sailing, or amuse himself in any way he chose.

One afternoon, a week after the dance at the Surf House, as The Unknown and Andy Johnson were putting on the well-worn five-ounce gloves for the first bout, Kelley suddenly appeared and said: "Say, fellers, there's a swell mob outside from down the beach waitin' for you to git into some clothes before they comes in. They want to see you box, and they'll be inside as soon as the doors open. Andy, you'll have to put on your glad rags, 'cause they won't stand for nothin' but a Bowery grin. I guess that bathin' suit of yours'll do you, Jonesey." Then, going up to The Unknown and eyeing him for an instant searchingly, he continued: "You look kinder white. I hope you ain't gittin' too fine. Do you feel good? You want to do your prettiest to-day, 'cause that girl what gave you the V is in the party, and she's entitled to a ringside seat."

The Unknown turned abruptly and grasped the wrist machine with a vigor which caused Kelley to remonstrate with him.

There were six in the visiting party, three ladies and three men, and when they entered the barn The Unknown and Johnson were boxing their first round. The pace was furious and The Unknown danced in and out with the grace of a panther, rocking his opponent's head back with a straight left apparently whenever he desired, and then defending himself from the other's blows so cleverly that the men were immensely interested in the scene. As The Unknown side-stepped and got out of the way of one of Johnson's rushes, his eyes left the other boxer for an instant and he saw her. The look of disgust and horror on her face told him plainer than words what she thought. Turning, sickly, to his work again, The Unknown tried a right swing and missed by almost a foot. He heard her laugh, and this pulled him together. He looked at her again as he sat in his chair, and she gazed through him out the open door into the background of marsh and fields. But he was beyond the sting of her indifference. Her laugh at his awkward move had goaded him and now, manlike, he wanted to break something.

His eyes were nothing but two small slits when he moved to the center of the floor for the third round, and then—Johnson lay flat on his back on the mat. There was a feminine cry of alarm, and The Unknown stepped back and waited for the falling boxer to rise. He got up directly, and then with a rush went for The Unknown, who laughed sneeringly and beat him back without mercy. When time was called, poor Johnson was reeling about, and Kelley said to him:

"That'll be about all from you." He had ceased to worry about The Unknown's physical condition.

While Danny Welch was putting on the gloves and getting ready for the second workout, Kelley told The Unknown that "the swells wants a knock-down to you," and he walked over to where the visitors stood. They noticed his ease of manner, and marveled at his graceful acknowledgment of the introduction.

Jordan began: "You do not look like a prize-fighter, Mr.—er——"

"Jones," said The Unknown, with just the flicker of a smile.

"Oh, yes; Jones," said Jordan, eyeing The Unknown critically.

"I guess that most fighters are bad enough," he replied, "but they are painted worse than they really are."

"Of course, you expect to win."

"I know I shall win anything for which I set out," said The Unknown with conviction, and his eyes rested for a moment upon Miss Brown.

"If I am not mistaken," she hastened to say, "you very kindly picked up my handkerchief for me on the Durham turnpike," and then she added patronizingly: "Oh, yes; I saw you once."

"I could not forget such a momentous occasion," he replied, and he added: "Oh, yes; I do remember meeting you *once*."

At this she moved away with a shrug of her shoulders and began pushing the punching-bag back and forth in a most absent-minded manner.

A red mist seemed to float across The Unknown's vision, and when Kelley said, "All right, Jonesey, come on," he walked toward his new opponent with his calmness and good judgment thrown to the four winds of heaven.

There was much for the visitors to talk about as they wended their way homeward, but the girls did not realize that they probably had enjoyed the unique distinction of being the only members of the feminine sex to witness the complete knock-out of two men within a period of two minutes. And the men never told them.

The hard training was coming to a close. It was now three days before the championship battle, and The Unknown had not seen her since the visit to the training quarters. Slipping on a coat, he walked rapidly from the house to the shore, and then along the beach in the direction of the cottages. A full moon hung over the ocean.

When he reached the cottage settlement, The Unknown took to the road and walked briskly along. In the Brown pavilion sat a girl with her arms on the railing and her face resting in her hands. Her eyes were seaward, looking out and beyond the moon's splendor. By her side was a Boston terrier, whose soft eyes and dejected attitude seemed to share the melancholy manner of his mistress. A growl from the dog gave warning of the approach of some one, and, looking down the road, she perceived a man coming along rapidly, and apparently bent in her direction. The smart Panama hat and immaculate flannel suit were a strange attire for The Unknown, and she did not recognize him until he had crossed the walk and stood bareheaded before her. The girl arose with flashing eyes and started to speak, but he motioned her back to her seat and began:

"I shall not detain you long, but you must hear what I have to say."

"Must?"

"Yes. I have no explanation to offer for the prize-fighter called The Unknown, but I want you to learn you were not mistaken in your opinion of me before you found out my present occupation. You know I am a prize-fighter, you thought I must have been something else, and I want you to be sure that you were right in your opinion."

"I am sure you have never been anything but a prize-fighter and positive that you will never be anything else," she said contemptuously.

"Perhaps not, to you," he said, "but as this is probably the last time you will ever see me, I ask you to be fair, if not generous."

"You are very presumptuous," she said coolly. "Why should I care what you are now or what you think you are not? I do not choose to waste a single thought on you. Will you be good enough to go, or shall I call for some one?"

She turned her head away and, humming as though to herself, idly drummed upon the railing. Her studied indifference apparently was not noticed, for he continued:

"You know I am a college man and a gentleman."

"Absurd!"

"Yes, you do. I saw you looking at my society pin a moment since, and you know——"

"How dare you keep me here," she exclaimed with sudden heat, "and compel me to listen!"

"Because I want you to know that you are a school friend of my sister and because you told her once you did not believe her brother guilty of a crime, and for that belief John Willard thanks you from the bottom of his heart."

"You — you — are Jack Willard," she breathed, staring at him wildly, and then, recovering herself: "I don't believe you."

"Two years ago," he continued hurriedly, "I was in business with dad" — his voice broke — "and a large sum of money was taken from the firm. My brother Will accused me and I acknowledged it, which forced me to leave home. But Madge has told you. Well, in desperation I took up this, hiding my identity, forgetting my friends and forgotten by them, and seeking money this way. I was the amateur champion on the Coast and the rest has been easy. I felt I must tell you this because your — your — interest in me was not altogether misplaced, because — could I have had the opportunity of meeting you the same as other men, things——"

"It is useless," she said. "It is simply what you are. Of course, I was familiar

with the whole terrible story, but nobody thought you would ever come to this." He winced perceptibly. "I cannot understand why you do not return home and resume your former place."

He looked at her queerly and she asked: "Did you not know your brother received an army appointment several months ago and confessed to having appropriated the money himself? Madge writes that your father has searched for you everywhere."

"No," he answered wearily; "I have not heard from Sis in a long time, but it doesn't matter now. As you say, it is what one is that counts, and I am a prize-fighter. Well," he drew himself up, "I shall fight my last fight in two nights, and then, to battle with life in earnest. I want you to think kindly of me, and, if you ever do remember me, I hope your recollection will be of a man who was glad to do you a small service when he could. Good-by, Nan, and God bless you."

At eight-thirty the club-house was filled with a sweltering mass of humanity. At nine o'clock it was announced to the five thousand sports outside who were clamoring to get in, that no more tickets would be sold, and from then until the winner was announced, the police were forced to labor hard in order to preserve order and protect the property of the club. Outside, the turbulent mob swayed back and forth, while, within, collars soon wilted and coats were immediately stripped off, irrespective of their owners' social status. The postless twenty-four-foot ring was fastened to a platform directly in the center of the building. Surrounding the platform were boxes, the heads of the occupants being even with the platform floor and allowing those behind an unobstructed view of the arena. Next were the aisles, and then from them straight up to the roof of the huge barn-like structure, on all four sides of the building, ran the seats for the common herd. The light which beats upon a throne was an early twilight compared with the white glare which descended to the mat from a myriad of arc-lights above the ring. The light was so fierce that the rest of the building seemed to be in total darkness, and the incessant lighting of matches by the smokers on the tiers of seats was like the flash of fireflies outside in the hot summer night. Occasionally an impatient spectator began a stamping of feet, and this was taken up by the rest, fairly shaking the big building and sounding like the roar of distant thunder.

Ryan came in with his handlers clustered about him, and made his way with difficulty down the aisle to his dressing-room. His appearance was the signal for a great cheer, and the spontaneous ovation showed him to be a pronounced favorite. As soon as he disappeared the odds went to ten to six in his favor.

The Unknown's chief backer was the portly politician. He was there in all his magnificent splendor, his silk hat on the back of his head, his sack-coat on one arm, and in his mouth a big black cigar which continually pointed to the roof. When ten to six was offered and then two to one on Ryan, he yelled:

"Here, gimme some of that! It'll do for mine"—"You're on. I'll take that till the cows comes home"—"No! no finger bets for me; show me the long green"—and then, after he had accepted all the bets in his vicinity, sat down and said hoarsely: "It's like stealin' candy from a kid."

Up from a box rose a man in evening clothes, and from a roll of money as big as a piano leg he began to strip off one hundred dollar bills and hand them to his commissioners, who placed them wherever a man wanted to bet on Ryan. It was Jordan, and, when he finally sat down, it was even money on The Unknown, with few takers, and the talent was nonplussed. The announcer shrieked from the two sides of the ring that both men had made the required weight, and then, to occupy the attention of the impatient throng, he announced the presence of different past and present pugilistic champions, who arose from the boxes in turn to receive royal homage.

While two youngsters were boxing a twelve-round preliminary, The Unknown came in and passed through the crowd almost unnoticed. He wore a smart serge suit, and, but for the critical glance which he gave the ring and the lights overhead, seemed unaware of his surroundings.

From the opposite corner of the building came a crowd of men with a bareheaded man in the center. A deafening cheer arose, which soared to the beams overhead and then pounded back again to the floor. It lasted until Ryan made his way up the steps, through the ropes, and finally sat on

his chair in his corner. He wore a white sweater and trousers, and a hundred arms were upraised to shake hands with the champion.

A few moments later, from the other corner, came another crowd. Ten thousand curious eyes were focused on The Unknown, but few applauded his appearance. Behind him was the faithful Kelley, with towels on his arm, a wooden pail filled with ice-water in which were the regulation sponge, lemons, and bottle of cold tea. When The Unknown stepped over the ropes it was seen that he wore a dressing-gown, and from a rear seat somebody yelled, "Oh, mamma! Pipe Gussie in his little nightie," which brought forth a shout of derisive laughter. The Unknown scraped his feet in the powdered rosin, and then Ryan walked over and shook hands with him.

"May the best man win," said Ryan.

"He will," answered The Unknown.

The red-colored gloves were placed upon a sheet of wrapping-paper in the center of the ring, and from them Kelley and Ryan's trainer each selected a pair. The referee jumped into the ring. He was all business, from his shining bald-head to his tennis shoes. An instant later he said:

"All right, put on the mitts."

The Unknown reached into a pocket of his dressing-gown, and his hand came out closed over something which glittered when the light struck it. As unconcerned as the movement was, it did not escape Kelley's watchful eye, and, as The Unknown shoved the object under the bandage in the palm of his right hand, Kelley saw that the shining article was a five-dollar gold piece. Red said nothing, but he had a most peculiar expression on his face as he assisted The Unknown in drawing on the gloves. Kelley felt in his pocket for his piece of whalebone, his adhesive plaster, and his small bottle of ammonia. Then he drew off The Unknown's dressing-gown and held a cold sponge to the back of the latter's neck.

"Come on, boys," said the referee from the center of the ring, and both fighters walked to him to receive final instructions. Not a sound could be heard in that great building. It was a tense moment. The throng had its first opportunity of comparing the two men. Ryan was the shorter of the two, and of broad and stocky build, with great knots of muscles on his brown back and shoulders, whereas The Unknown's skin, on his breast and thighs, was like polished marble. His muscles were long and sinewy. Ryan was the strong, rugged, heavy-jawed bull-dog; The Unknown the lithe tiger, with all of that animal's powerful strength and beautiful grace. Considering physical appearances only, it was a truck horse against a thoroughbred.

The ring was empty now, save for the referee and the two contestants, who stood in their respective corners waiting the clang of the bell. You could hear a pin drop anywhere, and then — tung! — ah! — there was a sound as though many men had sighed in unison — the bell had struck.

"Keep away at first and kid him along," said Kelley as The Unknown left his corner. Ryan wore a confident smile, and, as he sprang forward and backward and then sideways, with his head drawn between his shoulders, he looked every inch a champion. Suddenly he rushed, but The Unknown danced nimbly away, came back immediately, and jabbed the champion's head with a lightning-like left. Twice did Ryan essay to rush, and twice was he stopped short with straight left-hand punches, but with little damage resulting.

For three years Ryan had been champion, and deemed invincible because of his ability to rush in upon his adversary, beat down his guard with an avalanche of fearful blows, and then knock him out at his pleasure. He had never been knocked out or defeated in his life, and, from his ability to withstand punishment, might well have been called physically immune. The Unknown had been trained to fight him at long range, or, as Kelley expressed it:

"Feint him 'till he's tied in a knot; then when he rushes, go to a clinch or leg it. Git him mad an' he's yours."

Ryan showed his displeasure in the second round by scowling when The Unknown kept successfully ducking his swings and side-stepping his bull-like rushes. He was plainly nettled. Occasionally Ryan would corner his elusive antagonist, and then the latter would clinch and protect himself effectively in the break-away. To the great surprise of the multitude The Unknown landed three hard, straight lefts, without a return, on Ryan's nose and mouth, slipping away easily from the champion's dangerous counters.

As he sat in his chair Kelley said gleefully: "You got him bleedin' in the mouth. I seen him swallowin' it three times. He don't want you to have first blood or know you hurted him. Yes, see?" he whispered exultantly; "he jest spit a toot in 'Chappie' Doren's hand."

In the third round they fought harder, and during a slashing mix-up Ryan got home a hard right on The Unknown's left eye. Both were in fine condition, yet the fast work was shown in their hard breathing. The Unknown's stock had taken a big rise and even money was now freely offered on him. Ryan had lost his confident expression, while The Unknown boxed on without a change of feature. His face was as expressionless as stone, and, as he moved about, seemingly on steel springs, he was the typical fighting machine. Up to this point he had not tried his right hand, but confined himself to jabbing and cutting with the left. The old-timers were settling down to a long fight. Ryan's rushes were futile, and he became exasperated.

"Stand up and fight," he sneered.

"Hit me," invited The Unknown mockingly, as he blocked two hard swings. So far no blood had been shed, but the fighting was so fast that the great crowd was becoming wildly excited.

"You'll have a shiner, all right," said Kelley when the third round was all over, as he washed the damaged eye; "but I guess she ain't goin' to close. Work the right to the body and git inside his punches. Shake him up. He's got a bad right. Watch it."

It was now the fourth round, and easily The Unknown's fight on points. They exchanged body blows and both missed for the head. Ryan had stopped rushing and fought more warily. Suddenly he feinted with his left and then made as to step back. The move completely fooled The Unknown, who, thinking Ryan was about to retreat, went toward him, but Ryan stepped in instead and landed a right-arm jolt flush on the point of The Unknown's jaw. The blow did not travel over ten inches, but its force was terrific. The Unknown pitched forward, struck on his face on the floor, and lay motionless. The hush of death fell on the great throng. With a laugh Ryan turned and walked toward his corner of the ring. His seconds were shaking hands with each other jubilantly. Apparently it was all over. The referee began to count:

"One!"—"Two!"—

The Unknown feebly turned over on his back and opened his eyes wonderingly.

—"Three!"—"Four!"—

As he lay there, the electric lights overhead seemed to be a million blinding stars which shot off into space and back again to his head with the force of a trip hammer.

—"Five!"—"Six!"—

"Why," he thought, as a shower of cold water descended on his face, "it's raining and I didn't know the roof had blown off"—but it was only the water from a sponge in Kelley's hand, thrown at him from outside the ring.

—"Seven!"—

How did he come to be lying down, anyway?

—"Eight!"—

And then he heard Kelley's voice say hoarsely: "Jonesey! Jonesey! for God's sake, git up! Quick!"

Instantly he realized where he was.

—"Nine!"—

He rose to his knees.

—"Ten!"—

But he was on his feet before the fatal number had sounded.

A perfect bedlam of sounds rent the air. Men cursed and yelled with joy, hats and cushions went into the air, and a thousand voices roared to The Unknown, "Keep away! Stay back!" as Ryan went at him with the fierce viciousness of a bulldog. Ryan did his best to finish him, but The Unknown clinched and clinched again, staggered about like a drunken man, only to come back and cling to Ryan, holding on with mad desperation until the referee literally tore him away; and all the while Ryan was endeavoring with the ferocity of a madman to land one of his sledge-hammer blows where it would end the fight for good. The Unknown's brain was clear, but he had lost control of his body.

Another great roar arose as the bell clanged and The Unknown ziz-zagged to his corner. While Kelley scraped his tongue with the whalebone and then held the reviving ammonia to his nose, one second vigorously flapped a big towel at him, another second soused his head with ice-water, and still another rubbed his legs

frantically. He was himself again in a few seconds, and then into his brain surged a mad desire to beat Ryan into a jelly. Caution and coolness left him with the speed of light and in their place came the one insane idea that as soon as that bell sounded he would punch Ryan into an unrecognizable mass. Again before his eyes floated a red mist, enveloping and covering all except Ryan's Celtic face which leered out at him.

"Keep away from him this round, Jonesey, for the love of God," said Kelley, "and lay up till you git over bein' groggy. You'll beat him yet, if you keep cool."

"Keep away nothing," almost hissed The Unknown; "I'll lick him in this round or he'll lick me."

"What!" gasped Kelley; "don't you want to win the championship?"

"To —— with the championship!" cried The Unknown, and the bell rang for the call of time.

He met Ryan's opening rush with an awful right-hand punch full on the eye, and the champion stopped short as though hit with a club. Then, as The Unknown cut loose, the mob went frantic. Never was seen such a fight as this, and never was there such a whirlwind of blows as descended upon Ryan, who tried hard to retaliate in useless efforts. Ryan swung both hands time and again, tried all of the moves and blows of which he had been master, but at such times his opponent was not there, although back again instantly with his deadly left-hand jabs. Another jab, and Ryan wobbled unsteadily, partly dropping his hands.

"He's got him!" yelled the crowd.

Shaking his head, the champion plunged at his antagonist, who did not retreat now but beat him back vengefully. Four times more that deadly left hand went to Ryan's head. Slowly his hands fell to his side, and then — thud! — a terrible right-arm swing hit his jaw with the force of a battering ram, and then — flat on his back lay an ex-champion of the world.

After a Turkish bath The Unknown returned to the hotel. It required two policemen to escort him through the cheering crowd into the safety of the hotel office. Once in bed, his mind dwelt continually on the incidents which had occurred at Ocean View. Yes, he was the champion, but what did it all matter now? He was almost sure that she had returned his kiss — bang, bang, bang! — and he awoke with a start to hear some one rapping on his door.

"The gentleman said this was a most important message, sir," said the awe-struck bell-boy jerkily, as he watched The Unknown in wide-eyed adoration and then handed him a note. This is what he read:

HOLLAND HOUSE.

Come to me.

NAN.

Thursday morning.

An hour later John Willard's card was handed to Miss Brown. The answer was for him to come right up. He stood before her with his head in a whirl and heard her say:

"Mother and I came to town yesterday for a little shopping. We are going home — to-day — and we — that is — I — wanted to tell you that" — her face flushed hotly — "I — am glad — you — won."

Her lips were tremulous, and she unclasped her hands nervously. Her eyes fell. He went to her, and, laying his hands on her shoulders, turned her more directly to the light, so that she was forced to look into his eyes.

"Speak," he said, in a low voice. He had grown very white. She did not answer.

"Will you tell me?" he asked, in a voice she knew to be a command, even though there was a world of doubt and anguish in his tone. She was unnerved by the situation, with the thoughts of what she had done, and by his almost desperate manner, and then, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

"Oh, yes, *yes, yes!*" she cried wildly. It was a vague answer, but the only one he required. He folded her within his strong arms, and held her close until her sobs ceased.

That afternoon, as the California limited express left Jersey City, some of the passengers in one of the Pullman coaches came to the correct conclusion that two of their number were a bridal couple. The groom had a black eye.

THE FIRST WATCH

BY

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

LINES ON A PAINTING BY MARCO BASAITI

BEFORE the great archangels come, these two
Infantile beings hold the sacred tryst,
Leaving the flower-like children of the blue,
To watch beside the beautiful dead Christ.

In their sweet office lost, the while he sleeps,
Each poises there a radiant rainbowed wing,
And on his tender little arm one keeps
The crown of thorns, — for him it has no sting.

He feels no pity, — for he feels no pain;
Only young life he sees in slumberous death; —
Caressingly his lifted hand is fain
To hush the wandering wind's betraying breath.

Compact of tenderness, naught else he knows
In earth below, or the far firmament;
Through him, as dew and sunshine through the rose,
The interfluent tides of love are sent.

He loves, and only loves, and lays his hand
On the dear Christ, before whom Seraphs bow
Where with wings folded o'er the face they stand. —
Oh, little angel, happy to be thou!